Oct. 3, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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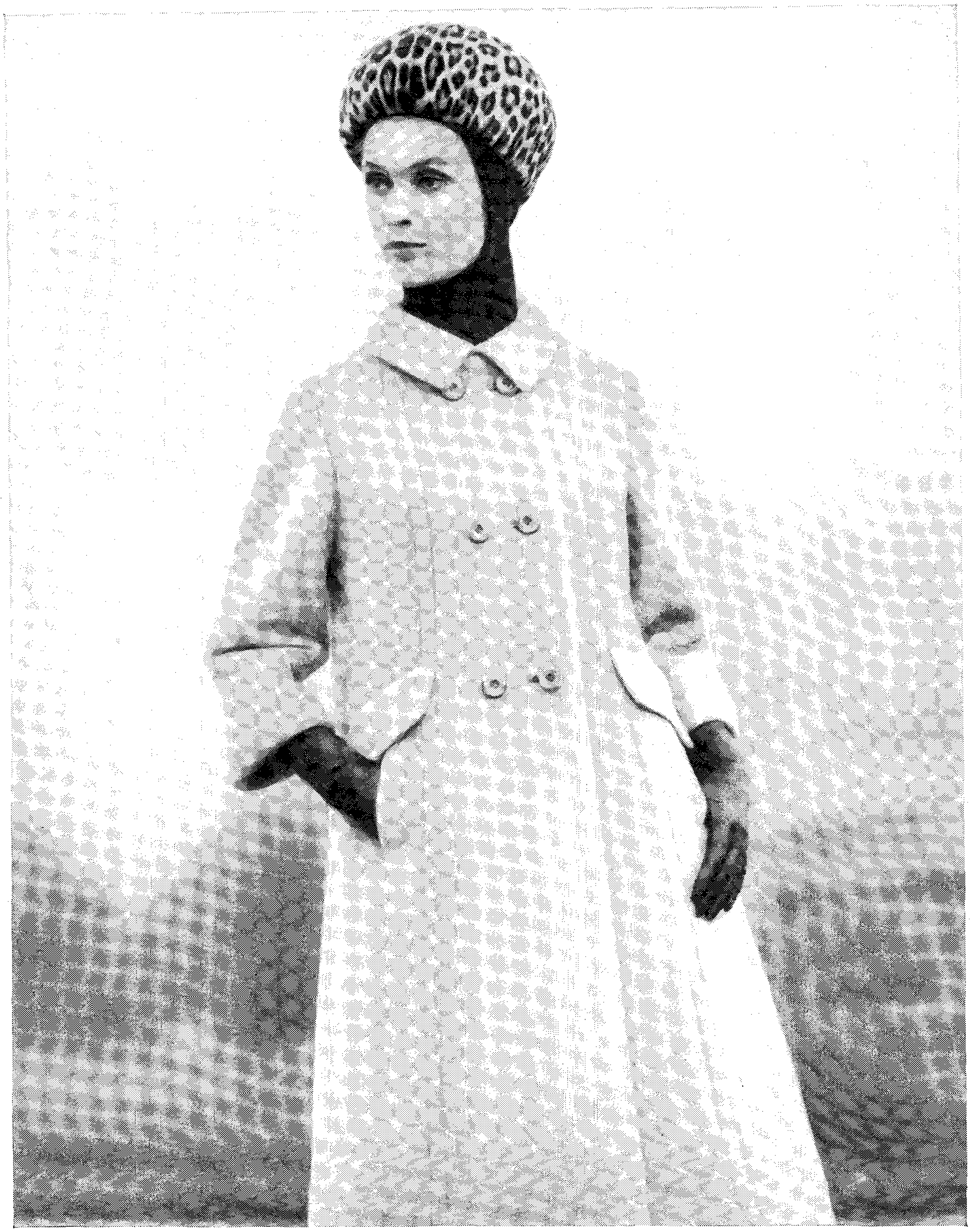

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Absence of a Cello—An eccentric professor who needs a job and his eccentric family try to persuade a corporation spy that they are utterly normal. An admirable company of players, led by Fred Clark, do very well by this comedy, which was written by Ira Wallach. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Any Wednesday—A gay little comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with the tribulations of a doxy who is being maintained by a millionaire industrialist in an executive suite. Sandy Dennis is droll and winning as the girl, and she gets fine support from Rosemary Murphy and Don Porter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Committee—Eight enthusiastic performers, late come from San Francisco, who successfully (about half the time, anyway) project a series of vaudeville skits. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Deputy—Rolf Hochhuth's controversial drama about the dealings between the Curia and the Third Reich, in an adaptation by Jerome Rothenberg. The work has been cut down from five acts to two, but even in its shortened form it is compelling. David Carradine now heads the large and, for the most part, competent cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. Circle 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Subject Was Roses—A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx, have a bickering time of it while they establish that they are really a model of togetherness. The play was written by Frank D. Gilroy, and features Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Three Sisters—An uneven but nevertheless entertaining interpretation of Chekhov's description of upper-class life in the Russian provinces at the turn of the century. Directed by Lee Strasberg. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 3.)

Traveller Without Luggage—A feeble Anouilh effort of 1937, dealing with the troubles of an amnesiac installed in a family that gives him the horrors. Ben Gazzara and Mildred Dunnock head the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**Barefoot in the Park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Mary, Mary:** Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Never Too Late:** Dennis O'Keefe, Martha Scott, Will Hutchins, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Fade Out - Fade In—The good old foolish days in the Hollywood of the thirties. Not a very original idea. The book is by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and the music is by Jule Styne. Fortunately, Carol Burnett and Jack Cassidy are capably on hand. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, which has music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, and choreography by Jerome Robbins, who also directed the enterprise. Although the material is rather too frail to sustain all the large production numbers, the cast, headed by the redoubtable Zero Mostel, is diverting. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—The late Fanny Brice is portrayed by Barbra Streisand in a musical that is loud and splashy but only intermittently funny. Isobel Lennart provided the book, Jule Styne and Bob Merrill the music and lyrics, and Garson Kanin the direction. The late Carol Haney staged the musical numbers, and Jerome Robbins supervised the whole thing. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Hello, Dolly!—Fun and games with Carol Channing, who is delightful in this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." The music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are stimulating, and the book, by Michael Stewart, keeps things moving in reasonable style. The redoubtable Gower Champion is responsible for the direction and choreography. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—In this musical version of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," Beatrice Lillie cuts up as a daft spiritualist. The book, the music, and the lyrics, by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, are pleasant and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward are very helpful. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—Budd and Stuart Schulberg's description of the life and times of a horrible upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. A little on the monotonous side, the play has music and lyrics by Ervin Drake and features Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wiener Blut—Johann Strauss's operetta, performed by a Viennese company of sixty-five. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 3. Closes Saturday, Oct. 3.)

Long Runs—**How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Darryl Hickman is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the President of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Oliver!:** Young Mr. Twist, more or less. The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Oh What a Lovely War—Joan Littlewood's musical entertainment, imported from London. Presented by David Merrick and Gerry Raffles. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Last Analysis—Sam Levene in a farce by Saul Bellow, directed by Joseph Anthony. Presented by Stevens Productions, Bonfils-Seawell, and David Oppenheim. Opens Thursday, Oct. 1. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Cambridge Circus—A farcical London revue with music, written and performed by six men and a girl, including Bill Oddie and Jo Kendall. A presentation of S. Hurok and David Black, in association with Jay Julien, and André Goulston. Previews Saturday, Oct. 3, and Monday, Oct. 5. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 6. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at

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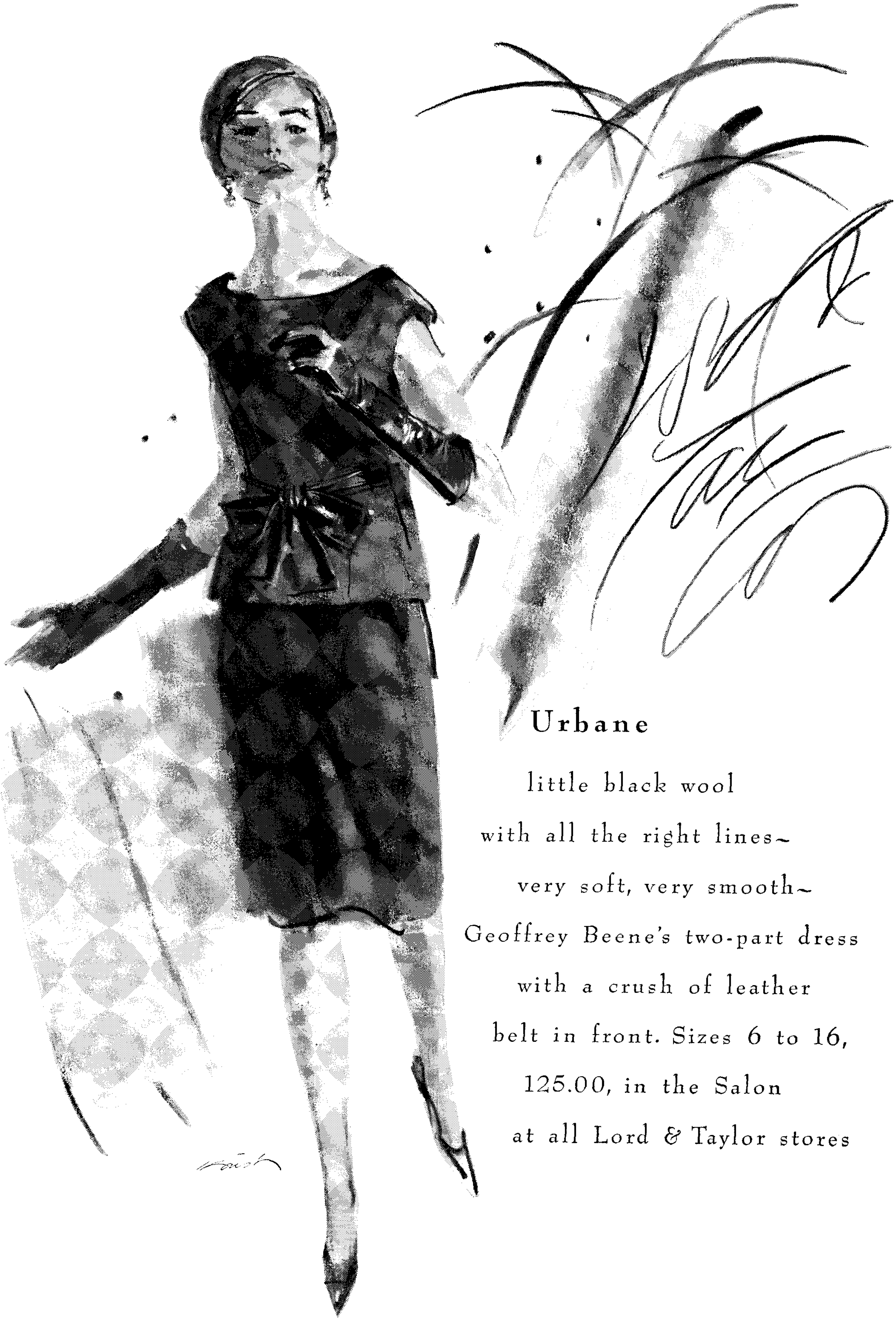

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Beekman Place—Samuel Taylor's new comedy, starring Fernand Gravet, Arlene Francis, and Leora Dana. Directed by the author and presented by Stevens Productions, Mr. Taylor, and Bonfils-Seawell. Previews Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 5-6. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 7. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Physicists—A comedy by Friedrich Dürrenmatt, adapted by James Kirkup, with Robert Shaw, Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, George Voskovec, and Martyn Green. Staged by Peter Brook and produced by Allen-Hodgdon and Stevens Productions. Opens Thursday, Oct. 8. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—"After the Fall," by Arthur Miller, isn't up to the author's usual standard, but as it goes its autobiographical way it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Alchemist—A quite creditable production of Ben Jonson's scorching farcical satire on human baseness and credulity. Under Stephen Porter's direction, the actors do well, and the breakneck action always makes sense. With John Heffernan, Roy R. Scheider, Ira Lewis, and Cynthia Bébout. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amato Opera Showcase Theatre—Through Saturday, Oct. 3: "Fledermaus," in English. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Oct. 9: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Evenings at 8:15.)

Cindy—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. The music and words are agreeable enough, but it is the singing and dancing of the refreshing young cast that give the show its charm. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is as brutal as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Kiss Mama—Julius La Rosa in a play by George Panetta. Opens Thursday, Oct. 1. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, which has been imported by the Establishment bunch and directed, with considerable ingenuity, by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Third Ear—A program of improvisation, directed by Elaine May. (Premise, 154 Bleecker St. GR 7-9260. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

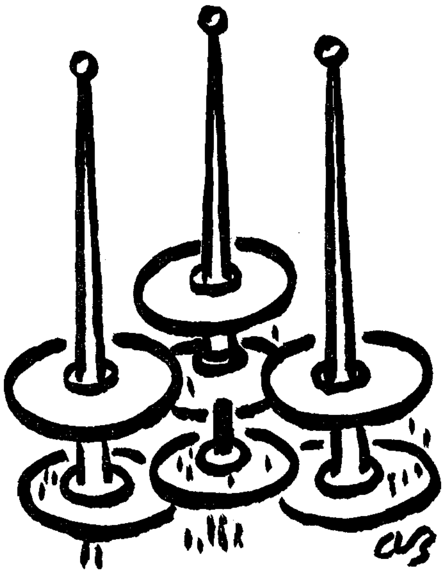
This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Tragical Historie of Doctor Faustus—Lou Antonio and James Ray in the Christopher Marlowe drama, directed by Word Baker. Previews Thursday and Friday, Oct. 1-2, at 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 3, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 4, at 2:30. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 5. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Oct. 1: "Scotch Symphony," "Piège de Lumière" (American première), "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Raymonda Variations," "Prodigal Son," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 3: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 3: "Scotch Symphony," "Prodigal Son," "Meditation," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 4: "Fanfare," "Firebird," "Tarantella," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 4: "Serenade," "Piège de Lumière," "Pas de Deux," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 6: "Swan Lake," "Ebony Concerto," "Meditation," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 7: "Donizetti Variations," "Piège de Lumière," "Allegro Brillante," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 8: "Serenade," "Irish Fantasy" (New York première), "Ebony Concerto," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 9: "Clarinade," "Agon," "Allegro Brillante," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 10: "Donizetti Variations," "Episodes," "Pas de Deux," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 10: "Bugaku," "Apollo," "The Cage," and "La Valse." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, Nov. 8. No seating at any performance after the curtain goes up.)



Raduga Dancers—The first performances by a new troupe made up of ballet and folk dancers and musicians from seven Russian companies, including the Bolshoi Ballet and the Stanislavski Theatre. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Monday, Oct. 5, and Wednesday, Oct. 7, both at 8:30.)

Paul Taylor—With his dance company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:10 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Homogenized singing, with the cream mostly on top, is Tony Martin's aptitude, which he displays with supreme unction at dinner and supper in the Royal Box. The dance music is around all the time. Closed Sundays.

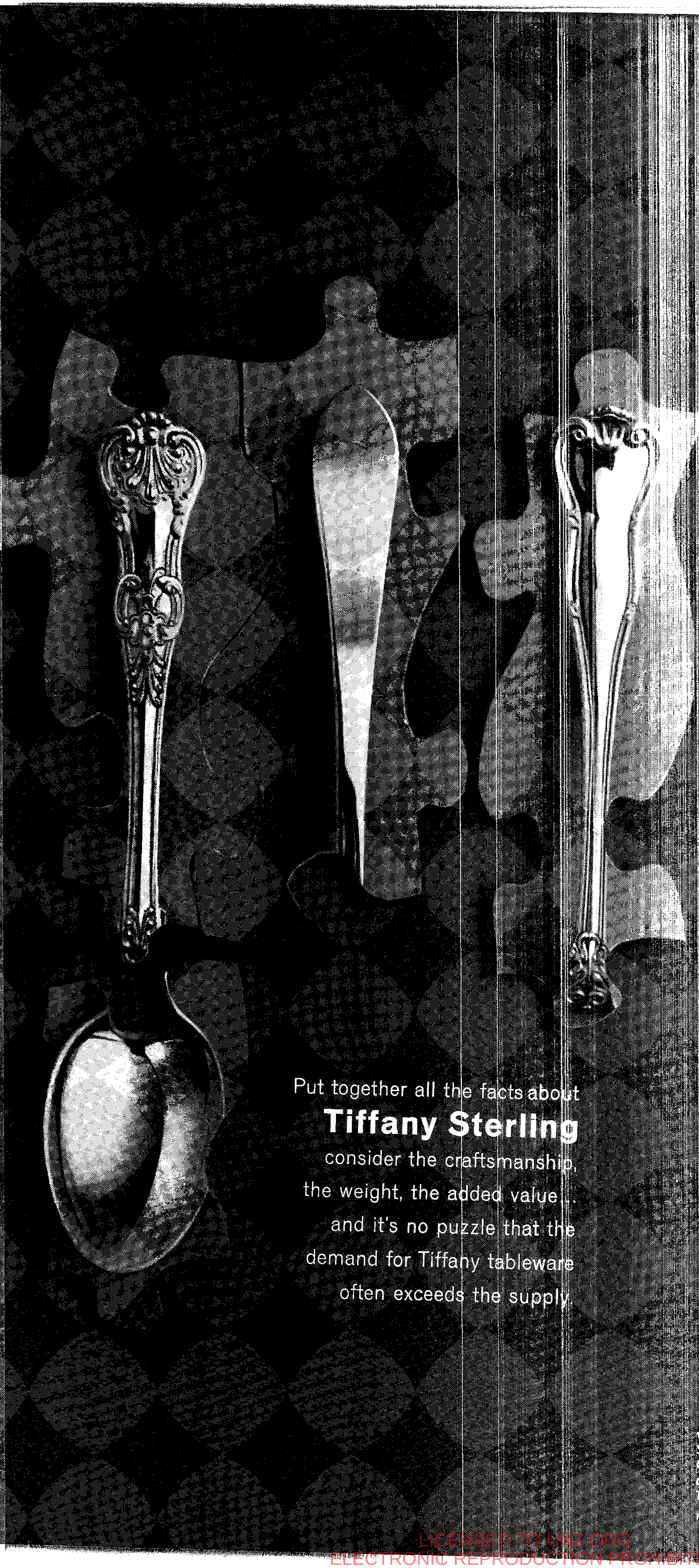
Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Vivid imagination rages unchecked all through the décor in the refectory, which offers knife-and-fork music from eight to ten and exercise music thenceforward. George Anaya's Latinos, who absent themselves on Mondays, are the creators.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The "No Casting Tonight" sign is forever conspicuous by its absence from the offices of this famous old talent agency. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra perform for anyone who likes to dance. In the Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler keeps a Viennese fiddle close to his chin. Darkness on Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The biggest night boat in America. It sets sail every evening but Sunday, manned by Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers, who start in at seven (Fridays and Saturdays at eight). The music and its delivery range from 1864 to 1964. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 6-7, Max Kaminsky's trumpet will heighten the glee.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a fine little architectural conceit, looks as Roman as can be, and sounds it, too, when I Cavalieri di Roma sit down on the bandstand, on which they pass most of the time between eight and one. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The chipper little Café Pierre is the home of a handful of Ben Cutler's liveliest music-makers, who do a hand gallop every night.



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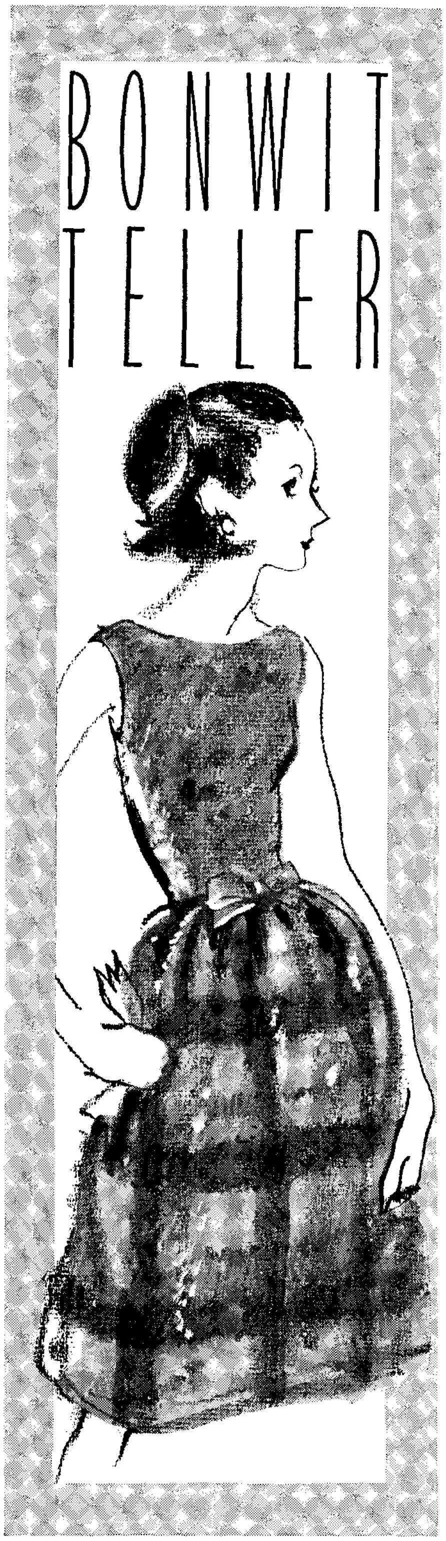

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Abbe Lane, simply bursting with song, confidence, and impact, has acquired quite a speaking part as well for her dinner and supper séances in the Persian Room. As always, she is best when she is shouting and shaking a jump tune. Emil Coleman's big, rumbling band and Mark Monte's picadors provide dance music through the whole evening. On Wednesday, Oct. 7, Kay Starr will become the soprano. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, Leo LeFleur's duo tinkles away from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. The LeFleur holiday is always Monday. At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin into the Palm Court, where a dessert sort of menu, plus light wines and light hearts, prevails until one. He stays home Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Two rooms with a view, in one of which the sounds of George Cort's fivesome impinge gently on your ears and your cocktails, in the other of which the music is translated into direct action on a circular dance floor. The altitude is sixty-five floors, the music plays from eight to one every night but Sunday, and the chef sticks it out to the end.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The orchestra of Peter Duchin, a copious cascade, and the group put together by Quintero, a truly noble Latin contingent, make sure that there is never a quiet moment in the Maisonette, that venerable affair of state. Closed Sundays.... ¶ La Boite, a smaller and calmer *salle à manger*, affords the musings of Jani Sarkosi's violin and Walter Kay's piano from dinner through supper. Closed Sundays.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—The sands of the Egyptian desert here just haven't time to grow cold, for the music (hi-fi, not human) goes non-stop between eight and four every night, and so do the feet of the guests, even though they are engaged in dance steps that are among the seven wonders of the modern world.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Not quite a green pasture, but the air is open and the sky is the ceiling as two small bands, one of them Latin, brave the occasional crispnesses of our Indian summer. They play from about eight (seven on Sundays) to one or later every evening. The dance floor and dining room are duplicated indoors at the first sign of rain or frost.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Sheila MacRae, who appears with Gordon MacRae at dinner and supper in the Empire Room, does a lot to restore the rapidly ebbing art of caricature. Some of her characterizations are serpent's-tooth humor, others are just long, but no matter. Mr. MacRae's tenor is in golden health, as usual, and their on-stage domestic life is as merry as ever. A top-ranking Meyer Davis band, chivvied along by Emery Davis, and the small group run by Horace Diaz work all evening. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The population-explosion problem is solved by **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** at 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for its dance floor is a hundred and fifty feet long. The air is community and circumspect, the airs (by two bands) are North and South American, the air-conditioning is majestic. This interesting solution includes bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-forty-five until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven-fifteen), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Night school for beginning young men about town and their little doves—not that the old grads of this coeducational project don't flock back to the campus in force. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): There are nightingales in the shrubbery of this Florentine garden. They know their native arias by heart, but they don't mind bursting into American song, such as "West Side Story," now in progress, or "My Fair Lady," expected to settle in on Tuesday, Oct. 6. The chanting happens every night, and an easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursday through Saturday. Closed Mondays.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, dean of the drawing-room pianists, has returned to his regal domain to do his lightning arabesques during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays.... **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): A promenade for liege lords and ladies, along which are to be found the relaxed piano of Jules Kuti from cocktails through dinner, the effervescent piano of Otis Clements from then on, and, *after ten-thirty, the piano and ballads of* Bobby Short, which have a zip code that is theirs alone. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are the Short sidemen. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, who has distinct (and sensible) ideas of his own about the way show tunes should sound on a piano, is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Lovers' knots and lovers' snarls untied while you wait as Mabel Mercer, a ruler all serene, imparts her own special underemphasis to a bouquet of songs that no one else ever seems to discover. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be always, her accompanist. Ten-thirty is starting time. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The most venerable Spanish settlement in the New World. The natives, unrestless during the day, go nuts about singing and dancing at night. Audience participation is legal. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): One glance at the medieval surroundings is proof that *le Vert Galant* was a merry old soul. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the entire fleet of wandering-about-at-night violinists. No music Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Dolce* is the *vita*, and *dolce* is the threnody of the street musicians who march up and down from six until two. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Via Veneto West, but all roofed over, so the elements cannot impede either the diners or the circumnavigating violinists.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this dining room, and it's a vivacious setting for the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose calm music is at home in both Manhattan and Madrid. Mondays are silent nights.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A cheery decompression chamber for young people who are deep, deep in the performing arts. Sort of cookout are the mood and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced six days a week by a tireless jazz trio and on Sundays by a jazz duo.... **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): How to restore a turn-of-the-century town house while also restoring the inner man. From conservatory to bar to open-air pavilion, all delights the eye, and in the bar the ear is cozened—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays and Sundays.... **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A rambling

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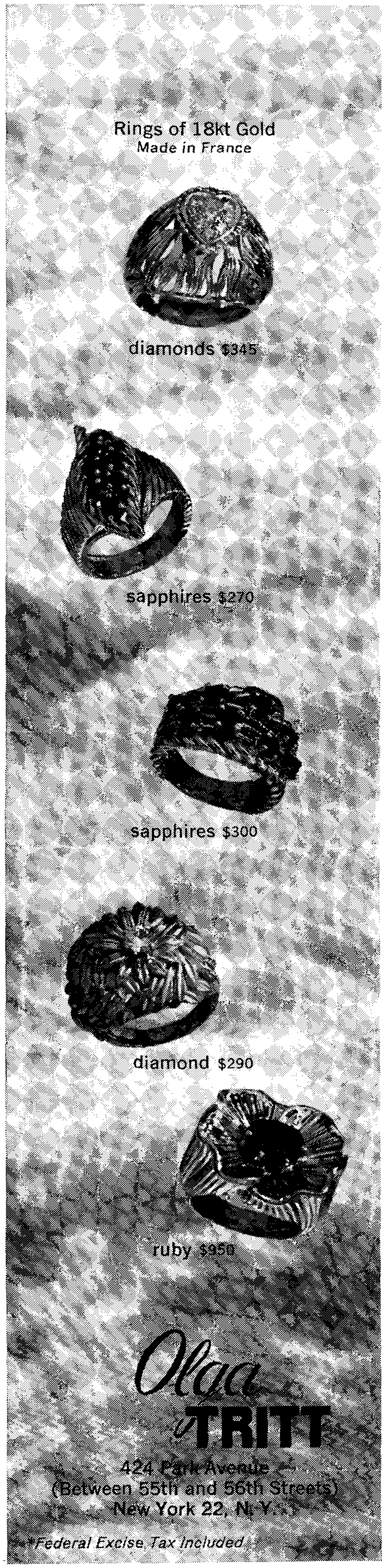

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and picturesque *ranchero* that is south of several borders—Mexican, Argentine, Peruvian, to name three. The menu is appropriate to the scene, and so is the music—strolling Latin singers and players on patrol from five-thirty to eleven during the week, and a real conflagration of singers and dancers from one to nine on Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The good life as it can be lived up in the north of Italy, along with the regional culinary perquisites. There is dreamy piano as early as five every night, and there's Joe Candullo and his trio making north-of-America dance music after nine-thirty, plus (Fridays and Saturdays) a few vocal embellishments. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Light hearts and gentle people, immersed in the Hungarian lively arts—zimbalon, violin, soprano, tenor, the dance. Tibor Rakossy, the major-domo, is a balladeer of sentiment pure and majestic. Béla Babai's band plays for dancing, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): An urban melting pot, offering enough variety in urban characters to make bouillabaisse any night of the week, but air-conditioned enough to make dancing, which commences at nine, quite comfortable. A pianist new to this town—Bobby Gosh—operates betweentimes. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Straightforward, sans-serif piano (two players, no waiting) is the lot of those who dine; the same piano, often with lyrics, is proffered those who sup. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC,** in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The bandonion, a twice-as-big-as-life concertina of interest to antiquarians and concertina-goers alike, is given full play by its master, Mario Peralta, from cocktails until ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Night must fall, but it does so most becomingly through the windows of the prankishly ornamented Crown Restaurant, which offers a fifth-floor look at the Hudson and (from seven to nine) a harp in action. Most of these nights, it is plied by the concert-bred Joyce Rosenfield. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The dark eyes here are all Muscovite. The most burning pair belongs to Marina Fedorovskaya, who has Russian arias to match. Broody violin and piano fill the interludes between her concerts. The hours are seven-thirty until two. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Dress circle, more often than not. Venetian-glass piano is contributed, from eight-thirty until one or two, by George Feyer. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an ebullient throwback to the "Naughty Marietta" sort of soubrette, chants at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Kurt Maier's trio chips in with mild and mannerly dance tunes. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, whose specialty is calm, collected pianism, is back in the Casino-on-the-Park, an ample rest haven, from five-thirty until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Roaring fortissimos go hand in hand as the staff, to whom waiting on table comes in second to singing Verdi, gets to work. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): It's the wine cellar of the Hotel Stanhope, and just large enough for Al Valenti, his guitar (American), and a few mild tipplers to congregate. Nine-thirty to one, except Mondays, is the extent of the music.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): It does seem as if the most beautiful girls in the world go to the tremendous dancing classes held here every night of the year. At any rate, they are enormously proficient, and enormously picturesque in what there is of their Joseph's-coat practice clothes. Far less ethereal are the Wazzans, an adept band of Moroccan rough-and-tumblers, and Sophie Tucker, poet laureate of bathos. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Joe E. Lewis, the open-all-night raconteur, most of whose gleaming jokes are marked "to the trade only," and Helen O'Connell, a well-remembered voice still at its punching peak, are giving us our best Old Home Week. On Thursday, Oct. 8, a new hullabaloo, headed by Eydie Gorme (we all know she sings), moves in. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, there is never a shortage of shouting and tumult. The quartet of Erskine Hawkins, on view from ten to four without ever a night off, is one reason for that. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Kindly, patient, loquacious old Myron Cohen has his own brand of West Side Stories; Damita Jo has verve as well as lyrics to burn, and she does. Mr. Cohen disappears on Saturday, Oct. 3; Damita Jo stays on. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk's annual benefit for those who wish to stop the world so they can get off (this time it is "Bits and Pieces") is on its twice-a-night shakedown run, assisted by Gerry Matthews, Barbara Cason, Jamie Ross, and Nagle Jackson, all of whom won their letters in earlier Monk revues. The official run commences on Tuesday, Oct. 6. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Ferocious enthusiasm is the motive of the mixed bag of Latinos—singing, stamping, strolling—that occupies the stage in the back room twice on weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, at ten-thirty on Sundays. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given equal time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. . . . ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders, a fully packed voice that operates on the command level, is shivering the timber of this spreading Village chestnut tree. The team of Stiller & Meara gallops through one-act playlets that demonstrate the folly of allowing people to consort with people, and Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn play eloquent double piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): A goodly portion of what happens onstage is just standard Wiener schnitzel, but Yvonne Constant, a devil-may-care Parisienne, fires at will, and willfully, at some adult and amusing ballads. Closed Mondays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "The Game Is Up," a just-now-hatched miniature revue, has Marian Mercer, R. G. Brown, Carol Morley, and Richard Blair in its cast, which is not a bad idea. It happens at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Olga Guillot, a fluent and florid Cuban expatriate, delivers a resounding song recital at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty. On Tuesday, Oct. 6, Diosa Costello (invisible for years) replaces Señorita Guillot as the house calliope. Dancing every evening, and on Sunday afternoons from two to seven.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mose Allison's trio is the mainstem, and it thinks modern. Sundays, there are matinées, too, beginning at four-thirty; Mondays are dark. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Gloria Lynne, whose singing is full blown rather than lyrical, and the foursome of Hugh Masekela take turns on the podium. Fridays and Saturdays, the situation is augmented and improved by the valiant quartet of Gerry Mulligan. Mondays are set aside for visiting performers. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The local *Kaffeeklatsch* depends on real coffee and nothing else; the folk music—a compulsory course here—at least depends on real performers, not subdeb amateurs. One such is Ronnie Gilbert, who once graced the Weavers. She is off duty Tuesdays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, beginning—in the middle of the afternoon—with

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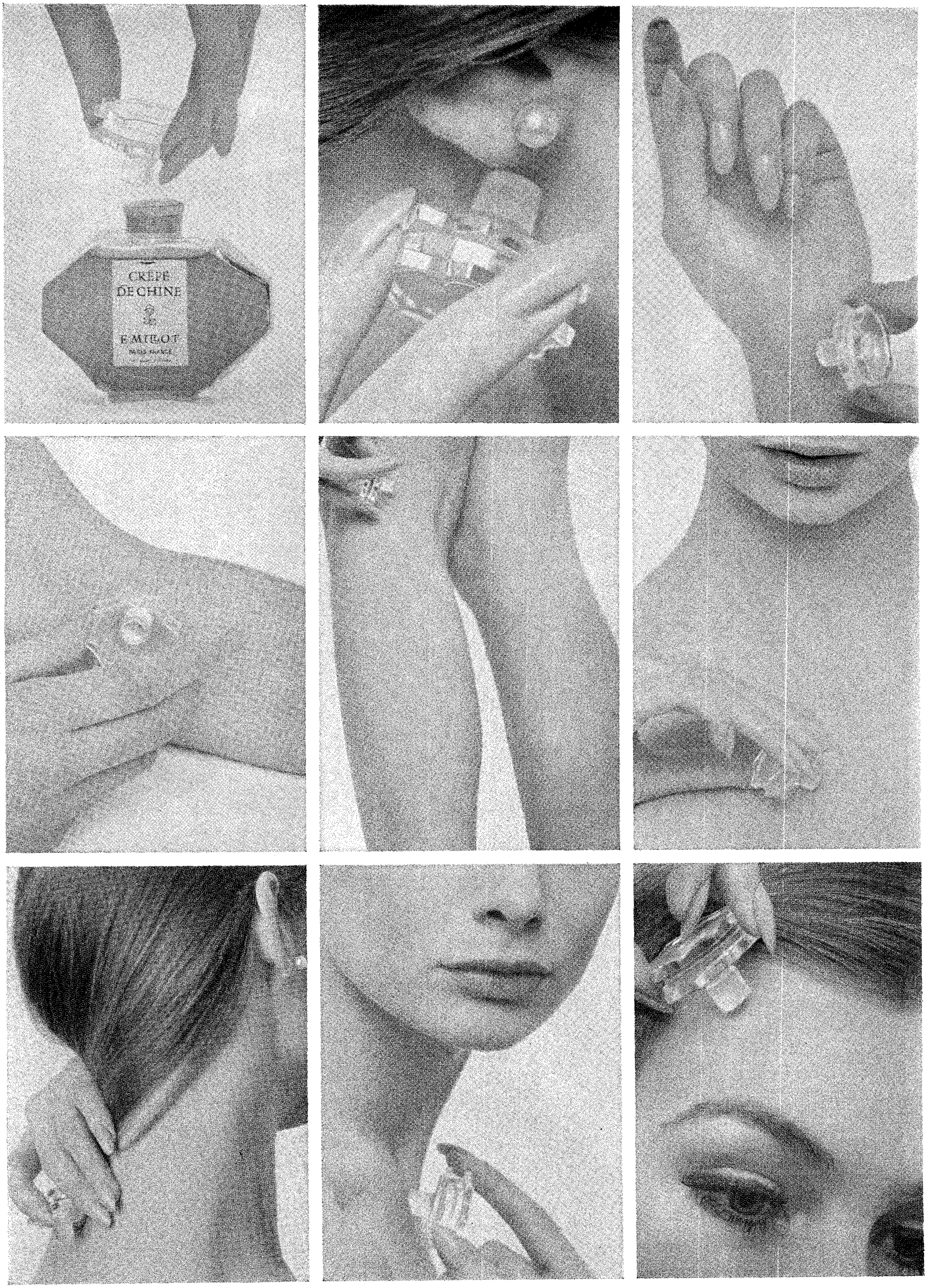
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

music to hully and gully to, and ending up with Gene Krupa's raucous foursome and Red Allen's inexhaustible quartet. On Monday, Oct. 5, Lionel Hampton's band replaces the Krupas. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The trio of Bud Powell, a pianist whose still waters run deep, and Herbie Mann's septet, which has studied Latin and found it good, have the floor. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The latest (the seventeen-thousandth) changing of the guard—or vanguard, considering the music the participants indulge in—occurs on Thursday, Oct. 1. It removes the quintet of Bobby Brookmeyer and Clark Terry, which will be succeeded, one night later, by Lucky Thompson's foursome, which has Hank Jones on piano, Richard Davis on bass, and Mel Lewis on drums. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The sound of the twenties, thirties, and sixties, as remembered by Peanuts Hucko, who has a constantly varying assortment of fellow-sympathizers at work with him. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus is trying, with his mighty fingers and bull fiddle, to say something about jazz that has not been said before and perhaps never can be completely said. On Tuesday, Oct. 6, the precise, impeccable trio of Teddy Wilson joins the parade. Mondays a quartet headed by David Amram takes charge. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Mary Lou Williams, who knows every phase of jazz piano, principally because she has invented so much of it. There is also John Bunch, whose airy involutions make the interlude piano step lively. No action Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO,** 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): The piano of Bill Evans makes its way through the intricacies of the new music without ever stumbling. His group is a trio; his night off is Monday. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street where so many of us were brought up is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, and Tony Parenti wax eloquent on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-0682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails; on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided (in this instance) by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. Sundays, from four-thirty to eight-thirty, the music comes in on a direct wire from Dixie. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, applying the most unusual twists and turns to both organ and vocal music, begins his odd ellipses at ten every evening but Sunday. . . . **BROKEN DRUM,** 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris, for whom this nineteenth-century bar-and-grill is a proper setting, has seven men recalling the times past, and with vigor. They stay home Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOSEF ALBERS—Paintings; through Oct. 24. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

CALVIN ALBERT—Abstract pewter sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD BRUDER—Paintings; through Oct. 24. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

FRANCIS CELENTANO, BILL KOMODORE, AND NATHAN RAISEN—Paintings by the first two and constructions by the latter; through Oct. 17. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MILTON CHARLES—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

LOVIS CORINTH (1858-1925)—An exhibition of prints, drawings, and one painting, on Biblical and allegorical themes, that is running concurrently with the showing of his works at the Gallery of Modern Art; through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

PACHITA CRESPI—Impressionist oils; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Crespi, 1153 Madison Ave., at 85th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

MIKE DONOHUE—Abstract oils and watercolors; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

NANCY GALANTIÈRE—Abstractions by a California artist; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HELD, JR.—Linoleum-block prints; through Nov. 1. (Northwest Lobby, New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St.)

DAVID HOCKNEY—Acrylic landscape and figure paintings by this English artist; through Oct. 17. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.) . . . ¶A series of sixteen twentieth-century "Rake's Progress" etchings, together with eight of the Hogarth eighteenth-century engravings; through Oct. 17. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

GENICHIRO INOKUMA—Paintings by a Japanese artist living in New York; through Oct. 24. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

GILLIAN JAGGER—Wall sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ZUBEL KACHADOORIAN—Figurative oils; through Oct. 17. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

FRANK KUPKA—Paintings and gouaches (1909-47) by the Czech-born School of Paris abstractionist; through Oct. 24. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

CHET LA MORE—Semi-abstract welded-bronze birds and animals; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN—Abstract paintings; through Oct. 24. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACQUES LIPCHITZ—A retrospective (1912-64) of sculptures and drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD LYTLE—Paintings and drawings; through Oct. 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

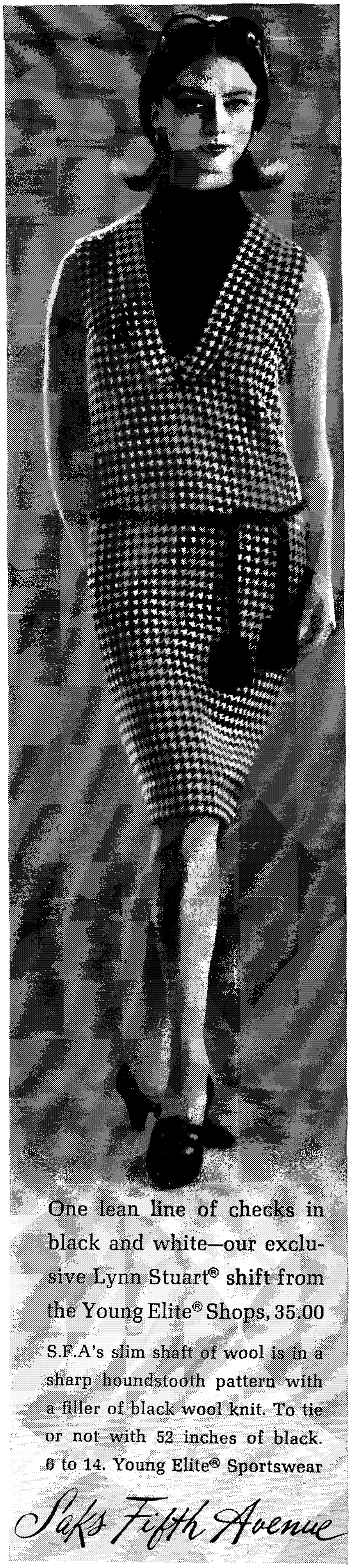
CONRAD MARCA-RELLI—Metal relief sculptures; through Oct. 17. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

HÉLÈNE SARDEAU—Terra-cotta and bronze sculptures; through Oct. 17. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARTIN SUMERS—Oils; through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

AFRICAN ART—"Magic and Religion in African Art," an exhibition of masks, statues, and various implements (libation cups, divination instruments, ointment boxes, stools, ceremonial weapons, and so on) in wood, ivory, and cast bronze; through Oct. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BANFER,** 23 E. 67th St.: Theodore Roszak, Dimitri Hadzi, and Robert Mallary are several of the sculptors participating in an exhibit of drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 3. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: Twentieth-century drawings by such artists as Georgia O'Keeffe, Charles Sheeler, and Max Weber; through Saturday, Oct. 3. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: The annual Founders Exhibition, made up of oils and watercolors by a hundred and twenty artist-members, among them Robert Brackman, William R. Leigh, and Robert Philipp; through Oct. 22. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Isabel Bishop, William Thon, Raimondo Puccinelli, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Oct. 3. . . . MILCH, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and watercolors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters, including Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Adolf Dehn; through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . PERIDOT, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for example) Rosemarie Beck, Reginald Pollack, and Morris Brose; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . SCHOELKOPF, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Watercolors by John Marin, Charles Burchfield, Joseph Stella, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 3.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the ELKON, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works by Magritte, Matta, Joseph Cornell, and others; through Oct. 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Amedeo Modigliani, Germaine Richier, and Paul Jenkins; through Oct. 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Léger, Calder, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . SAIDENBERG, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by Matisse, Klee, and Daniel Brustlein (to mention a few); through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Show—At the THAW, 50 E. 78th St.: Drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters, among them Daumier, Gauguin, and Gris; through Oct. 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . TIME & LIFE EXHIBITION CENTER, Rockefeller Center: A travelling loan exhibition of fifty facsimiles of Byzantine frescoes (Biblical scenes, legends, and secular compositions) from Yugoslav churches; through Oct. 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 7.)

Latin-Americans; Group Show—Paintings by Sarah Grilo, José Antonio Fernandez-Muro, Fernando Botero, and other Latin-American artists working in New York; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tenth Street—Six downtown galleries are participating in an opening exhibition (ending Thursday, Oct. 8) of paintings, constructions, collages, and sculptures by gallery members and invited guests—At the AEGIS, 89 E. 10th St.; AREA, 90 E. 10th St.; ASPECTS, 100 E. 10th St.; BRATA, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.; GALLERY 84, 84 E. 10th St.; and STRYKE, 86 E. 10th St. (All the galleries are open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Ancient Peruvian Ceramics," an exhibition of pre-Columbian pottery (covering a period of some 2500 years) from the Nathan Cummings Collection. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Four aluminum sculptures and a selection of silk-screen prints by the British artist Eduardo Paolozzi; through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ "Contemporary Painters and Sculptors As Printmakers," a survey of works made since 1950 in all graphic mediums by a hundred artists from twenty countries; through Oct. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Renoir, Modigliani, Lipchitz, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective of more than three hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, and prints by the German artist Lovis Corinth; through Nov. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Corinth showing (ending Saturday) at the Frumkin Gallery, 41 E. 57th St.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by the French abstractionist Albert Gleizes (1881-1953); through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Drawings done within the past twenty years by American artists, including Arshile Gorky, Jackson Pollock, and Mark Tobey; through Oct. 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Hours of Catherine of Cleves," a two-part fifteenth-century Dutch illuminated manuscript, with color transparencies of its hundred and fifty-seven miniatures; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Selections from the Library's collections; namely, cylinder seals, papyri, illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, illustrated books, autograph manuscripts, and master drawings; through Nov. 7. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Recent Venetian art glass from ten Muranese factories, plus contemporary Czechoslovak glass; through Nov. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The American Image," an exhibition composed chiefly of folk sculptures—the Presidents, the American eagle, Uncle Sam, the flag, and the like; through Dec. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—"West Side Artists—New York City," a display of eighty paintings and sculptures by as many artists, among them John Koch, Theodoros Stamos, and Herbert Ferber; through Nov. 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of realist paintings by Edward Hopper; through Nov. 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 15—Thursday, Oct. 1, at 7:45: A new production of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov," in English. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 2, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:15: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 4, at 2:30: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 4, at 8:15: "Boris Godunov." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8: The première of Lee Hoiby's "Natalia Petrovna," in English. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:15: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2:30: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:15: "The Merry Widow." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:30: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:15: "Carmen." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Josef Krips conducting—Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 2, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 4, at 3 (no soloists); and Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 9, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3 (all with Maureen Forrester, contralto).

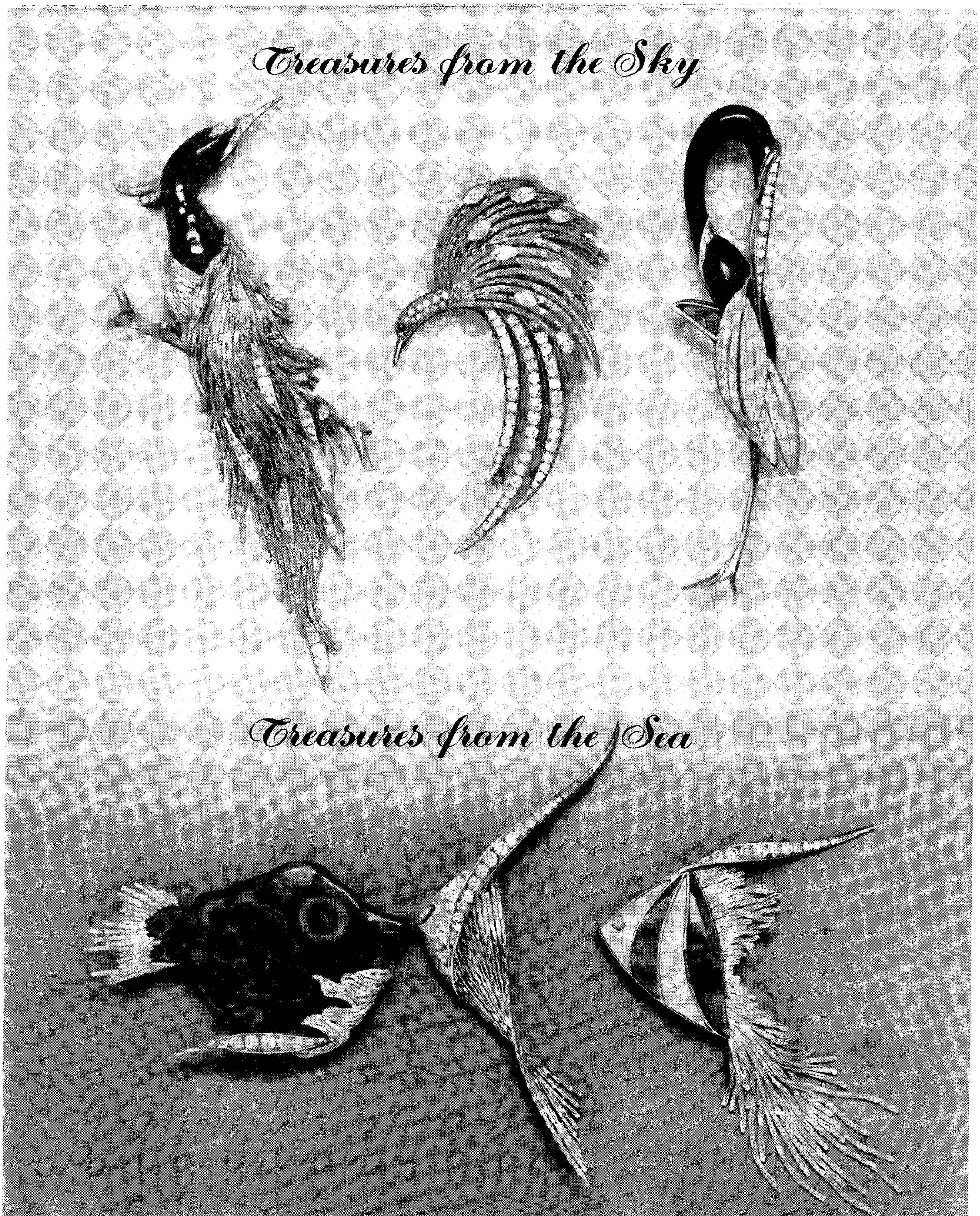
Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting a Richard Strauss program in the opening performance of the season here, with Hilde Gueden, soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn directing—A Bach-Stravinsky program, with José Ferrer, narrator; Saramae Endich, soprano; Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Lili Chookasian, contralto; Charles Bressler, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; and the Festival Chorus. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 2, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ A varied program, with Janos Starker, cello. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8:30; and Philharmonic Hall, Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 5, at 8:40.)

Israel National Youth Symphony Gadna—Shalom Ronly-Riklis conducting the orchestra in its first appearance here, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

National Swedish Chorus—Martin Lidstam di-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

recting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 4, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Jascha Heifetz and Gregor Piatigorsky—Violin and cello, in the last in a series of concerts, this one with a small orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 1, at 7. For tickets, call JU 2-4090.)

Borodin Quartet—The first appearance here by this group from Moscow. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 2, at 8:30.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Judith Raskin—Soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Borodin Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitarist, with Alla Rakha, tabla, and N.C. Mullick, tamboura. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Stan Getz's quartet and João and Astrud Gilberto. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Thursday, Oct. 1, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, Oct. 2, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 3, at 2; and Sunday, Oct. 4, at 1:30. . . . WORLD SERIES: Starts Wednesday, Oct. 7 (barring such imponderables as pennant playoffs), in the home park of the National League champion. The first two games will be played there, the next three in the park of the American League contender, and the final two, if required, in the National League city. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call ME 7-1212.

Boxing—Doug Jones vs. George Chuvalo, heavyweights, 12 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Oct. 2. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dog Show—Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 3.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 3 (all at 2): Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Lehigh, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 10: Army vs. Penn State, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Lehigh vs. Rutgers, at Bethlehem, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—At Shea Stadium—Saturday, Oct. 3: Jets vs. San Diego Chargers. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10: Jets vs. Oakland Raiders. (Games begin at 8.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 7, and Saturday, Oct. 10.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Woodward, Saturday, Oct. 3. . . . BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, starting Monday, Oct. 5. The Cowdin, Monday, Oct. 5, and the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 10. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen: Sunday, Oct. 4, at 2.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 12.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Cinderella," a marionette show. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1.) . . . NICOLO MARIONETTES: "The Emperor's Nightingale." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Group Soup." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance.) . . . STAGE 73: "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Seven Wonders of the Universe." Starting Tuesday, Oct. 6, there will be a new show, "Messages from Space." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3, at 1:45: American and English furniture and decorations; from the estate of Alvin Untermyer and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 8-10, at 1:45: French, Venetian, and English furniture and decorative objects; from the collection of the late Alice Gelder. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 3.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 3 elections will be Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 7-9, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 10, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Oct. 17, 24, 27, and 30, and Nov. 12 and 14.

Professional Football—At SHEA STADIUM: Jets vs. Houston Oilers, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Boston Patriots, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, Nov. 8. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, Nov. 8.

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Oct. 13, 18, 21, 25, and 28, and Nov. 1, 11, and 15.

Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Oct. 17-24.) . . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 3-10.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Oct. 17.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Oct. 24.) . . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Oct. 31.) . . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Nov. 7.) . . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Nov. 14.)

Racing—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Oct. 12-Nov. 14. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Oct. 16-

Nov. 12. . . . UNITED HUNTS AT AQUEDUCT: Oct. 29-30.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—AT THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Oct. 11. . . . LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Oct. 17 and 24.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season will open on Oct. 12, with "Lucia di Lammermoor," and will run through April 17. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 30. . . . ¶ Japan Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Festival Orchestra of New York, Oct. 16 and 30 and Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Opening performances here of the Boston Symphony, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Oct. 21 and 23. . . . ¶ Geza Anda, piano, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Hermann Scherchen conducting the New York Chamber Ensemble, Nov. 8 and 11. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7450): Theodore Bikel, folk singer, Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Wilhelm Kempff, piano, Oct. 13 and 15. . . . ¶ Festival Orchestra of New York, Oct. 14 and 28 and Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Leonid Kogan, violin, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ London Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 17, 18, 20, 21, and 23. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Jacob Lateiner, piano, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Emil Gilels, piano, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Jan Peerce, tenor, Nov. 10. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): John Williams, classic guitarist, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Rafael Puyana, harpsichord, Nov. 9. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Zara Nelsova, cello, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Società Corelli, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Pierre Fournier, cello, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ George Shirley, tenor, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Nov. 7-8. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE (RE 7-8490): Juilliard String Quartet, Oct. 13 and 27 and Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Roger Wagner Chorale and Orchestra, Nov. 7.

BALLET—The Chilean National Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, Nov. 10-15.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window," a play by Lorraine Hansberry, with Gabriel Dell, Rita Moreno, and Alice Ghostley. . . . ¶ Robert Preston and Ulla Sallert in "Ben Franklin in Paris," a musical with book and lyrics by Sidney Michaels and music by Mark Sandrich, Jr. . . . ¶ A British comedy, "A Severed Head," adapted by Iris Murdoch and J. B. Priestley from Miss Murdoch's novel of the same name. The cast includes Joan Fontaine, Robin Bailey, Elliott Reid, and Lee Grant. . . . ¶ A musical, "Golden Boy," with a book by Clifford Odets and William Gibson (based on Mr. Odets's play), starring Sammy Davis. Charles Strouse wrote the music and Lee Adams the lyrics. . . . ¶ The Lincoln Center Repertory will open its second season at the ANTA Washington Square Theatre with the 1622 English melodrama "The Changeling," by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley. . . . ¶ A comedy adapted by Edwin O'Connor from his novel "I Was Dancing," with Burgess Meredith and Orson Bean in the leading roles. . . . ¶ "Something More!," a musical taken from Gerald Green's novel "Portofino P.T.A." Nate Monaster wrote the book, Sammy Fain composed the score, Marilyn and Alan Bergman did the lyrics, and the cast is headed by Arthur Hill, Barbara Cook, Viveca Lindfors, and Ronny Graham. . . . ¶ Victor Borge will return with a new edition of his "Comedy in Music." . . . ¶ Jean Simmons and Larry Blyden in "O, Bury Me Not, Etc.," a comedy by Hugh Wheeler, derived from a Spanish play, "The Case of the Slightly Assassinated Wife." . . . ¶ A comedy called "Luv," by Murray Schisgal, in which Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Alan Arkin will appear. . . . ¶ A London import, Jean Anouilh's "Poor Bitos," translated by Lucienne Hill, with Donald Pleasence and Charles D. Gray.

OTHER DATES—Columbus Day is Monday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 12-17. . . . ¶ Fall Flower Festival of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ New York World's Fair closes Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ The nineteenth session of the United Nations General Assembly will convene here on Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Veterans' Day is Wednesday, Nov. 11.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in a rousing and surprisingly witty adaptation of the Anouilh play. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Best Man—The well-known Presidential aspirant, Gore Vidal, has written an electric melodrama about a Presidential convention. On hand are Henry Fonda, Lee Tracy, and Cliff Robertson, ably directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 4-6. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Oct. 7.)

The Chalk Garden—Dame Edith Evans, Hayley Mills, Deborah Kerr, John Mills, and Felix Aylmer have a marvellous time acting out this rather old-fashioned tale of tangled family matters. The setting is green England. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Cleopatra—The famous epic, which looks like "Aïda" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; and R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577.)

The Fall of the Roman Empire—makes a very loud noise indeed. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; starting Oct. 7.)

From Russia with Love—Another ample chapter in the dangerous life and incessant lecheries of Secret Service Operative 007, ably embodied by Sean Connery. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 3.)

Girl with Green Eyes—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Good Neighbor Sam—Jack Lemmon, as a San Francisco ad man in an odd predicament, goes skylarking through a movie that amounts to an omnibus of gags. Mr. L. is very funny. The movie is sometimes funny, sometimes not. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 3.)

A Hard Day's Night—Yeh, yeh, yeh! (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 6.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Not for small children. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

The Luck of Ginger Coffey—A bitter comedy about an Irish misfit in Montreal. Starring Robert Shaw and Mary Ure, who are, as the Irish say, tremendous. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Mary Poppins—A "My Fair Lady" for children, or maybe grandchildren. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Night Watch—A grim thriller about an attempted escape from a Paris prison. Directed by Jacques Becker. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 7.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This story of the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcée with a child is weakened by a dull, mawkish script, but Bernie Hamilton gives a fine performance as the hero, and Painesville, Ohio, where the movie was photographed, is certainly a lovely town to look at. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a spooky tale of corruption above stairs and below. Stylishly directed by Joseph Losey. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Tom Jones—A joyous embodiment of the Fielding novel, written by John Osborne and directed by Tony Richardson and acted with high spirits by Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Susannah York, Joan Greenwood, and a seeming hundred more. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 6, tentative.)

Topkapi—How to steal crown jewels, in another of those adult-education courses by Jules Dassin with, as his capable assistants, Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, and Robert Morley. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

The World of Henry Orient—Two attractive junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. The girls are played by Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth and the poseur by Peter Sellers, and they're all splendid. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Oct. 1.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—Mindless, cheerful nonsense in a three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (In English at the R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ In Italian at the Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ In Italian at the Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Oct. 6, tentative.)

REVIVALS

All About Eve (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 1.)

The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 6.)

La Belle Américaine (1961)—A French comedy, starring Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 5.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Oct. 5.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 6.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 2-5.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 3.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 2-5.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Oct. 7.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 2.)

The Conjugal Bed (1963)—An account of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Don Juan when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 6.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—A farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. Pietro Germi is the director. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Oct. 6, tentative.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in nightgowns and at war. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 4-5, last showing on Oct. 5 at 3:25.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 3. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 6.)

The Greatest Show on Earth (1952)—DeMille under the big top. With Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Dorothy Lamour, Charlton Heston, and so on. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; through Oct. 4.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Hustler (1961)—A life-and-death struggle between pool sharks. Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, George C. Scott, and Piper Laurie. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; through Oct. 6.)

Limelight (1952)—An aging music-hall comedian in love with a waif. Charlie Chaplin and Claire Bloom. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Oct. 7, tentative.)

The Merry Widow (1934)—The waltz and the old Lehár music, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald most in evidence. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; Oct. 1.)

Miracle in Milan (1951)—An Italian comedy about a boy who turns the local shantytown into a popular residential area. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Oct. 5.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 4-5, last showing on Oct. 5 at 4:35.)

Los Olvidados (1952)— Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. Formerly called "The Young and the Damned." (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 1.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 6, tentative.)

School for Scoundrels (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 2.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 1.)

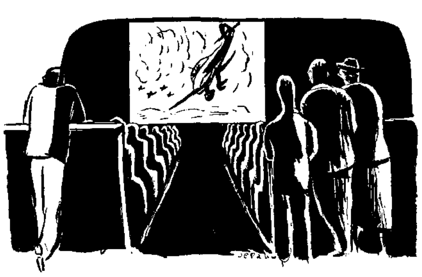
The Suitor (1963)—An exemplary young man, having no interest in girls, is at last prodded into turning over a new leaf. Pierre Étaix is the French star. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 3.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 6.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; starting Oct. 6.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Four programs in a series called "The Films of Carl Dreyer"—Through Oct. 3: "The Parson's Widow" (1920), a silent film, with Danish subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 4: "Love One Another" (1921-22), a silent film, with Danish subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 5: An excerpt from "Once Upon a Time" (1922), a silent film, with Danish subtitles; plus three Danish government documentaries, with English narrations. . . . ¶ Oct. 6-7: "Mikael" (1924), a silent film, with German subtitles. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
TOPKAPI.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1706)
"Woman of Straw," Gina Lollobrigida, Sean Connery.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through Oct. 6: "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.
From Oct. 7: "The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Oct. 6: "The Cool World," Hampton Clanton.
From Oct. 7: **THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.**

LOEW'S CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
MARY POPPINS.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
CLEOPATRA.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Oct 6: "A House Is Not a Home," Shelley Winters, Robert Taylor.
From Oct. 7: "Four Days In November," a documentary film dealing with the assassination of President Kennedy.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Oct. 6: "Of Human Bondage," Kim Novak, Laurence Harvey.
From Oct. 7: "Fail Safe," Henry Fonda, Dan O'Herlihy.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through Oct. 5: "Bushido" (in Japanese).
From Oct. 6: "Saga of the Vagabonds" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Oct. 1: "Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.
From Oct. 2: "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Los Tarantos" (in Spanish), Carmen Amaya.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Oct. 6: **THE HUSTLER**, revival; and "The Stripper," revival, Joanne Woodward, Richard Beymer.
From Oct. 7: "Bikini Beach," Frankie Avalon; and "The Masque of the Red Death," Vincent Price.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 6: "What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.
From Oct. 7: "Robin and the 7 Hoods," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 6 (tentative): **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian); and **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian), revival.
From Oct. 7: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Oct. 1: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**; and "The 7th Dawn," William Holden, Susannah York.
From Oct. 2: "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Oct. 6: "Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.
From Oct. 7: "The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
TOPKAPI.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
CLEOPATRA.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 7 (tentative): **LIMELIGHT**, revival.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
Oct. 1: "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).
From Oct. 2: "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Murder Ahoy," Margaret Rutherford, *Lionel Jeffries.*

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Oct. 6: "Of Human Bondage," Kim Novak, Laurence Harvey.
From Oct. 7: "Four Days in November," a documentary film dealing with the assassination of President Kennedy.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-4130)
Through Oct. 4: **THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH**, revival.
Oct. 5: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** and **MIRACLE IN MILAN** (both in Italian and both revivals).
From Oct. 6: **WEST SIDE STORY**, revival.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BECKET.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE CHALK GARDEN.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 6 (tentative): **TOM JONES**; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**, revival.
From Oct. 7: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Woman of Straw," Gina Lollobrigida, Sean Connery.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 6: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW**; and "Master Spy," Stephen Murray.
From Oct. 7: "Bikini Beach," Frankie Avalon; and "The Masque of the Red Death," Vincent Price.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 6: "The 7th Dawn," William Holden, Susannah York; and "633 Squadron," Cliff Robertson, George Chakiris.
From Oct. 7: "Fail Safe," Henry Fonda, Dan O'Herlihy.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 1: **ALL ABOUT EVE**, revival; and **LOS OLVIDADOS** (in Spanish; formerly called "The Young and the Damned"), revival.
Oct. 2-5: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival.
From Oct. 6: **THE EASY LIFE** and **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (both in Italian and both revivals).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 6: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and "Island of the Blue Dolphins," Celia Kaye.
From Oct. 7: **THE NIGHT WATCH** (in French); and "Dimka" (in Russian).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 6: "Robin and the 7 Hoods," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Rififi" (in French), revival, Jean Servais.
From Oct. 7: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Only One New York," a documentary film.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 6: "What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine; and "The Young Swingers," Rod Lauren, Molly Bee.
From Oct. 7: "Of Human Bondage," Kim Novak, Laurence Harvey; and "Gold for the Caesars," Jeffrey Hunter.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 3: **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM**; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**
Oct. 4-6: **THE BEST MAN**; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From Oct. 7: "Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis; and "Bedtime Story," Marlon Brando, David Niven.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"The Ape Woman" (in Italian). Ugo Tognazzi, Annie Girardot.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
A HARD DAY'S NIGHT; and **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
To be announced.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Let's Talk About Women" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman.

57TH ST. NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Oct. 1: **THE MERRY WIDOW**, revival; and "Girl of the Golden West," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
Oct. 2-4: "The Firefly," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones; and "The Chocolate Soldier," revival, Risë Stevens, Nelson Eddy.
From Oct. 5: To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
To be announced.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Ape Woman" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Annie Girardot.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Oct. 1: **SHADOWS**, revival; and "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty.
Oct. 2: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.
Oct. 3: **BRINGING UP BABY**, revival; and "Arsenic and Old Lace," revival, Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane.
Oct. 4-5 (last showing on Oct. 5 at 3:25): **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and **DUCK SOUP**, revival.
Oct. 5, at 7:30 and 9:30: "The Love of Sunya" (silent), Gloria Swanson; and "The Playhouse" (silent), Buster Keaton.
Oct. 6: **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian), revival; and **THE BALCONY**, revival.
From Oct. 7: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 6: "What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine; and "The Marriage-Go-Round," revival, Susan Hayward, James Mason.
From Oct. 7: "The Secret Invasion," Stewart Granger, Raf Vallone; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 1: "Il Trovatore" (in Italian), revival, Enzo Mascherini; and "Rigoletto" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi.
Oct. 2: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**, revival; and "Expresso Bongo," revival, Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms.
Oct. 3: **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian), revival; and **THE SUITOR** (in French), revival.
Oct. 4: "Panic" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance; and "The Eternal Mask" (in German), revival.
Oct. 5: **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French), revival; and "Jenny Lamour" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet.
Oct. 6: **TIGER BAY**, revival; and "Victim," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.
Oct. 7: "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival; and "The Good Soldier Schweik" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruhmann.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 6: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian); and **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian), revival.
From Oct. 7: **THE BEST MAN**; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. (at the latest) to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M. . . . ¶ Nightly fireworks at Fountain of Planets at about 9:45 P.M. . . . ¶ Fair closes for season Oct. 18.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children—Up to eight years old may be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); up to twelve years old in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum).

Music—Guy Lombardo provides music for dancing at the Tiparillo Band Pavilion every night except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30.

Advice—Fewer people are going to the Fair these days, but the popular exhibits are still crowded, though the crowds are smaller after 7 P.M. Industrial exhibits such as General Motors, Ford, General Electric, Johnson's Wax, and I.B.M. are free, vary in quality, and are usually impossible to get into except at dinnertime, when the Fair's *good* restaurants are impossible to get into. The exhibits in the Amusement Area are always possible to get into, but they cost money and are the least interesting at the Fair.

The best plan is to go to only one impossible exhibit a day, between six and nine in the evening. If that is impractical, arrive at eight-thirty in the morning in order to have a good place in line by the time the exhibit opens, at about 10.

There are twenty-five-cent buses and Glide-a-ride trains that move slowly around the Fairgrounds; the fastest way to get from one place to another is to walk.

Most of the restaurants are relatively expensive. Some accept reservations, but otherwise the best time to try to get lunch is before twelve or after two, and dinner after nine.

A particularly good way to get to the Fair is on the Long Island Rail Road.

There *isn't* any good reason for going to the Fair on a Saturday.

Children like everything at the Fair.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair every fifteen minutes between 8:45 A.M. and 9 P.M.: from the Fair (Gate 4), on the half hour between 11 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street, west of Sixth Avenue; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington. $1 each way.

Boats—Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; the run takes about twenty-five minutes, and a fifteen-cent bus ride to the Fairgrounds is necessary.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave Kennedy International Airport for the Fair approximately every hour between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. Adults $6, children $3.

At the Fair—Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. There is also a special deal: $70 for eight hours. . . ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day. . . . ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair, adults $6.50, children $3.50.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

American Express Pavilion—Besides travel and financial information and a Western Union office, American Express offers a model of the Fair whose buildings light up as they are referred to in a recorded narration. Since more than one building at a time lights up, however, and since the narrator speaks of some exhibits that are no longer operating, and mistakenly says that the Unisphere is visible from all parts of the Fair, the display is not as useful as it is meant to be.

American Interiors—Included in the commercial exhibits in this large pavilion is a great deal of furniture and paintings to go with it; numerous soft-drink and candy machines; a display of paintings and sculptures sponsored by the National Art Museum of Sport, Inc.; and a handy display of reclining chairs to sit down in and go to sleep. Admission fifty cents.

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

Dynamic Maturity—Those who get tired of observing the Fair directly may retire to the peace and quiet of the Dynamic Maturity Pavilion and see views of Flushing Meadow projected onto a circular screen through a revolving periscope set in the roof.

Florida Pavilion—The best part of Florida's exhibit is the Everglades Show, a leisurely lecture on Florida wildlife, with live models, including a largemouth bass, turtles, alligators, snakes of various sizes, and a family of Seminoles (who are technically at war with the United States). Twenty-five cents.

Hall of Free Enterprise—There are many ants imprisoned in glass cases in the Hall of Free Enterprise, forced into symbolizing strong, intelligent, industrious inhabitants of a "perfectly planned economy" who lack, however, the ability to make and use tools. "Forty million years of no progress," a sign says. "Do you believe in free enterprise, or would you rather be an ant?" There are other informative exhibits, too.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is the most beautiful structure at the Fair, and the two puppet shows in the center of the main plaza, which illustrate the nature of computers, are among the best shows at the Fair.

Japan—The Japanese Pavilion is filled with industrial exhibits, including large numbers of miniature television sets. There is also a model space ship that can be sat in, with controls that can be maneuvered.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre, and is an excellent reason to go to the Fair.

Jordan—The displays include archeological objects, a model of the Old City of Jerusalem, and fragments of Dead Sea scrolls.

New York State Pavilion—The exhibits include a short movie projected onto six screens set in a circle along the walls. The subject of the film is the attractions of New York State, and though the circular technique is interesting, the effect is to make the audience dizzy. Admission twenty-five cents.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Bourbon Street—This sprawling exhibit, sometimes called the Louisiana Pavilion, contains a series of snack bars, a dancing chicken, an unopen French restaurant, a doll museum, several sidewalk artists who charge three dollars for a profile and five dollars for a full-face portrait, and a bar where the frug and the monkey may be danced until 2 A.M.

Carousel Park—A dreary area at the foot of the Amusement Area bridge. The carousel costs twenty-five cents a ride.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes who sing, dance, and play musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

Poupées de Paris—An elaborate puppet show, but the barker luring the customers in at the top of his voice prefers never to use the word "puppet." Shows at 3:30, 5, 6:30, 8, and 10:30. Adults two dollars, children one dollar.

Santa Maria—An authentic replica of Columbus's flagship, which shows, among other things, how much shorter people were in those days. Adults one dollar, children between 6 and 18 fifty cents.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind. There are some outdoor cafés in the Amusement Area that are not necessarily good but are often not crowded.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a delightful place to have dinner, especially at a table overlooking the courtyard, where the Royal Watusi dancers and drummers of Burundi perform four times a night, starting at about 7:40 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Central America and Panama—Although only coffee and buns are available, there are few pleasanter places at the Fair than the small outdoor café at this pavilion.

Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a $6.50 "grand cold table," and also has a large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—A good, expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call AR 1-5070.

Republic of Guinea—A medium-priced restaurant serving lamb, chicken, and shrimp dishes, and not doing as much business as it deserves. It is therefore a good place to go for a meal and a stage show featuring Guinean music and dancing.

Hilton Café International—A large, moderately priced restaurant in the Better Living Center. There is buffet service from five open kitchens labelled North American, South American, European, Mediterranean, and Oriental. Open from noon to 10 P.M.

Indian Pavilion—Good, fairly expensive Indian food for lunch and dinner. Call AR 1-4123 for reservations.

Indonesian Pavilion—An Indonesian lunch costs about $5, dinner about $7.75. There are shows featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and/or dancing at 12:30, 2:30, 7, and 9:30. The restaurant closes at 10 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-8106-7-8-9.

Lebanese Pavilion—In the courtyard is a café serving interesting, inexpensive food.

Malaysian Pavilion—A small restaurant with a limited menu, moderate prices, good food, and imperfect service. Some outdoor tables.

Mexican Pavilion—The Focolare restaurant serves expensive Mexican food in luxurious surroundings, and the Café Alameda serves moderately priced Mexican dishes in less luxurious surroundings. There is also an attractive, comfortable bar. For reservations, call AR 1-0022 and AR 1-0023, respectively.

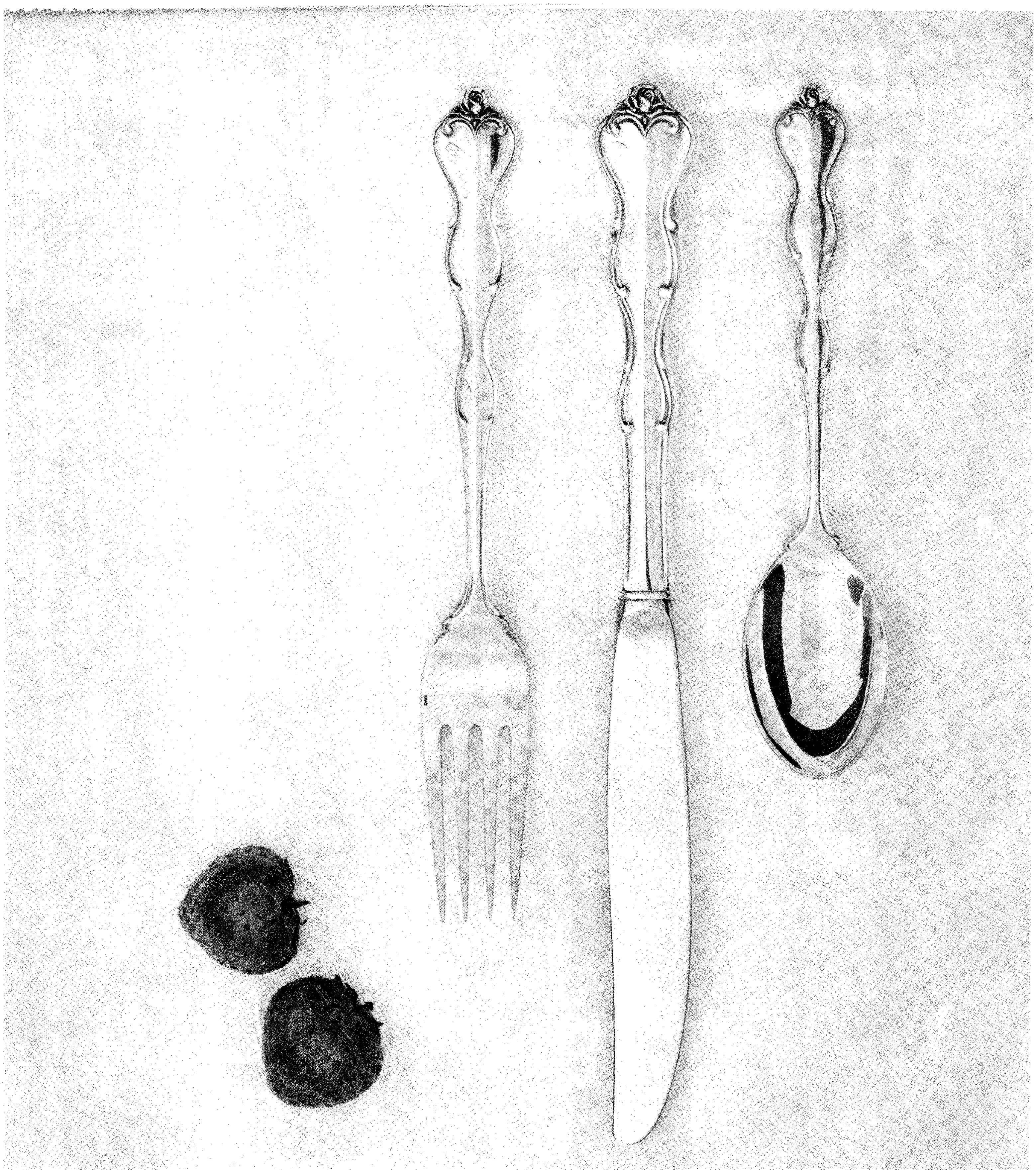
Minnesota Pavilion—The restaurant serves an extensive but unexciting smörgåsbord for $3.75. More exciting dishes may be added for more money.

Moroccan Pavilion—The entrance to the restaurant is hidden in a corner of the outdoor bazaar. Prices are moderate, and there are accompanying Moroccan night-club acts.

Pakistan—The food is plentiful, delicious, and fairly expensive, and the best tables are outdoors, overlooking the Avenue of the United Nations.

Spanish Pavilion—The Granada serves good, fairly expensive Spanish food; no reservations. The Toledo serves good, more expensive French and Spanish food; for reservations, call 888-7320. The service at both is efficient, and the dinner conversation is about the prices.

Swedish Pavilion—A delicious and abundant smörgåsbord is available for six dollars at both lunch and dinner. Reservations taken for lunch only (until 4 P.M.). AR 1-5303.

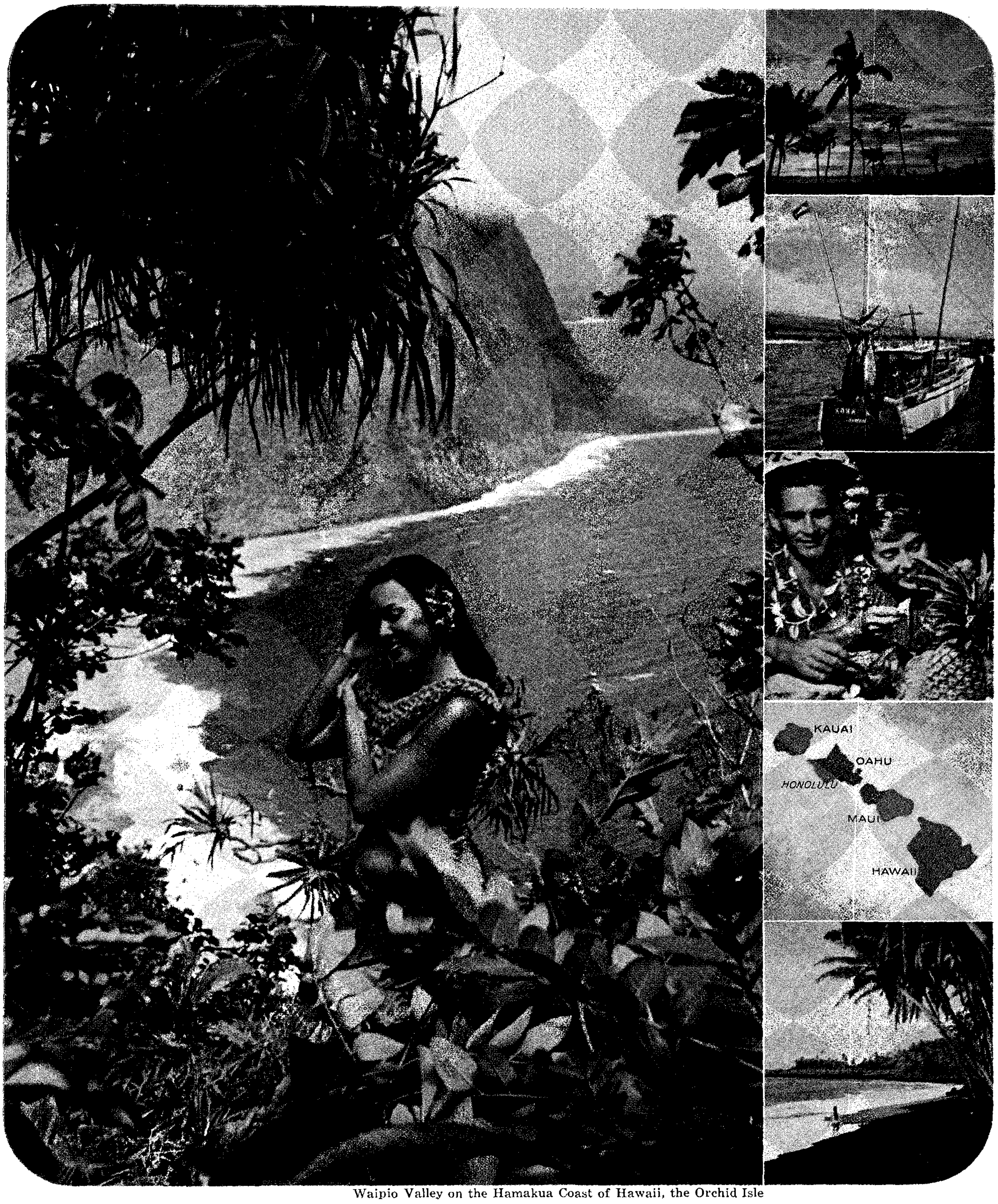


You have just been cheated out of 6 rosebuds and 2 Delacroix cherubs.

THIS IS MADEMOISELLE. International's new sterling pattern in the grand tradition of the French romantics. But look. No cherubs. No garlands. No heroics. Why? Because it was designed for you. A 20th century romantic: You prefer a more restrained elegance. So we refined it. We kept the delicate curve and balance. The pure romantic line. And planted one perfect rose at the tip.

That's all. You can find patterns with lots more rosebuds and romantic what-have-you's for the same money. But they were designed for other people. Mademoiselle is for you. A 3-piece place setting is $23.75. The Bride's Set, a 44-piece service for 8 with a walnut chest, is only $310.00. (Open stock costs $375.00 So you save $65.00.) INTERNATIONAL STERLING

Made by The International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn. Prices incl. Fed. Tax



Waipio Valley on the Hamakua Coast of Hawaii, the Orchid Isle

Beauty comes in many moods on the

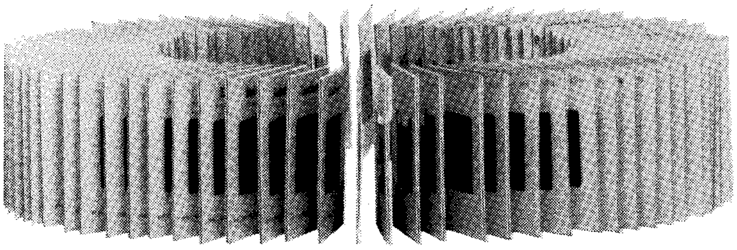
ORCHID ISLE

in the Islands of

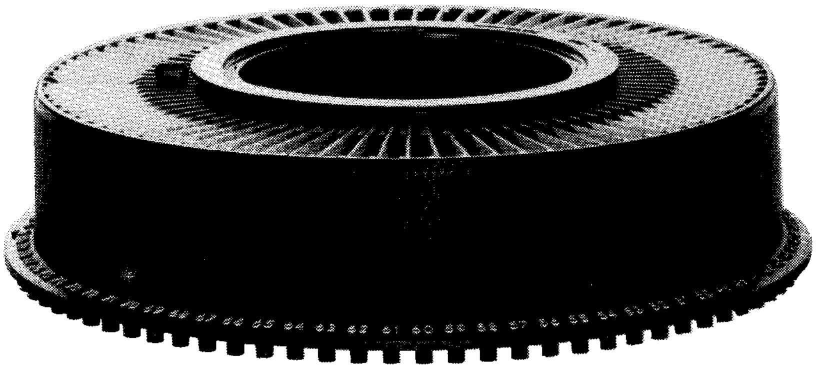
HAWAII

Get set for beaches of white and gold and black. Acres of orchids, miles of volcano wonderland. The wild leap of a marlin, the green quiet of a fern forest. It's all within easy reach — throughout Hawaii you have modern accommodations to fit every budget, 4½ hours by jet, 4½ days by ship from the West Coast. Tomorrow you can be here. ■ *In November, it's the All-Islands Makahiki and Lahaina Whaling Spree; in December, golf's Canada Cup on Maui.*

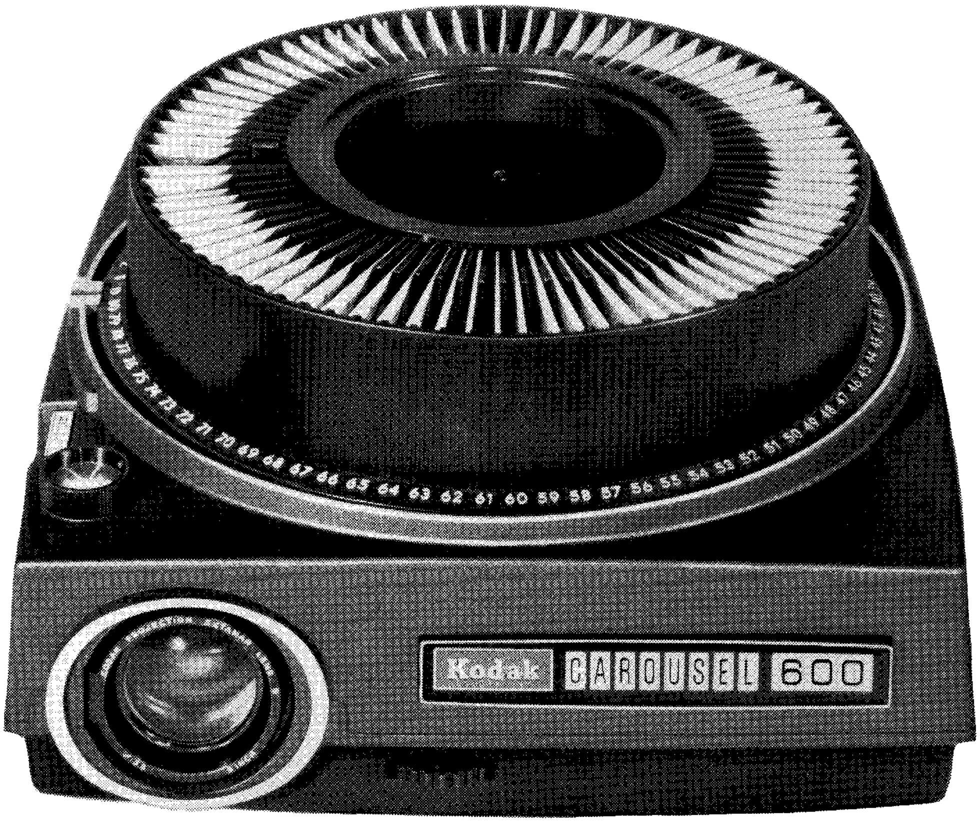
See Your Travel Agent, Airline or Steamship Representative or write to **HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU** Dept. B-3, Honolulu, Hawaii 96815, for full color illustrated folder • Offices in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles



Dependable as gravity...



Simple as the wheel...



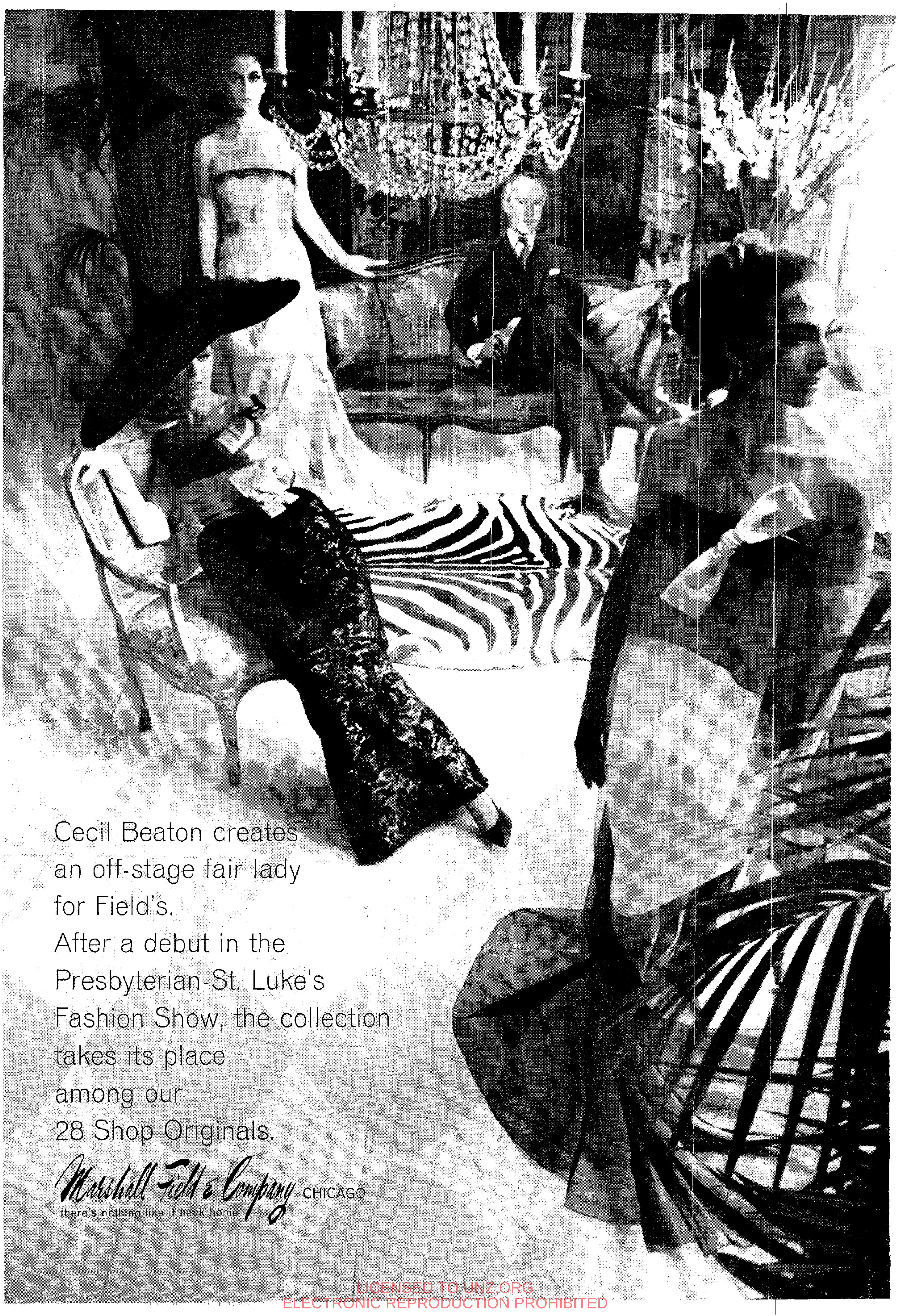
and now less than $90!

What made the Kodak Carousel Projector so famous so fast? Its total dependability! Slides are merely dropped into place. Thus, the Carousel Projector is as dependable as gravity itself. And, of course, there's the famous round 80-slide "long-play" tray. And now, Kodak gives you three newly-designed Carousel Projectors to choose from; all slimmer, quieter, and 6 pounds lighter! The Carousel 600 gives you push-button control. The Carousel 700 gives you remote control, forward or reverse. The Carousel 800 has fully automatic slide change plus remote focus, remote forward and reverse. The works! Surprisingly, prices start at less than $90. See your Kodak dealer!

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Price subject to change without notice.

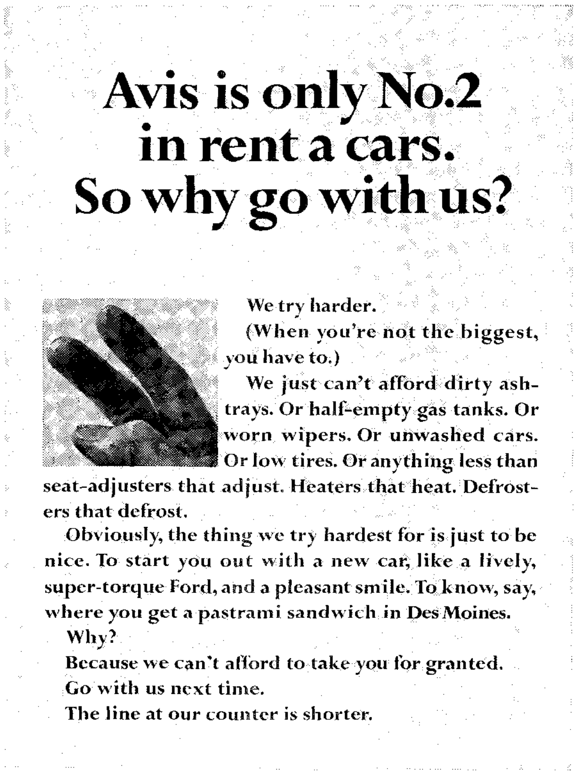
Kodak
TRADEMARK



Cecil Beaton creates
an off-stage fair lady
for Field's.
After a debut in the
Presbyterian-St. Luke's
Fashion Show, the collection
takes its place
among our
28 Shop Originals.

Marshall Field & Company CHICAGO
there's nothing like it back home

Was this Avis ad just another Madison Ave. gimmick?



Avis is only No.2 in rent a cars. So why go with us?

We try harder.

(When you're not the biggest, you have to.)

We just can't afford dirty ashtrays. Or half-empty gas tanks. Or worn wipers. Or unwashed cars. Or low tires. Or anything less than seat-adjusters that adjust. Heaters that heat. Defrosters that defrost.

Obviously, the thing we try hardest for is just to be nice. To start you out with a new car, like a lively, super-torque Ford, and a pleasant smile. To know, say, where you get a pastrami sandwich in Des Moines.

Why?

Because we can't afford to take you for granted.

Go with us next time.

The line at our counter is shorter.

Yes, it was.

And it worked.

We hooked lots of people with that first ad.

We said a company that was only No. 2 in rent a cars would try harder for them.

They bought every word.

They came in expecting all of the things we promised: clean ashtrays, filled gas tanks, wipers that wiped, smiles that weren't painted on and shiny new Fords.

Most of them weren't disappointed. They've been coming back. Often. With friends.

You can't do that with a gimmick.

Unless it's the slickest gimmick of all.

The truth.

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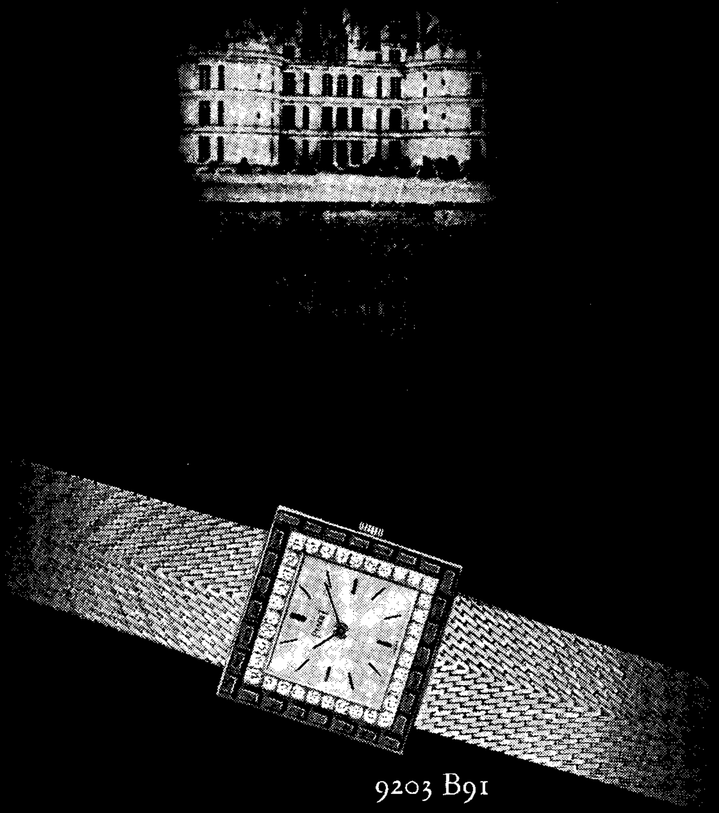
PIAGET
THE MOST EXPENSIVE WATCH
IN THE WORLD
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, TOO



9203 B91

"Case completely set with diamonds"

MADE ONLY IN 18 KT GOLD OR PLATINUM, THE PIAGET WATCH CASES ARE THE WORK OF PIAGET'S BEST JEWELLERY DESIGNERS AND CRAFTSMEN, WORTHY OF THE MECHANISM THEY ENCLOSE.
MORE THAN 150 HOURS OF WORK GO INTO THE MAKING OF EACH OF THESE EXCLUSIVE WATCHES. THAT IS WHY THE PIAGET WATCHES ARE SO EXPENSIVE. ATTENTION TO DETAIL IS CARRIED TO ITS HIGHEST EXTREME BY TRUE SWISS CRAFTSMEN. THE ENGRAVING OF THE GOLD WATCHCASES AND BRACELETS IS DONE BY HAND: THE DIAL AND HANDS ARE ALSO OF GOLD, THE GLASS IS OF SAPPHIRE, A NOBLE MATERIAL PROOF AGAINST SCRATCHES AND SHOCK. PIAGET IS THE PRODUCER OF THE ONLY ULTRA-THIN AUTOMATIC WATCH IN THE WORLD (MOVEMENT 2.3 MM. THICK)
A WORK OF PRESENT DAY ART, DESIGNED WITH ALL THE CONSCIENTIOUS DEDICATION OF THE TRADITIONAL CRAFTSMAN: THUS CAN WE SUM UP THE PIAGET WATCH.

PIAGET

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURES:
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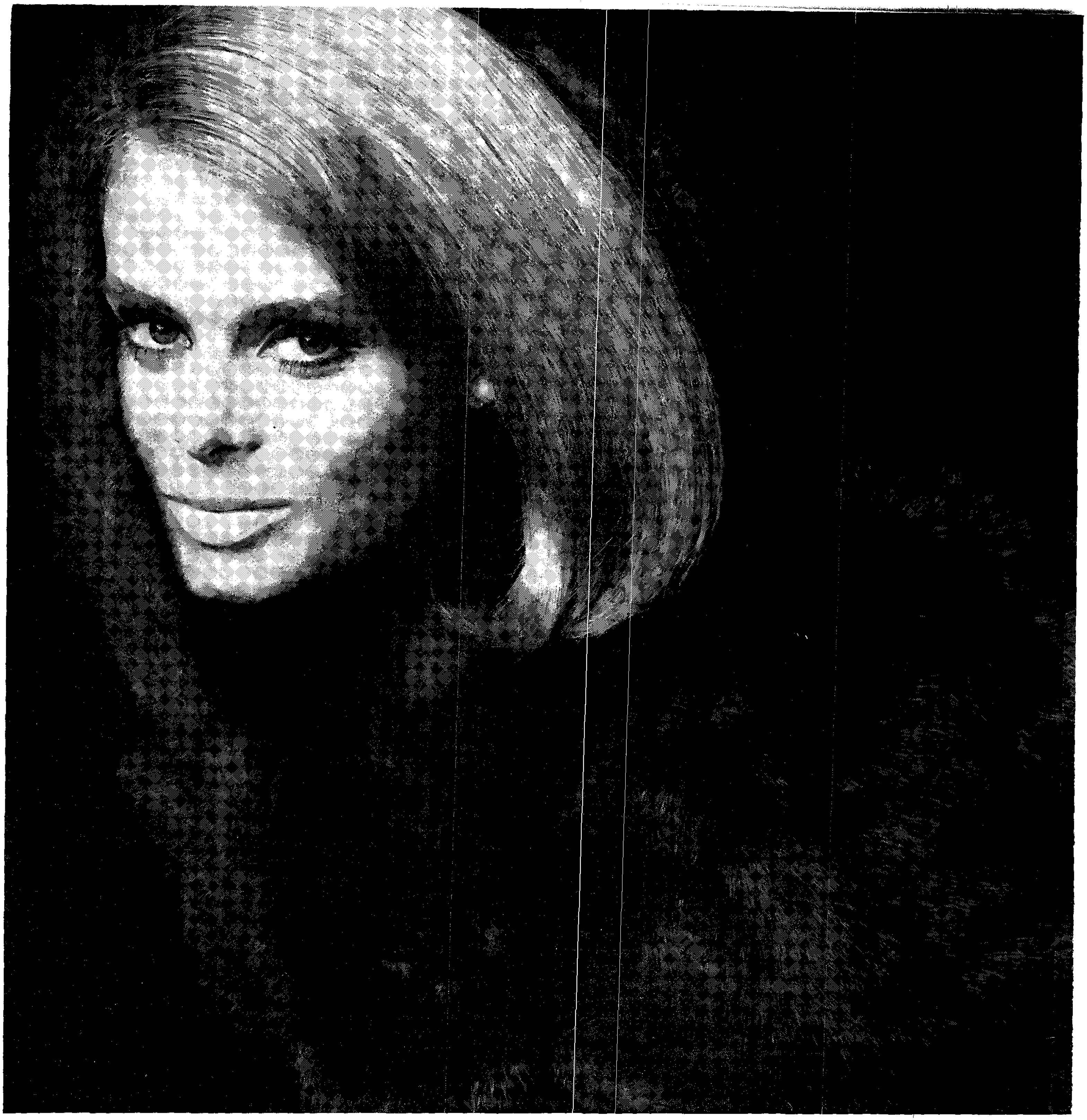
A new weapon for you—
one of the famous Guerlain colognes now in a spray. Chant d'Arômes, Shalimar, L'Heure Bleue, Mitsouko or Vol de Nuit, each $5. plus tax.

GUERLAIN



She does.
Her mink doesn't.

THE WOMAN who looks best, feels prettiest, acts most glamorous as a blonde is entitled to the big change. But as for mink, we wouldn't change a hair of it.

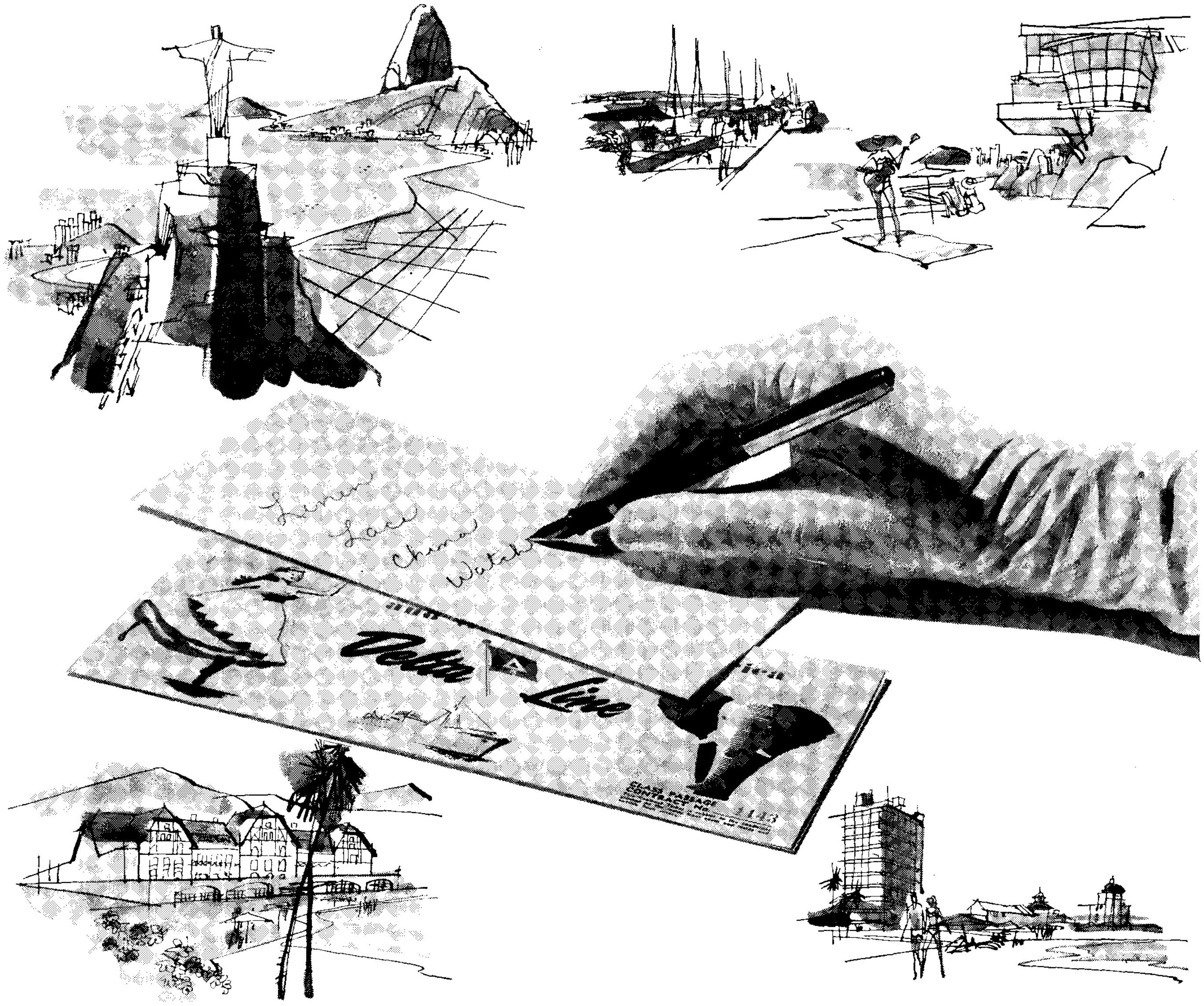
MINK BORN DARK is just naturally more magnificent. Its deep pelts shimmer and the dark color of it has near-black undertones that a blended or dyed mink never could equal. That's why natural dark ranch mink does the most devastating things to you whether you're blonde, scarlet or raven-haired.

IN NORTH AMERICA where the climate is ideal, these pedigreed minks were first found wild, then bred scientifically to produce the finest pelts in the world. And they're vied for at fur auctions by the most eminent furriers on every continent.

SO WHEN the prospect of mink does come along, be guided by your furrier. Ask him about GLMA, the label that signifies Great Lakes Mink Association, producers of dark mink that everyone knows is strictly for real.

GLMA®

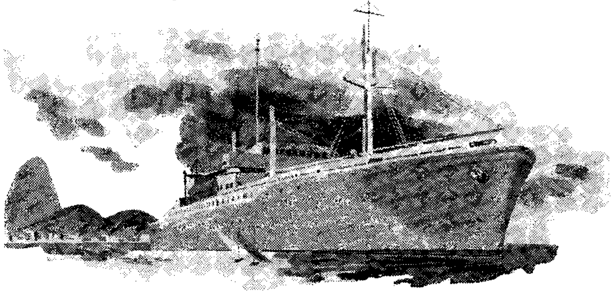
Great Lakes Mink Association, producers of premium natural dark ranch mink



Leave your troubles at home . . . but take along your shopping list!

You can relax and live—unwind your tensions, forget your troubles—on a Delta Line cruise to South America via Caribbean ports. You'll have a vacation you'll enjoy for the "rest" of your life. But do bring along your shopping list, because the dollar exchange is remarkably favorable in Brazil and Argentina. Enroute, in Barbados and Curacao, you'll find fantastic "free port" bargains—rare French perfumes, delicate laces, fine watches, English china, gold and silverware, Italian silks, leather goods and brassware. Brazil is famed for excellent buys in precious stones. In Argentina, you'll marvel at the low prices on leather goods, coats, sweaters and other woolens.

You'll visit exciting cities, all decidedly different: Rio, Santos, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Curacao! Before you decide upon any cruise, take an armchair voyage with us. We have painted a word picture which tells why a Delta Line cruise is *different*—different from any other. Ask your travel agent or write us direct for this free colorful booklet. Address Dept. N-2.



Delta Line

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The Magnificent Magnavox Esperanto Model 698 Stereo FM, AM/FM Radio-Phonograph in Pecan—$550.00.

Until you hear Magnificent Magnavox Astro-Sonic* stereo you have no idea how beautiful music can be.

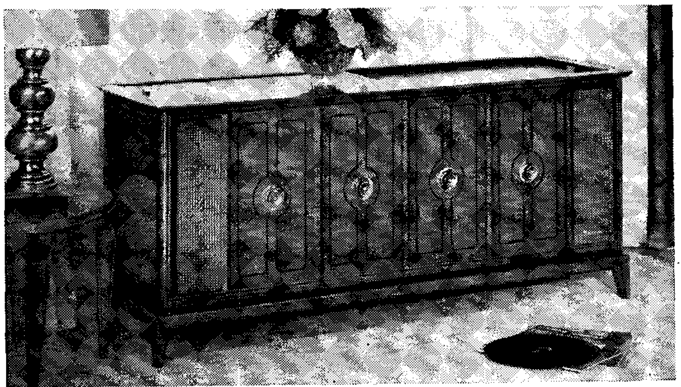
This revolutionary radio-phonograph using solid-state circuitry is ten times more efficient than tube sets—it surpasses all previous achievements in the flawless re-creation of sound—has such vast tonal dimensions it can "whisper" or "shake the walls" with the full beauty of music. It's exclusively Magnavox.

*Magnavox Astro-Sonic eliminates all tubes and component-damaging heat—is so reliable that parts are guaranteed 5 years!

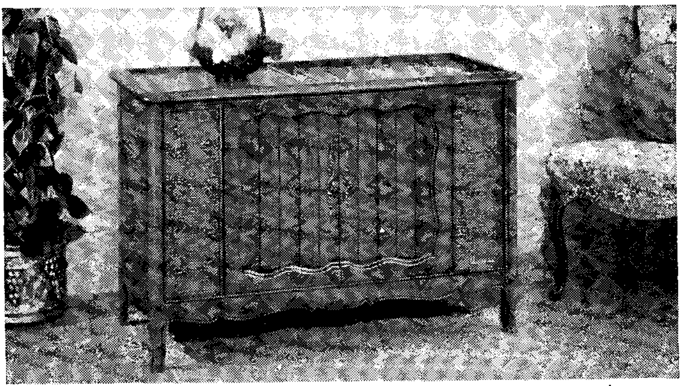
And the exclusive Micromatic changer plays your records so gently they can last a lifetime—even the diamond stylus is guaranteed for 10 years.

See and hear the wide variety of elegant styles priced from $298.50 at your Magnavox dealers listed in the Yellow Pages.

the magnificent
Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



The Danish Modern Model 676 in beautiful Natural Walnut is only $398.50.



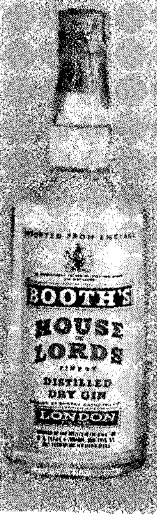
The French Provincial Model 647 in hand-rubbed Fruitwood is only $335.00.

If Booth's House of Lords is such a great gin, how come a lot of people never tried it?

Maybe we need a new bottle.

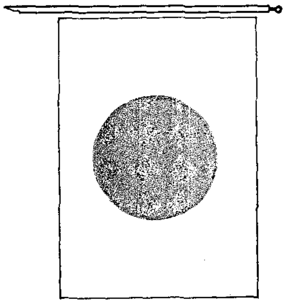
Booth's House of Lords,
the non-conformist gin
from England.

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. FOR W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N.Y.


BOOTH'S
HOUSE
LORDS
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
LONDON

Chaseman William J. Lamneck helps a customer in Tokyo

In Japan, too, you have a friend at Chase Manhattan



Chasemen know Japan intimately.

They understand its people, its economy, its banking system.

From their big branch in the heart of the Tokyo financial district they can help you with any international business or trade transaction.

As a matter of fact, anywhere in the world you choose to do business there's a Chase Manhattan branch, representative or correspondent bank to serve you.

And wherever you live, wherever you trade, Chase Manhattan can help you. We ask for the opportunity.

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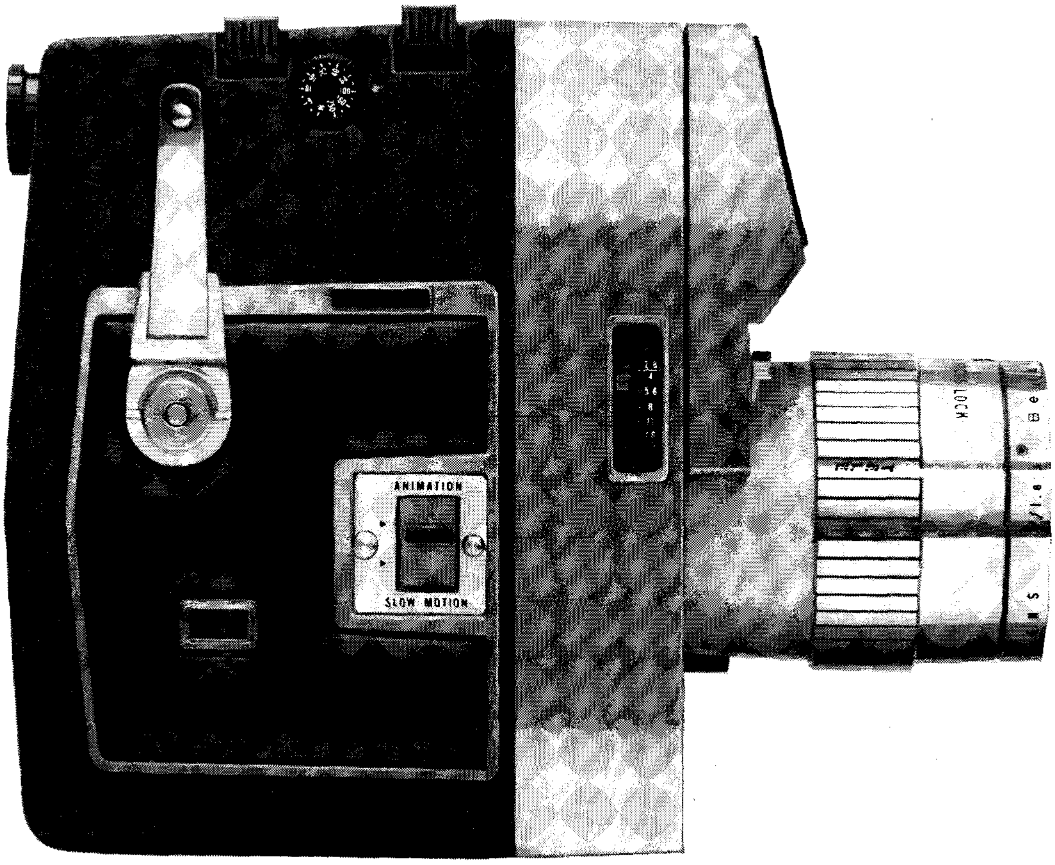


More than $200:

An extravagance? Self-indulgence? A bargain? A necessity?

If the movie camera you're thinking of buying is going to spend its time gathering dust in a closet, the Bell & Howell 418 may well be an extravagance, and we have no message for you.

If, on the other hand, you want a camera that will meet the challenge of your imagination, a camera that will urge you to create as well as record memorable moments, you want something more than a movie camera.

You want a photographic instrument.

You want a Bell & Howell 418.

What you get is this: A camera that operates easily, with controls that fall readily to hand. A camera that is extraordinarily precise in its measurement of light and distance. A camera that performs without deviation from a set of standards that have been tested and retested. A camera that is, therefore, virtually incapable of mechanical error. A camera that controls film perfectly, holding it flat and smooth for exact focus, corner to corner and edge to edge.

You get an electric eye that is *inside* the lens, where it can measure with exactitude the amount of light that actually strikes the film. The electric eye responds only to light from your scene; in subtle lighting, the difference can be astonishing. You get Power Zooming at the press of a button—smooth, precise zooming. You view directly through the lens, and you shoot through a precision-ground 11-element optical system with its own built-in filters.

So, with a bit of self-indulgence, you can own a photographic instrument that will do all you can ask of it—which may make it a bargain, after all.

The Bell & Howell 418.

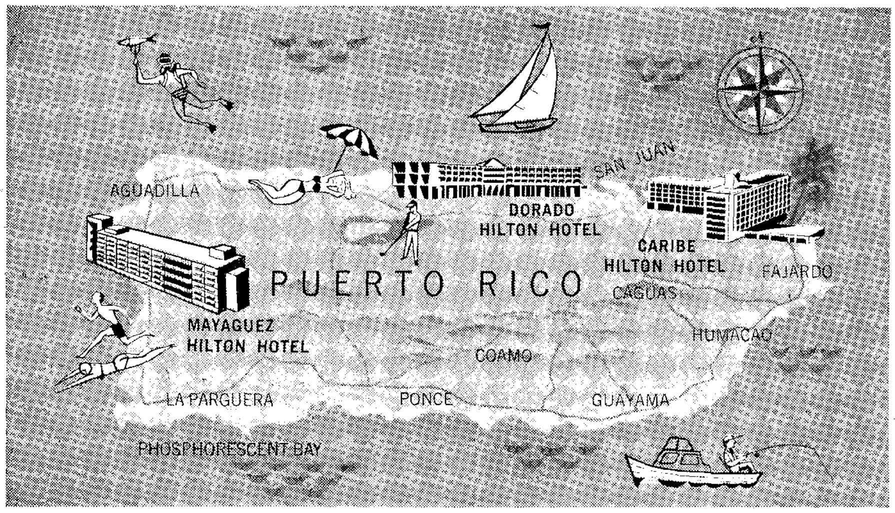
If you're really interested in home movies, you might as well consider it a necessity.

Bell & Howell builds photographic instruments a little better than they really have to be.

Bell & Howell Company
Photo Products Group

(Advertisement)

PUERTO RICO'S INSTANT PARADISE



by Peter Griffith

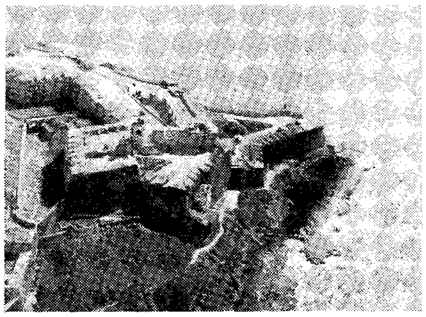
It's usually hard to tell the exact moment when a tourist attraction comes into fashion, but not with Puerto Rico. It happened on the day the Caribe Hilton opened. The hotel filled up right away and it's been busy ever since. And no wonder. Situated on a beautiful 17-acre estate jutting out into the ocean, with the ancient Spanish quarter of San Juan to the West and the exciting modern city to the East, the Caribe Hilton offers an endless variety of delights . . . sporting, sumptuous and spectacular.

Step into an ocean of fun

The Caribe Hilton's sweeping, reef-protected beach of coral sand has everything you need for sailing, skin-diving, water-skiing and just plain basking. There's a private pier, too, where the fish are very cooperative. On shore, there are two huge swimming pools, championship tennis courts, bowling and shuffleboard. And golf is available at the Dorado Hilton Hotel & Country Club, a short drive away.

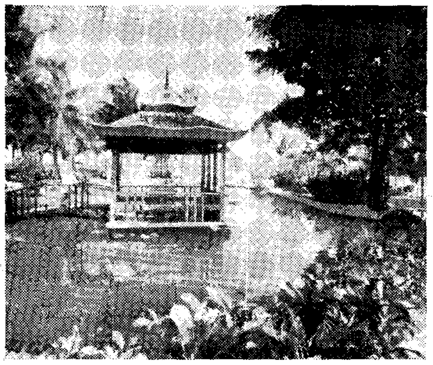
Step back four centuries

The Caribe Hilton has its own Spanish fortress right next door. And a short cab ride brings you to the four-hundred-year-old city of Old San Juan. Stroll narrow, twisting streets, paved with the blue ballast stone of the Spanish Galleons. Explore the huge fortress of El Morro that has a nine-hole golf course in its moat. Find treasures in the exciting shops and art galleries.



Step out to a Latin Beat

After dark at the Caribe Hilton you'll sip cocktails at the Caribar. Choose from the very finest in Caribbean, American or Continental cuisine in the superb Rotisserie Castillo, social center of San Juan night life. Dine and dance in the cosmopolitan Club Caribe, with top international stars to entertain you. Or sample Polynesian delicacies of Trader Vic's.



You'll sleep in a beautiful, air-conditioned room, with the sea murmuring at your balcony. Wake in the morning to a breathtaking ocean view. Rates start at $17 a day, single, $21, double.

Grab a jet. Or if you can't go right away, grab a pen—write for color brochures and full details to Peter Griffith, Hilton Hotels International, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York 22, N. Y.

For reservations, see your travel agent, or call any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office (see phone book). In New York, call LO 3-6900. At all Hilton International Hotels, charges can be paid for on your Carte Blanche Credit Card or Hilton Credit Identification Card.

GO INTERNATIONAL...WITH ALL THE COMFORTS OF HILTON

Would woman have walked so proudly but for the marvel of wool?

Wool. Nature's gift to man.
Man's gift to woman.
Wool. The protector.
Wool. The joy.
Wool. Never once has it failed us.
And today, when we ask for
excitement, once again wool responds.
With the expected.
And the unexpected.
In color. Texture. Tailoring.

Wool. Endless adventure to the
designer. Endless invitation to
a bold new line, a new curve,
a new motion in silhouette.
Wool has the strength,
the vitality,
the resilience, the
softness to make this adventure
in design so unlimited,
so beautiful.

Coat by Seymour Fox
of Anglo double-faced worsted
***wool.** About $235.*
At these fine stores:
Julius Garfinckel & Co.,
Washington, D. C.
Woolf Brothers,
Kansas City, Missouri
Montaldo's, all stores
Bonwit Teller, New York

Wool was not invented, it was created... just for you

The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Report from farmers:

IBM computers help America feed a soaring population

WHEN the youngest girl in this family group has raised *her* family, it is predicted that America's population will have practically doubled. But during this time, the amount of land that will be available to grow food will actually *decrease*.

How will our farmers feed twice as many mouths from *less* land than is being planted now?

In many ways, computers will be helping farmers meet this challenge.

The computer, new farm tool

The computer is no stranger to farming. Agricultural experts have used IBM computers to work out programs that

Snapshot of Mt. Kisco, N.Y., family reunion. Families are bigger today. IBM computers help agriculture expand food production.

have helped make American farmers the best food producers in the world.

Computers are used in soil analysis to find missing nutrients, and prescribe fertilizers for increasing productivity.

Computers have helped scientists develop new varieties of grains, such as hybrid corns that double yield per acre.

Computers are even helping farmers outwit their oldest enemy, the weather.

In Maine, an IBM computer analyzes humidity and sunlight, then predicts the best picking time for apple growers.

In the Midwest, another IBM computer compares weather statistics to crop needs and gives farmers a basis for judging the best times to plant.

In many states, marginal land has been reclaimed through computer-analyzed irrigation projects.

Now—farm management with aid of IBM computer

Agricultural organizations employ IBM computers to improve farm management. In just minutes, a computer can analyze a thousand facts about a given farm and print out an operating plan for a whole year ahead.

It calculates the best-profit crops to grow, the proper crop rotation, the best paying ratio of livestock, the fertilizer and equipment to buy, the labor needed—and finally, it estimates the return that the farmer can logically expect from his many different operations.

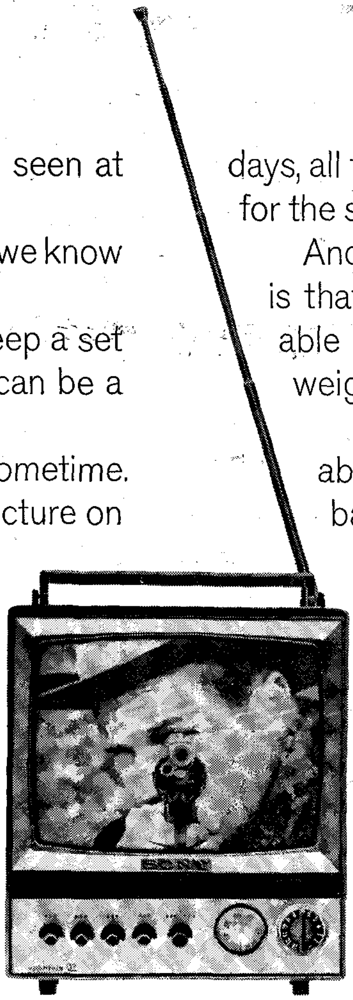
Computers don't think, but in the hands of thinking men they can correlate sunlight with seed, seed with harvest, harvest with shipping costs to help farmers grow more and better food at lower cost.

Thanks to the teamwork of scientists, agricultural colleges, experiment stations and government farm experts, our farmers are preparing to meet the growing needs of a growing population.

IBM®

©SONY CORP. OF AMERICA

How come the Sony is always playing in the store?



Because we don't mind being seen at our worst.

It's the best kind of advertising we know how to do: seeing is believing.

We insist that Sony dealers keep a set playing in the window. And that can be a pretty tough test.

Walk by and see for yourself sometime.

The things that mess up the picture on ordinary TV sets hardly bother a Sony. Cars, trucks, buses and airplanes all try to interfere, but the Sony set keeps playing, loud and clear.

We're willing to take the gamble because we use such high-quality components they wouldn't dare to fail.

The 9-inch set in the picture, for example, has 29 of our own specially designed transistors that simply can't be found in other TV sets, regardless of their size or price.

We don't use transistors just to make our sets small; we use them because they work better than tubes.

The transistors work with practically no heat, and so they last a long time and the sets require little service. (One of these days, all television sets will use transistors for the same reason.)

Another nice thing about transistors is that they allow our set to be a portable that's really portable: the Sony weighs all of 12 pounds.

And it plays on its own rechargeable battery or on your car or boat battery. (As well as on AC, of course, where it uses only one-tenth the power of tube sets.)

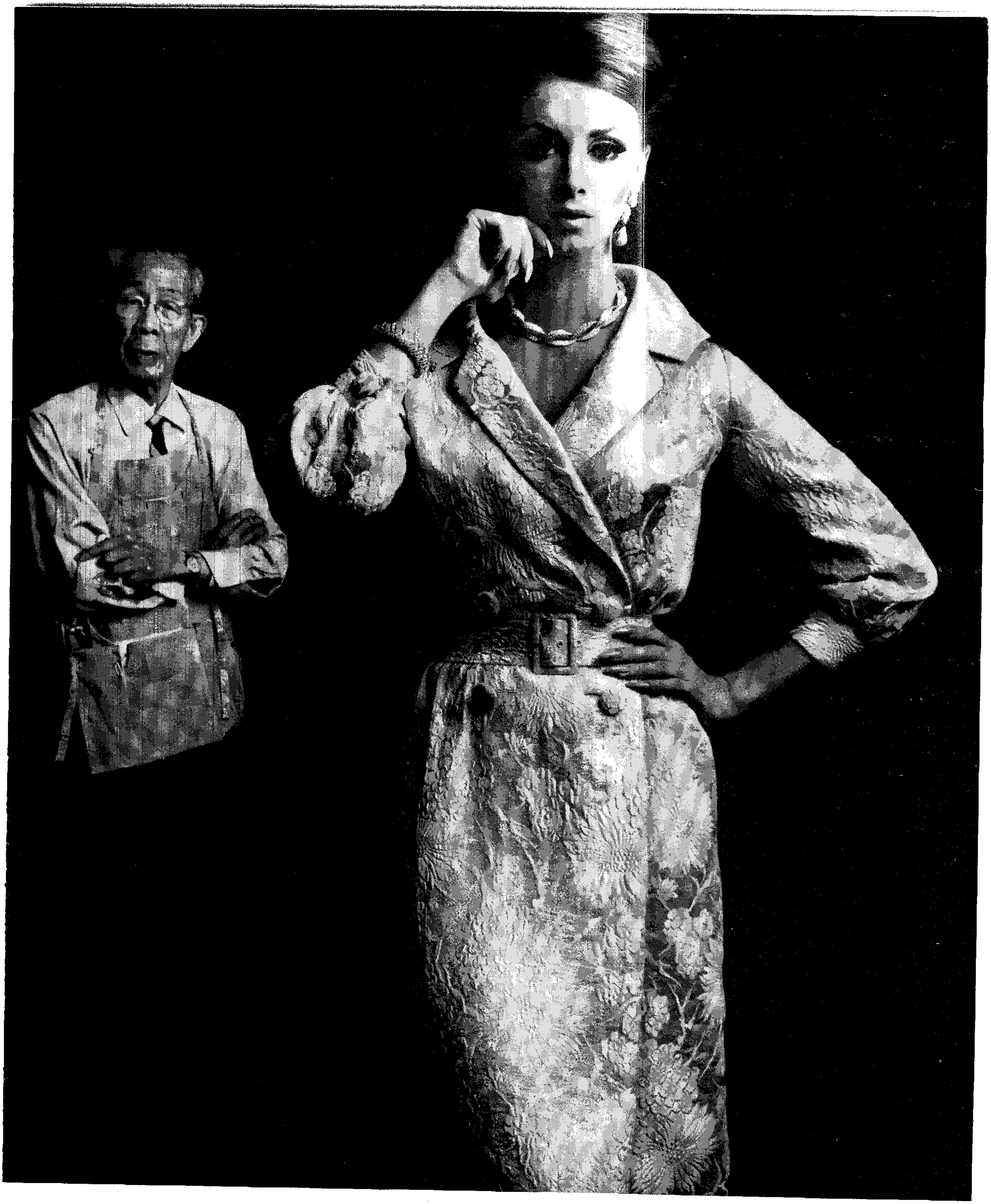
There are still other good things that set the Sony apart from other TV sets.

For example, there are two earphone jacks for private listening. And you can receive the new UHF channels without adding anything. Everything you need is built right into a cabinet that's less than 9"x10"x8".

Just to prove we practice what we preach, we have about 25 Sony TV sets always playing in our own showroom window at 585 Fifth Avenue in New York.

And we collect a pretty good crowd, just waiting for something to go wrong.

Some people get so disappointed, they go right out and buy one. **SONY®**



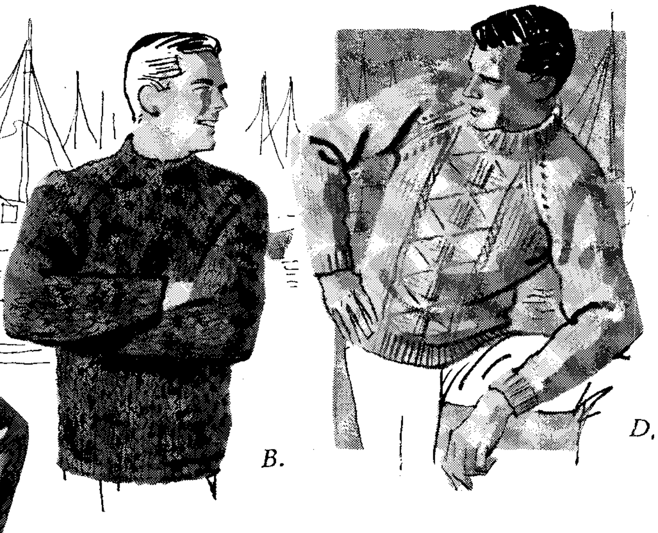
one man made this dress

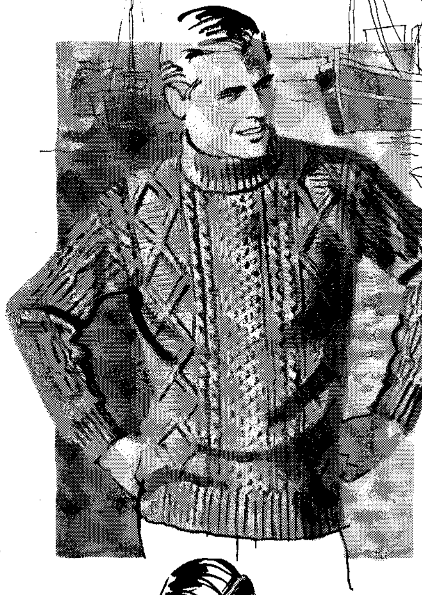
Nobody lifted a finger to this dress but Chan. If you admire the roll of the collar, the snugness of the cuffs, the even hem line, thank him. Chan has a real feeling for his craft and loves to work with the exclusive Dynasty fabrics. He's fashioned this one, a rich metallic brocade of rayon and silk, into a coat dress that you'll wear with great success to cocktails, dinner and theatre. Champagne with gold. Sizes 8-16. About $90 at Lord & Taylor, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Marshall Field and Company, Chicago; I. Magnin, all stores. Or write Dynasty, 530 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 18. **DYNASTY®**

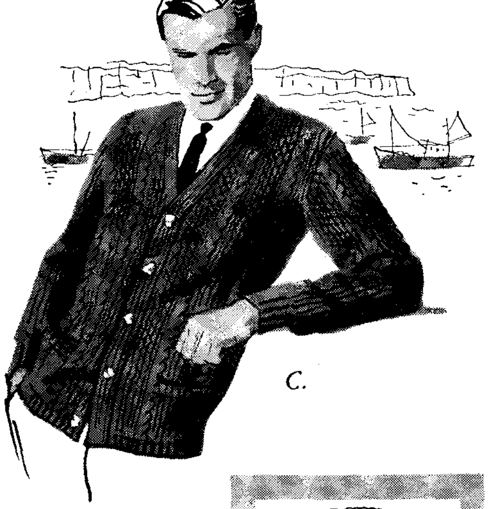
IN CANADA: DYNASTY OF HONG KONG, 1470 PEEL STREET, MONTREAL. JEWELS BY CARTIER

LANDS END

A unique and wonderful shop filled to the rafters with fishermen's sweaters, hand knitted in Europe exclusively for us; all in the traditional patterns that vary from port to port







Since the beginning of time, the men who go down to the sea to fish have worn sweaters made for them by the womenfolk who patiently await their return home. Now in our Men's Store we have brought together a collection of these handsome as well as practical handmades that we found in fishermen's huts and had knitted in England, Ireland, Portugal, Denmark, Norway, Iceland, Holland, and on the Islands of Guernsey, Faroe, and the Shetlands.

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B. "Viking", a rugged Danish pullover distinguished by the combination of two tone thick and thin yarns. **49.95**

C. "Robin Hood's Bay", an authentic copy of the only pattern produced in this fishing village that was a base for smugglers in centuries past. **$45**

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"Lands End" Men's Store, Street Floor

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Men's Store

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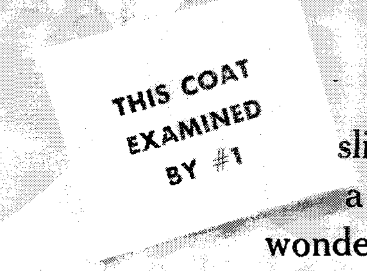

Ever pull out a little slip from the pocket of a new purchase? And wonder who in the world the number is? To stop the spread of anonymity, London Fog reveals all: #1 on a slip means Thelma Runkles who has checked our Maincoats longer than any other examiner on our Londontown staff.

Called "Grandma" by the crew, Mrs. Runkles has bright, glittering eyes that miss nothing. She studies the stitching and snips any stray threads. Pores over the fabric for the vaguest defect. Scrutinizes all seams. And when the last little detail is explored, places her stamp of approval in the pocket of a perfect Maincoat.

Mrs. Runkles is one of twenty-eight fastidious examiners. And if your London Fog fits as if it were custom tailored for you, feels crisp when you flip the collar and looks trim, orderly and handsome while it stands up to a cloudburst, pull out the slip from your pocket and give credit to Bessie Bailey #2, Delmore Applewhite #3, Barbara Murray #4, Naomi Boyce #5, Augustine Braxton #6, Virginia Dailey #7, Olivia Jones #8, Janie Eubanks #9, Dora Lee Shelton #10, Hazel Lindsay #11, Rosemarie Midget #12, Thelma Baker #14, Dessie Hall #15, Mildred Moss #16, Katie Graves #17, June Mathias #18, Idell Davis #19, Margaret Jackson #20, Mary Broswell #21, Julia McWay #23, Flora Hines #24, Pecola Odum #25, Geraldine Mickle #26, Thelma Mack #27, Elenora English #28, Josephine Giordano #29, or Myrtle Clark #30.

Mrs. Runkle's current concern is the Dalton with new split shoulder in our exclusive Calibre Cloth® of 65% Dacron* polyester and 35% cotton, fluoridized with ZePel.* With zip-in Supra-Alpaca lining, in grey, olive or navy. For about $55, rain or shine, your #1 coat.

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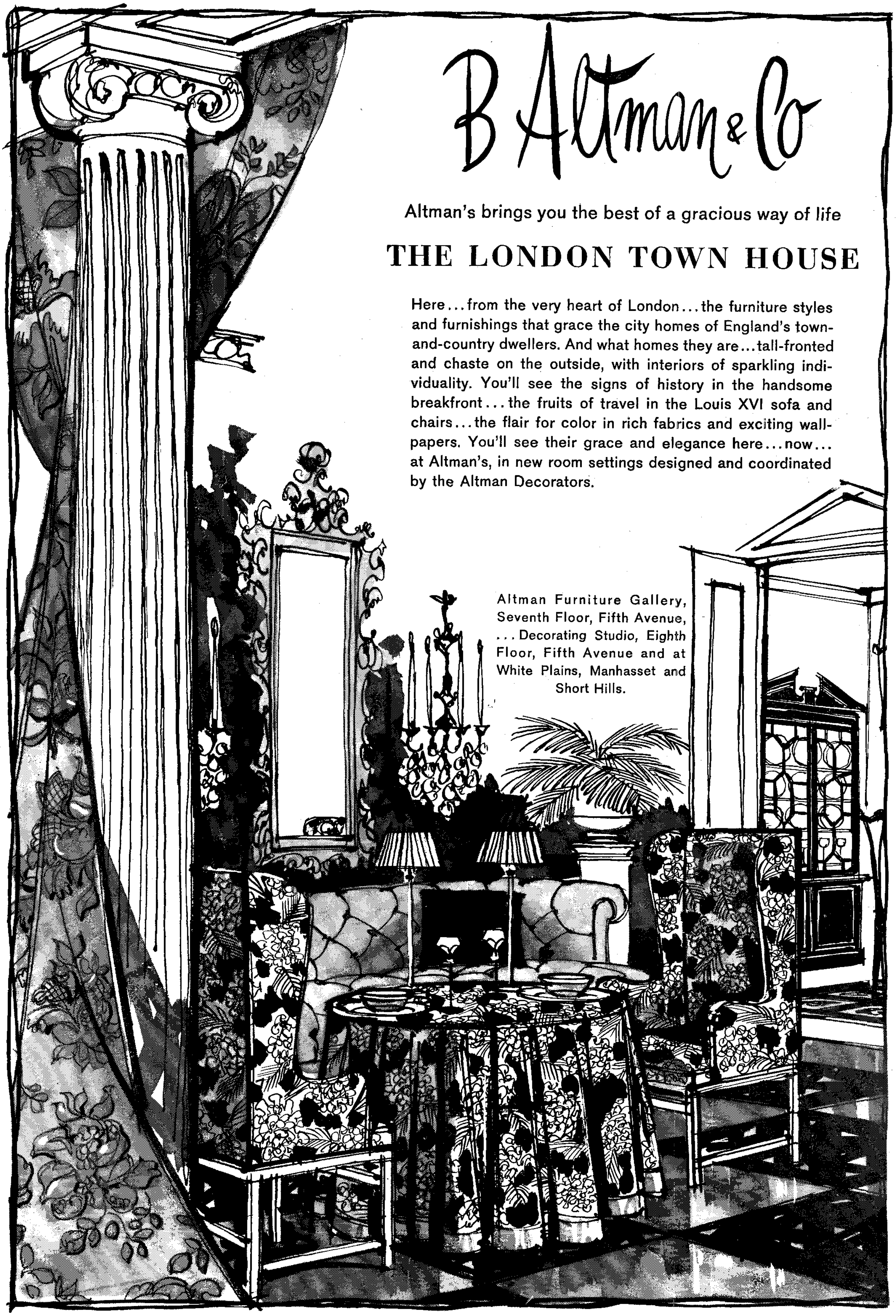
THE TWO MISSING ONES ARE—ALMA JOHNSON #22, WHO RETIRED ALONG WITH HER NUMBER, AND #13 (WE LEAVE NOTHING TO CHANCE).



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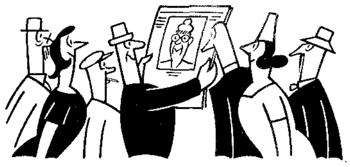
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR the past forty years, the citizens of Dubuque, Iowa, have enjoyed the pleasant pursuits of life in a thriving river town while smarting under the constant reminder that somewhere in their midst was a little old lady for whom *The New Yorker* was not edited. Dubuque, almost without question, is the only American city whose fame rests on a cast aspersion—and a very lightly cast one at that. The phrase "the old lady in Dubuque," which appeared in *The New Yorker's* prospectus in 1925, has entered the language, and the people of Dubuque have lived with it, and it has been a stone in their stomach. But Midwesterners, happily, are a bouncy bunch; they do not go around wearing gloom as a mantle. A few months ago, the Dubuque Chamber of Commerce decided to change the national image of the Little Old Lady by the simple act of discovering her name and address and publishing her features in the paper, for all the world to see. In short, Dubuque was ready to crown its queen at last.

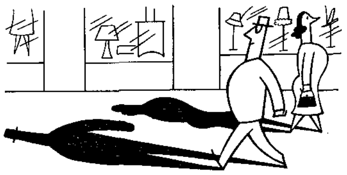


For this unique enterprise, the Chamber sought the help of Arthur M. Barnes, Professor of Journalism at the State University of Iowa, who proceeded to arrange a survey of likely candidates. (This gives you a quick idea of the extraordinary diversity of life today on the American campus.) Names were submitted, a decision was made, and the Little Old Lady emerged from her long obscurity. Dubuque's *Telegraph-Herald* rolled out the red carpet for her in a full-page article, including four fine photos. We are proud to relay the news of the winner: She is Mrs. Delbert Hayford, of 1049 University Avenue. Like Miss America of 1964, she has certain measurements that are critical, certain talents that are expressed, and these are now in the public domain. Mrs. Hayford is sixty. Her dress size is 10. She wears 4B shoes. She has hip-length white hair, which she wears bunched on top, with bangs. She is five feet tall and weighs a hundred and ten. Her husband, Delbert, is a retired postal-transportation clerk, and they live in a brick house known as the former Langworthy mansion, which has a beautiful Victorian parlor, and whose exterior suggests a Tuscan villa with overtones—iron balustrades, French windows, and a central shaft that would be ideal for a railway towerman. Mrs. Hayford herself is everything one could wish for—petite, civic-minded, healthy, and a grandmother four times over, and her favorite magazine is the *Reader's Digest.*

We can't make out from the newspaper article whether the selection of the Little Old Lady is to be an annual event. Our guess is that the title will grow in importance and will eventually enjoy prime time on TV, with Bert Parks giving the countdown from fourth runner-up and singing, "There she goes, L'il Old Lady of Dubuque." As we go to press, we've just learned that Mrs. Hayford has taken up her duties—she's on her way to the World's Fair.

Shadows

EARLY last week, on the first full day of autumn, we took a stroll up Fifth Avenue to observe the equinoctial shadow on the sundial exedra just inside Central Park at Seventy-second Street. The autumnal equinox takes place, as you probably know, on or about September 23rd, when the sun appears to cross the equator on its way south (leaving the Northern Hemisphere to face autumn and winter), and when day and night are of equal duration everywhere on earth. This year, the sun crossed the equator on the evening of September 22nd—at 8:17 P.M., Eastern Daylight Time—but the sun had set more than an hour before, and without sun, of course, shadows lose their particular significance. Shadows always seem especially well delineated in the fall, when crisp air diminishes the haze and smog of summer, and as we followed our own inseparable companion into a brisk northeasterly breeze the next day, we were struck by the notion that nearly everything in this perpendicular city is a gnomon—an object that, by the position or length of its shadow, serves as an indicator of time. For example, at two o'clock on a sunny afternoon at the beginning of autumn the shadow cast by the northernmost spire of St. Patrick's Cathedral falls just to the east of the Best & Co. sign that decorates the building across Fifty-first Street; the shadow cast by the awning over Bergdorf Goodman's main entrance has vacated the sidewalk directly beneath and moved a single space north, as if it had been neatly shifted to an adjacent square on a checkerboard; and the shadows of traffic-light posts on southern street corners have just begun to stretch into the cross streets to the north. The people walking north on Fifth Avenue follow their shadows, and the people walking south are trailed by theirs, but no one seems to be aware of this. The ancients, however, were very conscious of their shadows. Primitive man was convinced that when his shadow grew small, he was about to die, and that a large shadow was an indication of good health. For this reason, the noontime hour was an hour of dread. In Arabic poetry, midday is often (and



fearfully) described as the time when camels walk upon their shadows. Until quite recently, it was considered extremely bad luck in certain areas of Pennsylvania to strike the head of one's shadow with one's foot, and a remnant of this dread of noonday exists in the noon marks that can be found over the doorways and on the doorsills of many Early American houses.

No one is sure just when shadows were first used to mark off the passage of time. Cavemen are believed to have employed an upright stick as a rude measure, but the Babylonians are often credited with having invented the gnomon, and the Egyptians are known to have used shadow-clocks as early as the tenth century B.C. Anaximander, a Greek astronomer (611-547 B.C.), is said to have introduced the gnomon to Greece. His sundial was probably a vertical rod in a public square. The Arabs and the Romans adopted the gnomon from the Greeks. The Romans, who were the copyists of their era in the same way that the Japanese are of ours, copied Greek sundials and strewed them everywhere—so much so that the comic poet Titus Maccius Plautus (250-184 B.C.) complained in print about the number of sundials in the city and claimed that simple hunger pangs were a far more practical index of the day's waning. In spite of Plautus's peevish attitude, sundials survived, and during the early Christian era they were improved upon and refined to the extent of showing not only the hour of the day but also the shadow line of the autumnal and vernal equinoxes. But the early Christians were by no means the first to devise equinoctial dials. Standing in the middle of a field near Lanyon Quoit, in Cornwall, is a stone with a hole in it, flanked by two other stones. At the time of the autumnal equinox, a shadow cast by one of the flanking stones falls straight through the hole of the perforated stone, and historians and astronomers are convinced that this is an ancient Celtic dial, erected to fix the proper time for harvest celebrations.

The gnomon of the equinoctial-shadow dial in Central Park is formed by the backrest of the large, semicircular exedra, which seats about thirty people. Carved into the granite platform at the base of the exedra are three curving, grooved lines intended to mark the position of the equinoctial shadow at 10 A.M., noon, and 2 P.M. People who wish to see the equinoctial shadow should remember, however, that the exedra was constructed without thought for Daylight Saving Time, and should time their own arrival accordingly. Even then, the shadow will not fall on the mark at the appointed hour, because of the slight difference between apparent solar time, which means where the sun appears to be, and civil time, which is governed by an arbitrary and fictitious sun called the mean sun and was instituted when time zones were established, in 1884. For this reason, the equinoctial shadow reaches the two-o'clock mark at approximately one forty-five. Perhaps the most comforting thing about the Central Park exedra is its motto. Sundial mottoes are nearly always grim ("Remember thou art ever on the brink of eternity," and "Time like an ever rolling stream bears all its sons away," and "Life is fleeting; death is sure," and "As a shadow such is life"), but the motto carved into the granite backrest of the Central Park exedra, which was erected as a memorial to Waldo Hutchins (1822-90), a founder of the Park and a president of the Park Board, is an exception to the morose rule. It reads, "Alteri Vivas Oportet Si Vis Tibi Vivere," which means "You Should Live for Another If You Wish to Live for Yourself." That's a pleasant motto, it seems to us, and the exedra is certainly a pleasant place to sit. At this time of year, leaves collect in its semicircular confines and rustle when the wind is from the north, and the bench and platform are laced with intricate shadows cast by tree limbs overhead. Just to the north, at the foot of a gentle slope, lies the Seventy-second Street boat pond, where the masts of children's sailboats form tiny gnomons above the shining water.

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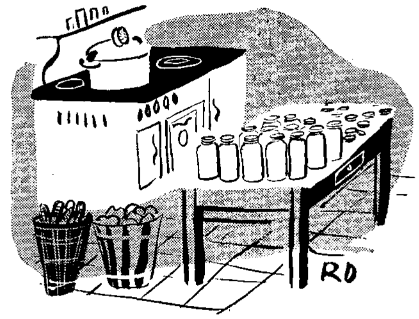
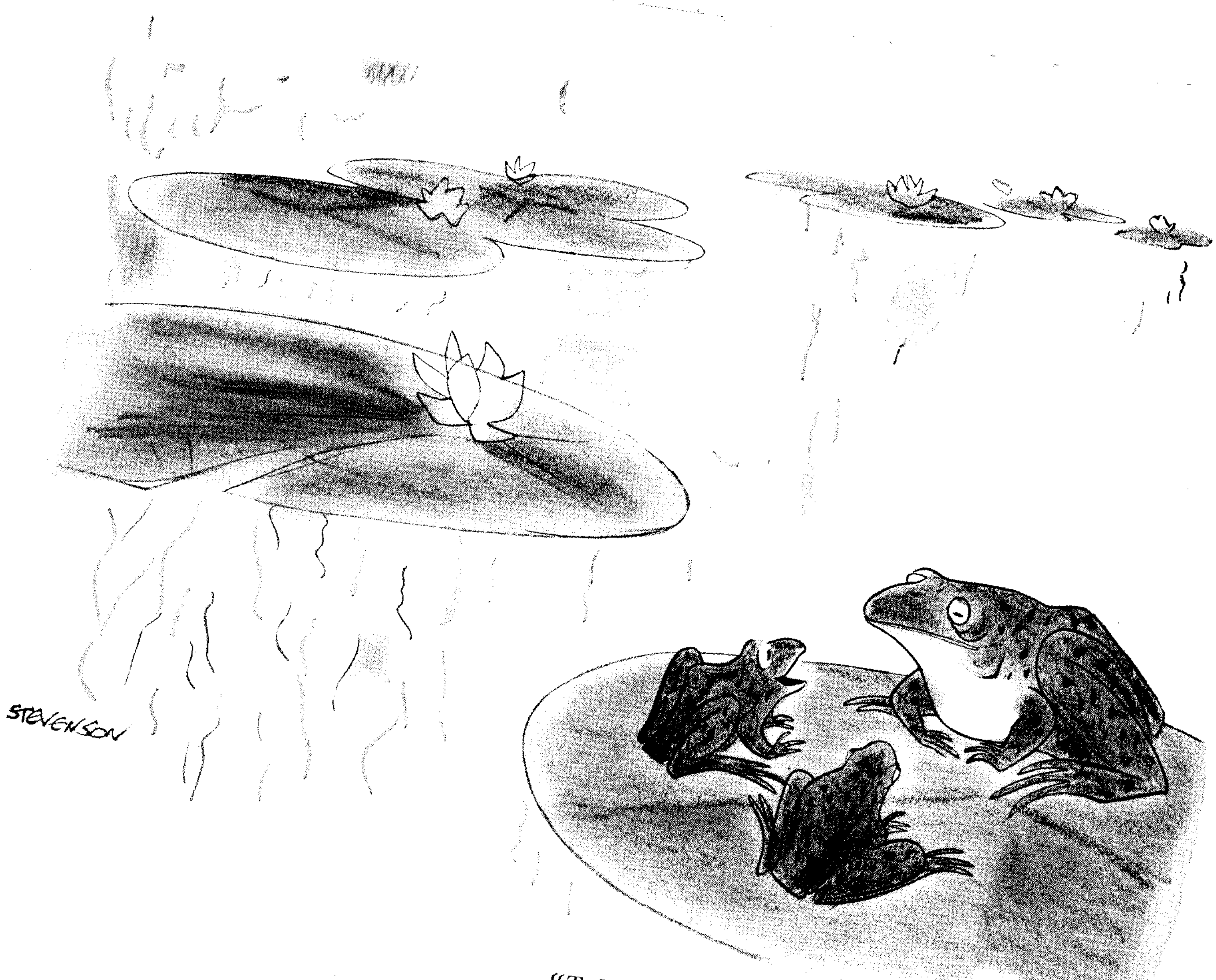
IF you are gory, you can now buy something called Lady Macbeth Spot Remover.

Berg Acquisitions

ONE man's affliction is another man's Virginia Woolf manuscript, or, to put it another way, we have long felt an affectionate and proprietary interest in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library because its founder, Dr. A. A. Berg, the redoubtable surgeon of yesteryear, set the broken leg of one of our relatives in 1930, and by 1940, after a good deal more business of this sort, was rich enough (and generous enough) to present the Library with several million dollars' worth of English and American books and manuscripts, to which he added many more and, in 1950, a two-million-dollar bequest to maintain, expand, and suitably house it all. The Berg Collection now consists of twenty-five thousand printed items and sixty thousand manuscripts, typescripts, and original letters. Its exhibition room, recently refurbished to the tune of three hundred thousand dollars (out of *income*, such being the fruits of tax-free investment plus inflation), now contains an exhibit reflecting some of the 1959, 1960, and 1961 purchases of its curator, Dr. John D. Gordan. "One of our chief acquisitions has been the major collection of Virginia Woolf manuscripts," Dr. Gordan said as he guided us to seven showcases of them. "We have all that seems to remain of her first novel, 'The Voyage Out,' and all of her third, 'Jacob's Room'—the manuscript of the second, 'Night and Day,' is not known to exist—as well as several subsequent ones, or considerable sections thereof." Many of these, we noted, were preserved in notebooks kept up in a rather higgledy-piggledy fashion, the manuscript of one novel sometimes running into another, or into a short piece of fiction or a critical or biographical article. "One of her notebooks may have half a dozen things cooking in it," he said. "For example, while we do not have the principal manuscript of 'Mrs. Dalloway'—Mrs. Woolf gave it to Vita Sackville-West, and it is now in the British Museum—parts of it, and notes on it, crop up in the 'Jacob's Room' notebooks and in two other notebooks that we have."



The show's next-biggest entry—Max Beerbohm—includes manuscripts of three of the satires in "A Christmas Garland" (the Collection owns fourteen of them, out of a possible seventeen) and of "Savonarola Brown" and "The Dreadful Dragon of Hay Hill," as well as a dummy copy of "Zuleika Dobson" that was used by the author as a diary and sketchbook (it is opened to a page of self-caricatures) and the celebrated doctored and dressed-up copy of the Archibald Henderson authorized biography of Bernard Shaw, in which Beerbohm maliciously reworked the original illustrations. This is open to a photograph of Shaw rendered prepos-



"Tell us again about Monet, Grandpa."

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terous by Max and accompanied by a preposterous annotation beginning:

Note by Prof. Henderson. When Shaw rummaged out this coloured photograph and handed it to me, I suggested it should not be reproduced in the book. Shaw was adamant.

Dr. Gordan led us on, with a sharp literary change of pace, to three James Fenimore Cooper holographs—"Wyandotté" and "Afloat and Ashore; or The Adventures of Miles Wallingford," both novels, and "The History of the Navy of the United States of America." "Cooper manuscripts are very infrequent in the market," he said. "These turned up in the drawer of a washstand in a house in Cooperstown that had once belonged to one of Cooper's married daughters. The papers had been sitting there for a hundred and twenty-five years when an antique dealer, who had bought the contents of the house, opened the drawer. He sold the manuscripts to us and, I am told, divided the proceeds with the woman who had unwittingly sold them to him. By the way, did you catch the Shaw scenario for 'Man and Superman'? One of Shaw's biographers wrote that Shaw never planned or plotted a play in advance. He obviously didn't know of the existence of our manuscript."

The Easy Life

A FRIEND who recently moved to southern California has written us about her seventh-grade son's first day at school. The child came bursting into the house early in the afternoon with the announcement that the teacher had said there would be no homework if all the students promised to go swimming as soon as they got home.

Royalty

HAVING boned up hastily on such protectorates, semi-independent states, sultanates, sheikdoms, emirates, and "regions" as are still around—Bhutan, Brunei, Kuwait, Qatar, Muscat and Oman, Tongaland, the Trucial States, Bahrein, Liechtenstein, Monaco, and Vatican City, for instance, which range in size and population from 82,000 square miles and 550,000 people to 108.7 acres and 1,000 inhabitants—and having particularly pored over the east Himalayan princely state of Sikkim, which has an area of 2,745 square miles and is peopled by Nepalese, Bhutias, and Lepchas, who, to the last man, add up to 161,080, according to the latest census, we trundled across to an apartment house on Beekman Place the other evening in order to pay our respects to Chogyal Palden Thondup Namgyal, O.B.E., who is forty-one and has been King of Sikkim since December, 1963, and his Queen, the former Hope Cooke, an American, whom he married in March, 1963, a month after her graduation from Sarah Lawrence. In line with a Sikkimese custom, the Queen, who became the mother of a boy prince called Palden Gyurmed Tenzing Namgyal seven months ago, had returned home to show off her baby to her people, bringing along with her the King and his three children from a previous marriage—Crown Prince Tenzing Kunzang Jigme Namgyal, twelve; Prince Topgyal Wangchuk Tenzing Namgyal, eleven; and eight-year-old Princess Yangchen Dolma Namgyal.

A tall, slim man with a rather sad expression answered the door. He was the King. "Hope is getting dressed," he said shyly. "Come in. I'll just get her."

"I am here," a whispery voice said behind him. A small and birdlike girl who was almost swallowed up in a corn-colored floor-length Sikkimese dress had appeared. She was the Queen. "Will you do up the back of my *kho*?" she asked the King.

The King bent down and started fastening the row of hooks at the back of her dress.

"This apartment," the Queen explained to us, "has been lent us by some family friends who are away. I liked visiting here when I was at school, because it has a view of the bridge. Before, you could also see the U.N. My husband believes in one world, and the U.N. has always meant a lot to me, too."

"We should have representation in the U.N.," the King remarked over her shoulder. "We are larger than any other principality. We are three times the size of Luxembourg."

"Not quite, darling. That country has nine hundred and ninety-nine square miles," said the Queen.

"Thank you. We would also like to have our own postage stamp," the King continued. "But the Indian government thinks that if we have a stamp, we'll become a member of the World Postal Union, and our external affairs are supposed to be managed by New Delhi. An official from there visited us in Sikkim. I told him that we would give it in writing that, when asked, we would refuse to become a member of the Union, but the Indian government is intractable."

"Good, good, good," the Queen said when she was all hooked up. She shuffled across to a sofa and lit a cigarette. The King mixed himself a gin-and-tonic at a bar in a corner of the room and then went into the kitchen.

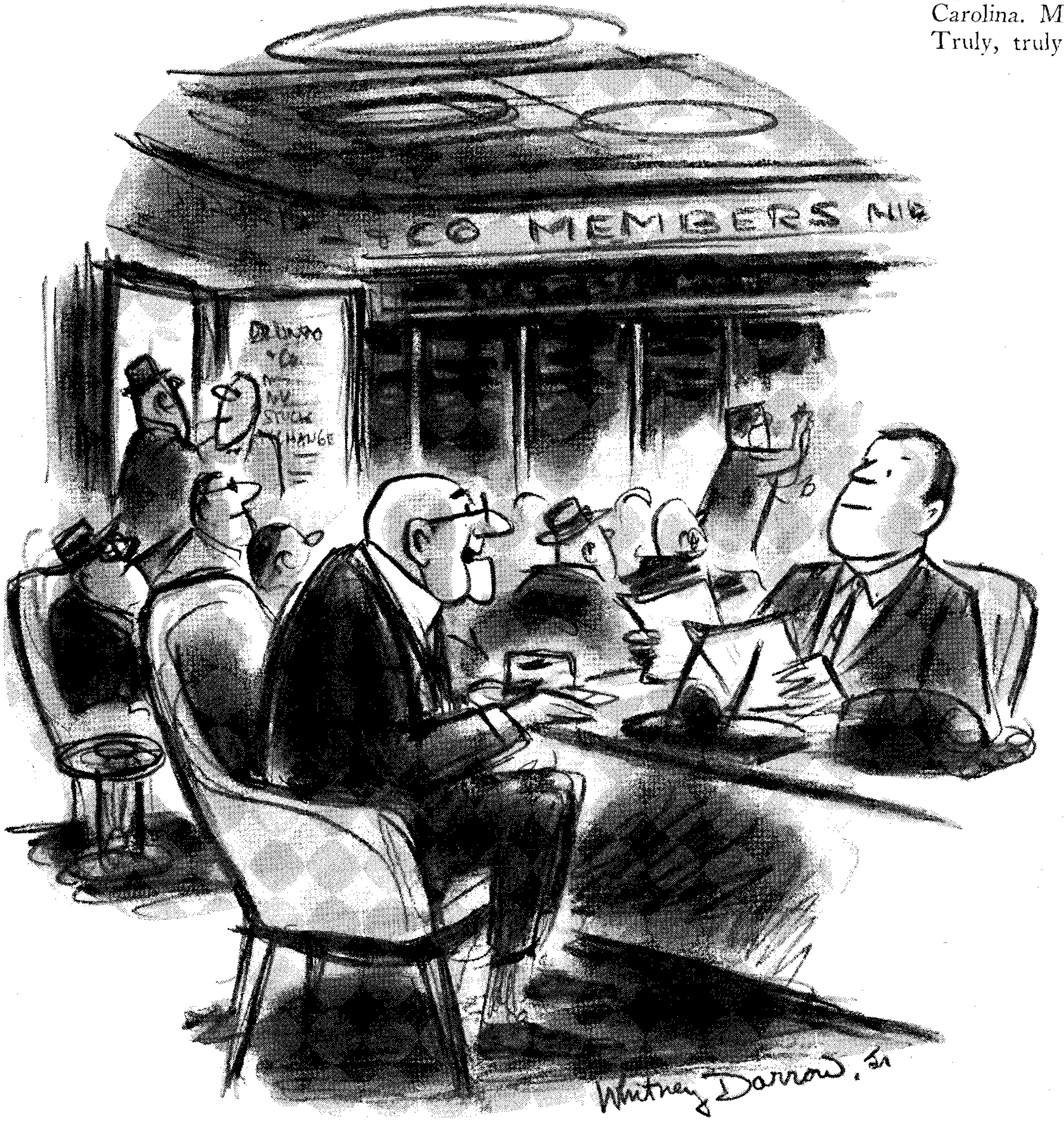
We asked the Queen what the correct form of address for Sikkimese royalty was.

"My husband is His Imperial Majesty. But you can call him H.I.M. for short," she said with a smile.

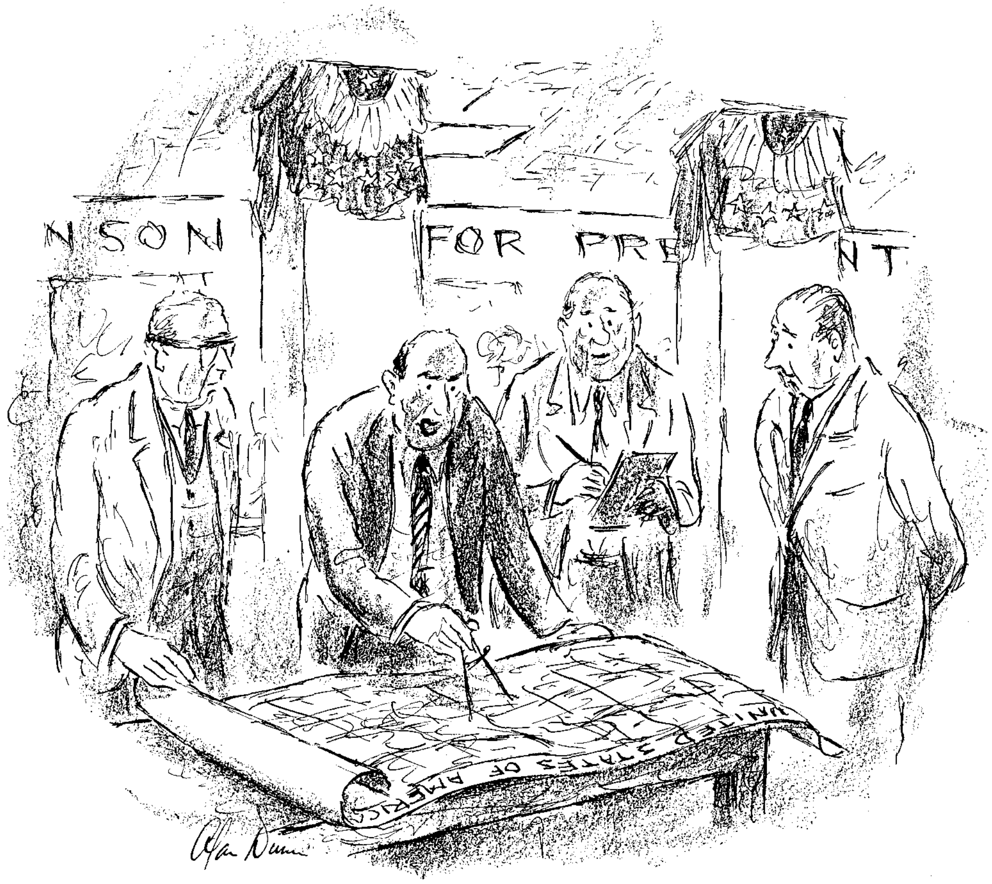
We asked if they were enjoying their visit to this country.

"My life at the moment is a little bit of a mixed bag," the Queen replied. "I have on the one hand teen-age friends to see, and then Mayor Wagner. We've been to Washington, D.C., and up to Maine. There were a lot of parties in Maine, but we got in some sailing and water skiing. Once, we took a ferry ride up to Nova Scotia, which lasted eleven hours. We were in Nova Scotia only one hour—half the time was spent in Immigration and the other half in Woolworth's. The children adore Woolworth's. Today, they are at Coney Island with friends. I wanted to show them the Deep South, so after our trip to Nova Scotia we went to North Carolina. My geography is very bad. Truly, truly, truly. I thought North Carolina *was* the Deep South. We also have a lot of doctors and dentists to see. We have fifty cavities, collectively, to fill during this visit, not counting Palden, who at the moment is toothless. Palden is named after my husband and also the late Prime Minister of Bhutan, Jigme Palden Dorji, a beautiful, beautiful, beautiful man. We've been going to three dentists. My dentist is a great opera buff. He plays opera throughout the appointments. At my first appointment, he played 'Carmen' and 'La Bohème' all the way through. It was a very long appointment. By now, I've also heard all of 'Aïda' and 'Tosca.' He loves the high Cs. Every time there's a high C, he stops and says, 'Listen to the high C.' "

"In Sikkim, we have no dentists," the King called out from the kitchen. "The Sikkimese and the Indians are very bad about brushing their teeth. Even the Calcutta dentists have fallen off. They're not very good. I'd hoped to go back on the twenty-sixth instant,



"What do you recommend for the short haul?"



"Now, Lady Bird will execute a flanking salient into the South, while Lynda Bird and Luci Baines fan out into the interior. . . ."

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but now I may stay over if my dental work isn't all completed."

"Hey, there!" the Queen called out. "What are you puttering at? What are you doing?"

"I was making some eats," the King said. He brought in caviar, sardines, and crackers on paper plates.

"Good, good, good," the Queen exclaimed.

Putting the plates on the coffee table, the King sat down on the floor. "Excuse me if I talk with my mouth full," he said. "One has to put the whole biscuit in one's mouth at once."

We asked the King and Queen a question that had been at the back of our mind: How had a member of the Sikkimese royal family come to marry an American?

The Queen said matter-of-factly, "My mother died in an accident when I was a little over a year old. I was brought up by my grandparents, and then, when they died, by my uncle and aunt. My uncle—he was Selden Chapin—was posted as an ambassador in Iran, and I was with them, and we went to India for a brief stay in the spring of 1957. My Aunt Mary permitted me to go back by myself in the summer of 1959. I was in Darjeeling, staying at the Windamere Hotel."

"I happened to be in Darjeeling at the same time, and staying at the same hotel," the King said. "I am an honorary lieutenant colonel of the 8th Ghurka Regiment. I was visiting the regiment and also my two sons, who were in school there. I met Hope in the lounge of the hotel."

"I saw him again two summers later when I went back to Darjeeling in 1961," said the Queen. "The second time we met, he asked me to dance. He proposed to me on the dance floor. I said yes, yes, yes. There was no grand design on my part to catch a king. I just fell in love with his sad, sad eyes and sad smile and disjointed and beautifully courteous manner. Truly, truly, truly. But at each meeting he would repropose to me. I must have said yes, yes, yes six times."

"I didn't know if she meant it," the King said. "It sounded too casual. When I did believe her, I wrote to her family. They said 'Who is this fellow?' and did some research on me. My engagement to Hope wasn't very popular in Sikkim. It was said that I was marrying an American girl so that I could have a foreign account. If I had wanted a foreign account, I could have had it through the black market. No one would marry just for a foreign account. Also, the astrologers kept making us put off the wedding, because they said the year was unpropitious. But there wasn't any feeling against the marriage because of the fact that local girls were being slighted. We often went to Tibet to get girls to marry—my late wife was Tibetan—because if one took a wife from Sikkim it would mean having Sikkimese relatives, and therefore graft and injustice, and in a king's eyes all his subjects should be equal. It is said that dogs have no uncles and that kings have no relatives."

"Even after we were married, there was feeling against me at first," the Queen said. "The Al Capone of Sikkim, a defrocked monk, said I had legs like *tungbas*."

"*Tungbas* are sections of bamboo used for carrying beer," the King said.

We asked the Queen how she liked living in Sikkim.

"I love it," she said. "We live in this very atticky old house—the palace. It was built at the turn of the century. We get up late. My husband has a lot of work to do. He works mostly in the garden, with his files and clerks. In winter, the temperature reaches seventy during the day, and we have lunch outside. I plan all the meals, and then I have to be careful about conspiracies against me—like the Indian government, which planned a flower show and made me the judge."

The King laughed. "Hope can't tell one flower from another," he said.

"I'm going to stay over for a week after my husband leaves, so that I can have a little time to myself," the Queen said. "He promised that he would take me out for two evenings of unmitigated dancing in New York, but he hasn't."

Counterattack

A MAN we know who became exasperated by commercial phone calls pushing everything from dancing lessons to charities has found an effective, if time-consuming, way of getting even. When he receives such a call, he reads the following message, in a singsong voice, into his telephone: "I am of the opinion that your method of telephone advertising for either commercial or charity purposes is an infringement of the right of privacy a person expects in his home. Mail your request if you like, but please do not call again. This is a recorded announcement."

ALL TIED UP

ONE day Miles Updegrove, who did not ordinarily notice such things, noticed that Earl Appel came to work in a pair of loafers. They were not twenty-five-dollar loafers, they did not have tassels, they were not even polished. They were exactly the same kind of loafers that Miles Updegrove wore around the house on Saturdays, when he did the chores that piled up during the week. They were Miles Updegrove's version of the canvas sneakers his father had worn when he did his chores around the same house. Seth Updegrove would never have worn his sneakers to the bank; Miles would never wear his loafers to the bank; and he did not like to see Earl Appel come to work in loafers any more than he would have liked Earl to appear at the bank without a necktie. True, Earl's shoes did not show from his post behind the counter. Also it was possible that Earl was having his regular shoes repaired and the loafers were a substitute. Miles, moreover, was a man who believed in keeping his distance from the members of the bank staff, and to speak to Earl Appel about shoes would be a violation of his own rule. Nevertheless when Miles Updegrove attended the next Monday meeting of the directors he made a point of checking on Earl Appel's footwear, and, as he feared, Earl was again wearing the loafers. A week later, again after the directors' meeting, Miles Updegrove was disturbed to see that loafers apparently were Earl Appel's regular shoes. They may have been polished once since Miles first noticed them, but they still looked out of place in a bank.

Miles thought of preparing a memorandum to the bank staff. In 1955 a memorandum to the male members of the staff had taken care of a problem of a somewhat similar nature. "It has been called to our attention," Miles then wrote, "that certain of our staff have recently been afflicted with attacks of 'five o'clock shadow,' a malady that in these days of a growing percentage of women customers does not add to the tidiness or prestige of The Bank. Upon inquiry we have learned that in order to achieve punctuality in the morning, several of our staff have formed the habit of shaving the night before, no doubt a continuation of a custom originating during army or navy service. It is our earnest hope that the habit will now be discontinued as several complaints have been received." The memo was signed "M. B. U., President, For the Board of Directors," and Miles took some pride in it because it combined firmness with a light touch, and it was completely successful. The offending night-before shavers—two others besides Earl Appel—obeyed the directive, and there never again was a complaint against five-o'clock shadow.

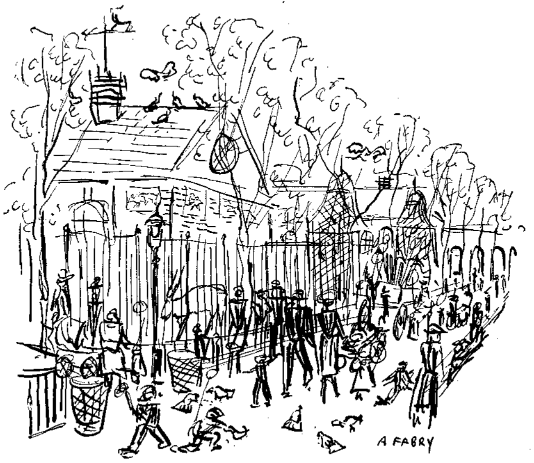
This, however, was a different situation. (Actually, of course, there had been no complaints by women customers on the score of unshaven tellers. That had been an inspired detail that happened to coincide with a then current campaign to attract women's savings accounts. It was Miles Updegrove who noticed that the younger men's beards were heavier than the middle-aged men's in the late afternoon.) Earl Appel had almost no occasion in the course of his work to come from behind his counter and let the customers see that he wore loafers. It was not a problem that could be handled as the beard problem had been. Earl Appel was the only man who wore loafers to work, and a memorandum to the staff would be too pointedly directed at him. And yet something had to be done, or said, for although it was true that Earl Appel did not often have business on the public side of the counter, he did walk to work every morning, he did have lunch every noonday at the Y.M.C.A. cafeteria, and he did walk home every afternoon. In other words, he was seen, and everyone knew he was an employee of the bank.

"It gives such a bad impression," said Miles Updegrove, one evening at home. "A man too lazy to lace his shoes in the morning."

"Speak to him about it," said Edna Updegrove.

"When? I only go there twice a week, regularly."

"But you're president of the bank," said Edna. "What's to stop you going in any time you feel like it?"



"You don't understand, Edna. My father always told me, he said the cashier is the one to handle the personnel relations. Pop didn't say *personnel relations*, and now we call the cashier the manager, but that was the general idea."

"Then have a talk with Fred Schartle. Tell *him*."

"I thought of that already, but if I say something to Fred he's going to get touchy. He'll take it like it was a criticism of his personnel relations. You know. Him not noticing it that Earl Appel comes to work every day wearing sport shoes. A person has to be very careful with Fred. You won't find a better manager of our size bank in the State of Pennsylvania. Absolutely as reliable, sound, as they come. But don't criticize."

"You don't have to be afraid of Fred Schartle. The other way around, would be my guess," said Edna Updegrove.

"Oh, I guess I'm not afraid of Fred Schartle. I guess nobody would think that. However, though, he's apt to be very sensitive if somebody trespasses on his territory. That time when we talked about voting a bonus for Clara Slaymaker. Remember Clara suggesting some little gift for new women customers?"

"Well, I don't remember, but go ahead."

"Yes, Clara suggested some feminine trinket or other. To go with every new savings account of ten dollars or over?"

"No, I guess I forgot about that," said Edna.

"Well, anyhow we put the ad in the *County News* and we got about forty-five new women customers, all told."

"What was the prize, I wonder," said Edna.

"Some kind of a plastic something or other. They ran us under two dollars each wholesale. I gave you one."

"Oh! Those picnic sets. I remember. They weren't much good if you left them out in the hot sun. Not that I blame Clara for that. I think they were made in Japan. I'm almost positive."

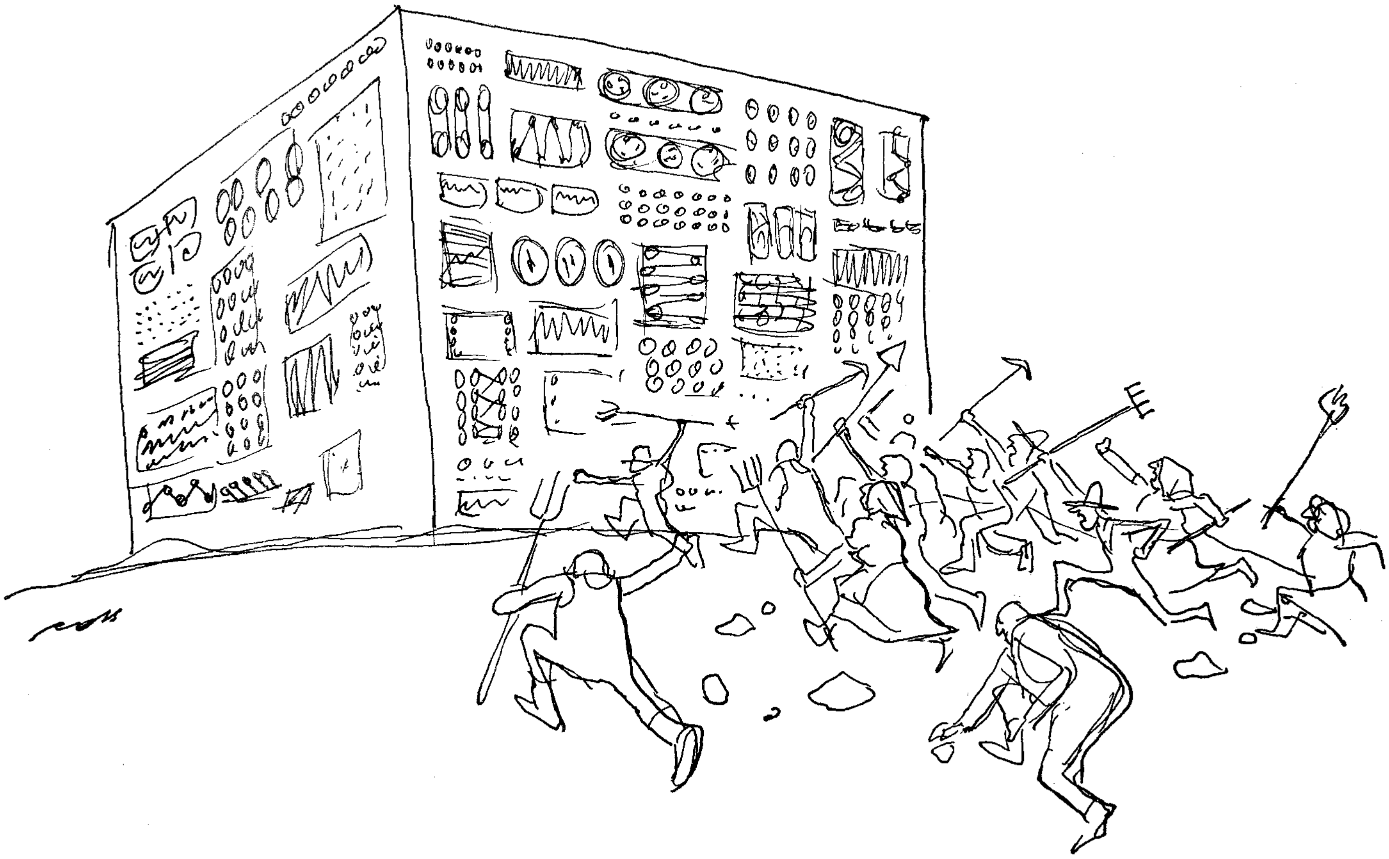
"What difference does it make where they came from, or what they were?" said Miles Updegrove.

"Excuse me, but you don't have to ask the whole neighborhood," said his wife.

"Well, you get me sidetracked on things that don't matter," he said. "I was trying to tell you about Clara Slaymaker and Fred Schartle, how touchy he is."

"Go right ahead."

"I will," said Miles Upde-



grove. "So at this meeting somebody had the idea that we vote a special bonus for Clara. Not anything big. In the neighborhood of fifty dollars, or maybe a week's pay. Fifty dollars, as I remember it, because it wasn't even a week's pay. Clara gets seventy-five, now, but I think she was only getting seventy then."

"Goodness, I didn't know she got that much. That's what my father got when he was superintendent of schools. Three hundred a month."

"Yes, but how long ago was that? Earl Appel gets a hundred and a quarter, plus the Christmas bonus. You ought to see our salary list. It would hand you a few more surprises. Very few years Fred Schartle doesn't make over ten thousand, *with* the yearly bonus, that is. But he was dead set against a special bonus for Clara. Nothing personal against Clara. But he didn't want us to be the ones that recommended a bonus for individual members of the staff. That kind of recognition should come from him, was his argument. They were his people, and he was supposed to know more about them than the directors did. Well, he was right, Fred. Maybe Clara did suggest the picnic sets for new women customers, but if that entitled her to a fifty-dollar bonus, then others were entitled to as much or more. Like it was Earl Appel that probably saved us a heck of a lot of money when he heard we were considering a branch bank out on Northampton Turnpike, the old Northampton Turnpike near the Zellerbach farm. We thought it'd be a good place for a branch, there at the intersection of the Northampton Turnpike and the Lehighton Road. But according to Fred, he was told by Earl Appel that some big outfit from Philadelphia were thinking of putting up a huge supermarket about a mile or so down the Turnpike. How Earl found that out, I don't know, but he was right. In other words, if we'd of gone ahead and put a branch bank at the Lehighton intersection, we'd of been a mile away from where the business was. Out in the cold, so to speak."

"Yes, I can see how that would be," she said.

"So if we were handing out special bonuses, Earl Appel was more entitled than Clara Slaymaker."

"I should think so," she said.

"With that information most people would have bought some land in the neighborhood, but Earl was either not smart enough or more likely carrying a debt load that was as much as he could carry. We don't like our people to go beyond a certain limit. It varies with different individuals, but our policy is a bank employee shouldn't obligate himself to more than one-third of his weekly pay. And Earl Appel is always pretty close to that figure."

"How do you know?" she said.

"How do we *know*? Listen, if somebody like Earl Appel runs up a bill or buys anything on time, it's Fred Schartle's *business* to know. He watches them like a hawk. We never fire anybody if we can help it. It isn't good for the bank to have it get around that we fired somebody."

"You mean good for the person," she said.

"For him either, but it isn't good for the bank. People always want to know why So-and-So was fired, and nine times out of ten they don't believe the explanation. That's why we have to keep people on when we'd just as soon let them go. We give them a strong hint to quit, go look for another job. But firing them is another matter entirely."

"Well, now," she said. "Are you thinking of firing Earl?"

"Did I say that? No, I certainly did not."

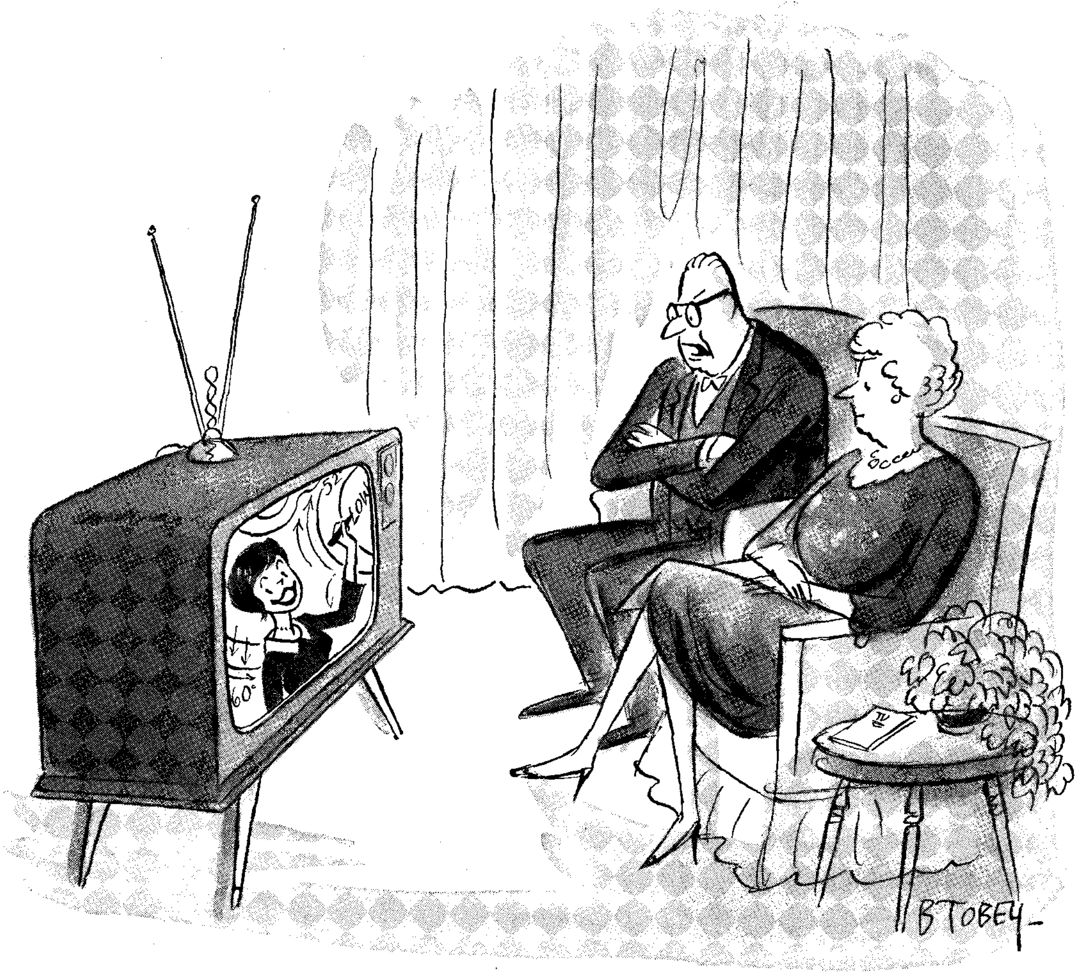
"No, but that's what you inferred," she said.

"That's what *you* inferred. You can never get that straight about inferred and implied, as long as I've been married to you."

"All right. Hinted at. I think you want to fire Earl," she said.

"Well, to tell you the God's honest truth, I wish he'd resign. I don't like a man that's too darn lazy to lace his shoes in the morning."

"Well, in fairness, if it's gone that



"What's so damn amusing about a low-pressure area?"

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far you're duty-bound to say something to Fred," she said. "Did Fred make any money on the supermarket thing?"

"Good heavens, no. That would have been a real-estate speculation, one of the things we're most against."

"Then Earl's entitled to some credit for not speculating," she said. "What have you got against Earl, in addition to coming to work in sport shoes?"

"To be honest with you, I don't know. I wouldn't like to think it was anything personal. He's been with us now nine years in September, ever since he got out of the Army. The Appels are all fine people."

"Except for Dewey, the one that married my cousin Ruth Biltzer. I couldn't say much for him. But he was only distantly related to Earl."

"About a third or fourth cousin," said Miles Updegrove. "Dewey was supposed to be shell-shocked from World War One. That's what they said. But I can remember from when I was little, before World War One, Dewey Appel drove the ice wagon for Noah Klinger, and they used to say you could get a cheap drunk on just from his breath. But Dewey was only a third or fourth cousin of Charley Appel, Earl's father."

"Hung himself, finally," said Edna Updegrove.

"No, you're thinking of Sam Klinger. Dewey Appel shot himself. Sam Klinger was Noah's brother, the hunchback, and *he* hung himself. But Dewey Appel shot himself with a .22 rifle."

"You're right. I was thinking of Sam Klinger. Goodness, do you remember that?" She put down her mending and looked back in her memories. "When I was going to First Street School, little Sam Klinger used to scare the life out of us. He was always there in the afternoon when school let out, and all our parents told us to never go anywhere with him. The boys used to throw stones at him. Yes, he hung himself, and Dewey shot himself. That was it. I guess I was going to High then."

"No, you were away at Normal, and I was still going to Muhlenberg, a junior or a senior, but I heard about it."

"That's right. I had a letter from Mom."

"Soozenserp," said Miles Updegrove.

"What?"

"That was the saying. He committed soozenserp. Anybody that hung himself, they used to say he committed soozenserp. I guess it was slang."

"Good grief! I haven't heard anybody use that expression since I was ten years old. How did you happen to think of it?"

"I don't know."

"Soozenserp," she said. "High German?"

"I doubt it. '*Süssen*' means 'sweeten' in High German, but that wouldn't have anything to do with suicide. Sweet syrup? I don't know. Maybe it had something to do with taking poison. But I can remember we kids saying somebody committed soozenserp, whether it was poison or like Sam Klinger or Dewey Appel."

"If Pop was still alive, he'd know. He collected all those odd sayings."

"Yes, some of them pretty odd for a school superintendent to collect, I'll say that much."

"That was because when he retired he wanted to work on his Pennsylvania Dutch dictionary."

"It would have got him locked up if he put in some of those expressions."

"Oh, it was just an ambition of his," she said. "Mom threw all those notes in the stove, a couple of desk drawers-full. Pop's penmanship was terrible, for a schoolteacher. You could hardly decipher it. You never would have thought he had so much education. My, my. When you think of all that education. Even my cousin Ruth Biltzer graduated from Normal, and a lot of good it did her, married to Dewey Appel. A few dollars once in a while, substituting at First Street School, but he took it away from her to buy drink. Look at me. I had the equivalent of two years in college, but I don't know anything."

"What are you supposed to know?"

"What am I supposed to know?" she said.

"Yes. I'm a college graduate, with a bachelor of arts degree, but I make my money digging cement. I don't need a college degree for that. Pop didn't have a college degree, not even a high-school diploma, but look how much he made."

"That's just what I'm saying," she said. "I got my certificate from Normal, but I never made any use of it."

"That's because you married young."

"And a man that was well off. But if you wouldn't have been well off I would of got a job teaching, and there would of been an altogether different story."

"I don't understand what you're arguing about," he said.

"I don't either. *Yes* I do. I was thinking my education went to waste, and how my father scrimped and saved to put us through school. My mother would think it was sinful, the money we spend. That trip to California. Twenty-five dollars a day for a room in a hotel. Just the room, no board."

"It'd be twice that now. But it's our money, and we didn't go in debt to pay for it. Now they don't think twice about going in debt for things. That's why we have the personal-loan department at the bank. The big money-maker out at the Turnpike branch is the personal-loan department, all those young couples."

"Thanks to Earl Appel," she said.

"How, thanks to Earl Appel? Oh, because he steered us away from the Zellerbach farm. Well, yes."

"Did you ever thank him for that?"

"Me personally? No, I just got through telling you, those are the things that Fred considers his territory."

"Did Fred thank him?" she said.

"Sure he did. I wasn't there, but I'm sure Fred Schartle wouldn't just take the information without saying thank you for it."

"But no bonus," said Edna Updegrove.

"Why should he get a bonus for a thing like that? Earl works for the bank, doesn't he? Don't we pay him his salary every week? If the bank lost a lot of money on a bad location, Earl wouldn't get his bonus at the end of the year."

"Oh, he got a bonus at the end of the year?" she said.

"All employees of the bank get a bonus at the end of the year, if we vote one. But we couldn't vote one if we had a bad year. The bonuses come out of profits, don't forget."

"Oh, out of profits, eh? I see," she said.

"You don't see, but I'd be surprised if you did. Women never take the trouble to understand about banking."

"Clara Slaymaker does," said Edna Updegrove.

"No. She's pretty dumb. When she retires we won't replace her. All she ever knew was bookkeeping, and we got machines for that now. We could run the bank on half the number of employees we have now."

"Then why do you keep her?" she said.

"Because she and Walter Fertig are the last ones left that my father hired. If it wasn't for that they'd have been let go when we put in the new equipment. Sentiment. If it was me, I would of let them go, but Pop said take care of Clara and Walter, and I said I would. But I don't have any sentiment where certain others are concerned."

"Meaning Earl Appel," she said.

"Meaning anybody that don't have enough respect for their job to come to work in moccasins. I never had to tell Walter Fertig to put on shoes, or shave in the morning. It makes my blood boil."

"Yes," she said. "Well, then you better find some way to get rid of him."

IN the succeeding two or three months, on his twice-weekly visits to the bank, Miles Updegrove was aware of his mounting antagonism toward Earl Appel, but considerably less aware of the fact that it showed. Although he left personnel problems to Fred Schartle, it had always been his custom upon visiting the bank to stop and say hello to Walter Fertig and Clara Slaymaker, and while so doing to greet by their first names the other members of the staff. "All they want is for you to say hyuh to them," his father had once remarked. "But that much they do want." Miles did not realize that his growing dislike of Earl Appel was compelling him to abandon a habit that was almost a tradition, and when the fact was called to his attention he was disturbed. It was Fred Schartle who mentioned it.

"There's one other thing I've been meaning to ask you, Miles," Fred said one Friday afternoon.

"Why sure, what's that?" said Miles.

"It's kind of hard to bring it up."

Miles Updegrove smiled. "Only one thing could be that hard," he said. "You want to borrow some money. How much, and what for?"

"It isn't money, though," said Fred. "Moneywise, I'm contented. But one of our fellows, Earl Appel, came to me a week or two ago and said something that I thought he must be getting what they call a persecution complex."

"Who's persecuting Earl?"

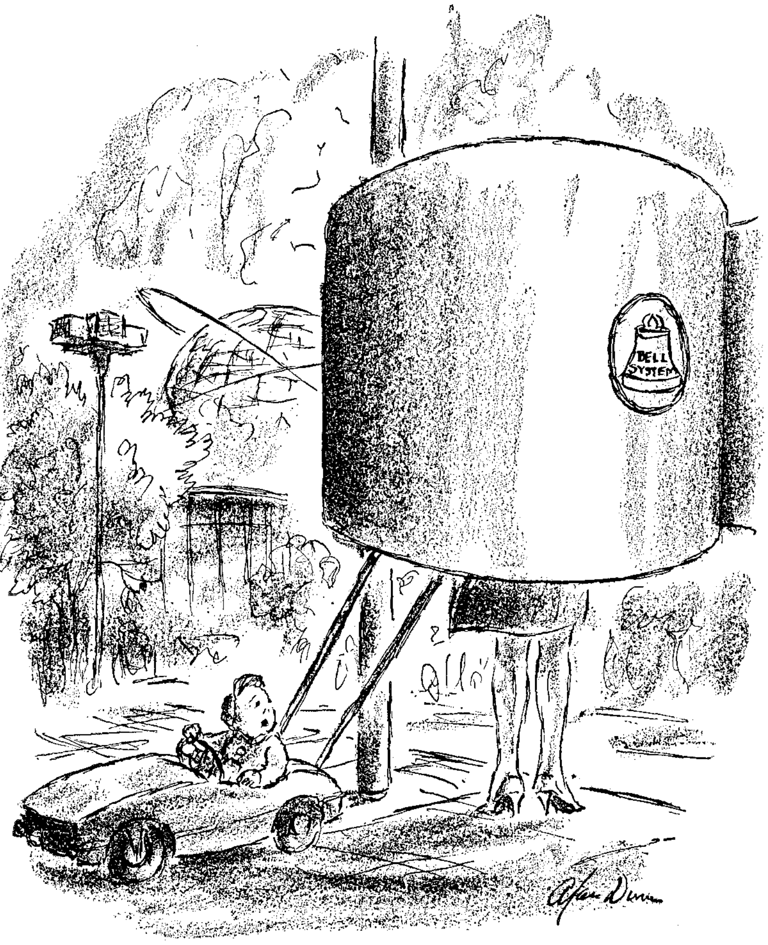
"Well, now don't get me wrong, Miles. But what it comes down to is he thinks you are. Not persecuting him, but that you don't like him. He said you stopped speaking to him but you speak to everybody else."

"As far as I know, I speak to everybody every time I come in the bank. If I see them. I can't speak to those I don't happen to see, but as far as I know . . ."

Fred Schartle hesitated.

"What is it, Fred? Come on, say it."

Fred Schartle shook



his head. "Then I guess it's unconscious," he said.

"What is?"

"Well, since Earl mentioned it to me, I noticed every time you came in you always talk to everybody but him. A couple times you walked right past him. Once he even held the gate open for you and you didn't say anything to him. The gate that—"

"I know where the gate is. I could find my way around this place blindfolded," said Miles Updegrove. "I didn't know I was supposed to do a curtsy when somebody held the gate open for me. I often hold the gate open for this one and that one, depending on if I get there first. But I don't remember anybody telling me I was a nice fellow for that. That's a thing you do, whether you're president of the bank or a junior like young Bob Holtz, just starting out in the business."

"Well, it isn't only holding the gate open," said Fred Schartle. "It's when there's three or four staff people gathered together and you say hello to all but one. And if it's the same one several times, I feel it my duty to all concerned to inquire if there's any particular reason."

"Fred," said Miles Updegrove. "I hired you, and then I promoted you over some that had seniority on you. I was saying to Edna a little while ago, there isn't a better manager of our size bank in the entire State of Pennsylvania. I honestly believe that, and I'm as proud of your fine record as anything I ever did for the bank. But when you come to me with some story about a bank employee having a persecution complex, then I have to remind you, Fred, you're not perfect. Nobody's perfect. Not even you, Fred."

"I never—"

"Just let me finish what I have to say, *please*. That expression you used, persecution complex, I know where it comes from. It comes from nowadays I understand certain big banks in Philadelphia and I'm sure New York—New York, I'm *sure*. They employ full-time psychiatrists, and every time John Smith makes some mistake they send him to the doctor for a mental checkup. Maybe he's sneaking a couple drinks in the lunch hour, or has designs on some young woman in the filing department. I was out to Denver a few years ago and heard all about how some of those big banks have these so-called headshrinkers. Oh, I know what they call them, and headshrinkers is a good name for them. The bankers' convention in Denver. I was sitting next to another country banker like myself, and he said to me, 'Mr. Updegrove, I'm beginning to think we're in the wrong business.' He said we ought to turn our banks over to the headshrinkers, if we can't fire a man that's undependable. Stop this wet-nursing of undependable young fellows before the whole banking structure falls into a state of collapse. And I'll tell you quite frankly, Fred, I don't take to it when a good reliable manager like yourself talks to me about persecution complexes. I've always backed you to the hilt, even when I didn't entirely agree with you. Personnel problems are your territory, and I won't touch them. But when you graduated from Temple University they didn't give you an M.D. degree. You were trained in commerce and finance, and if Earl Appel needs help along those lines, mental, then maybe I can speak to the board, or *you* can, and we'll see what we can do. Maybe a leave of absence. Maybe we'll just have to let him go. I don't know, Fred. I honestly don't know. And that's all I have to say for the present."

"For God's sake," said Fred Schartle.

"Hmm?"

"For Christ's sweet sake," said Fred.

"Now, Fred. Remember who you're talking to."

"Remember? I don't have to remember."

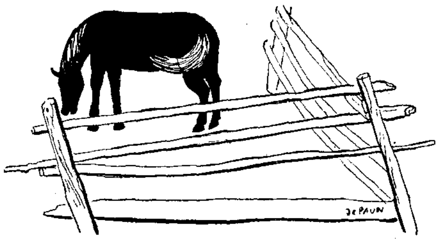
"Oh, yes you do," said Miles Updegrove. "You're on the verge of saying some things you may regret a long, long time—"

"But I'm quitting. I resign," said Fred.

"That's one of them. But be careful what else you say. Because regardless of what you want to get off your chest, I'm the one that will have the last say, Fred. Remember that. And you damn sure better remember it. You're not going to walk out of here and into as good a job as this, just like that. You may be out of work for quite a long while. I know I wouldn't hire a manager that wanted to turn my bank into a mental institution. You go home and talk to your wife, and I'll be here Monday as usual."

"You think you have me all tied up."

"Well, haven't I? The bank holds your paper. The question is, Fred, when I think it over am I going to *want* to have you all tied up? I don't fly off the handle as quick as some, but don't go too far with me. Good night."



Miles Updegrove drove home and had his usual two ounces of whiskey and listened to Edna through dinner. The Philomatheans, her old literary society at Normal, were having a get-together dinner in the spring. "What do they want to have a dinner for? The Philos went out of existence back there in the thirties somewhere. You never go to your A.T.O. dinners, so I don't see why I should go to this. Still, it's kind of nice to have them go to all this trouble. And I have my pin yet. We were all Philos. My father, two sisters, and me. All Philos. Oh, how we hated those Keystones. They were full of Catholics, the Keystones. A Catholic couldn't get into Philo when I was there. I wouldn't let a fellow carry my books if he was a Keystone. Paul O'Brien. No, *Phil* O'Brien. That doesn't sound right, either. He was from the coal regions. It *was* Paul. I understand he was a judge later. Me refusing to let a judge carry my books because he was a dirty Keystone. But a Catholic, too. Now I don't hardly mind them at all. I just found out those Bradleys are Catholic, and they've been here almost a year."

"What Bradleys?" he said.

"Out past the country club, on Heiser's Creek Road. He's some electrical engineer."

"Oh, that Bradley. No, he's with the light company but he's not an engineer. Assistant district manager. They won't be here long. Five years and they get transferred. A friend of Fred Schartle's, and *he* won't be around here much longer either."

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Miles. I knew there was something worr'ing you. Some other bank stealing Fred away from you. More money, eh?"

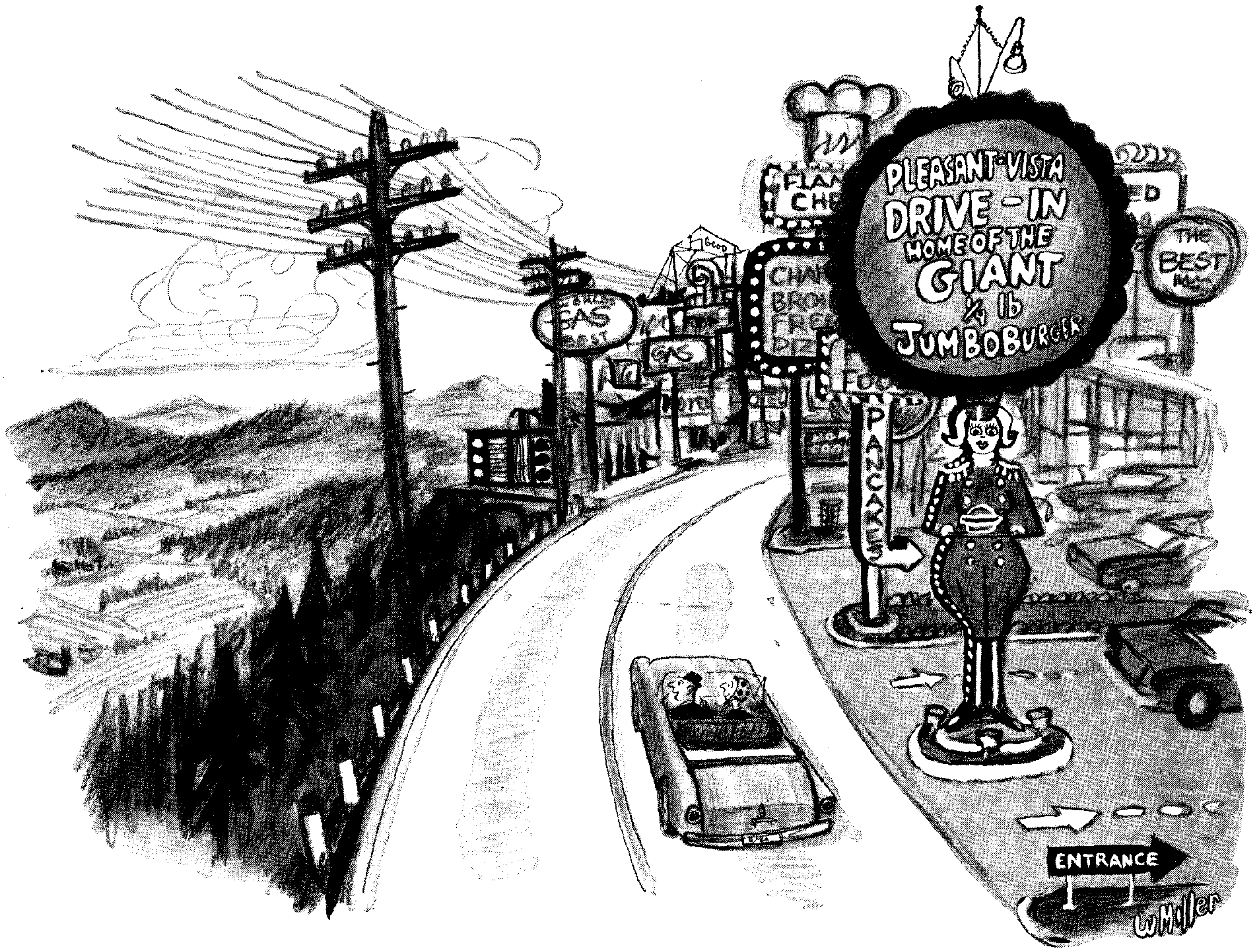
"Nothing of the kind," said Miles Updegrove. "My mind isn't made up for sure, but I don't know why I should keep him."

"You mean you're firing him, Fred Schartle? When was it—last summer you said you never fired anybody. It must be serious, a man you had such confidence in. It isn't—you didn't catch him in some kind of a shortage, I hope."

"Not a shortage of money. Although I'll have a look at his figures before I let him go. No, as far as I know now, he's clean. But I just found out that Fred Schartle considers himself an amateur headshrinker. That's slang for psychiatrist."

"Fred Schartle?"

"All this time I gave him a free hand



“Goodness! It is a pleasant vista!”

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with the employees, his idea of how to handle them was to see if they had a persecution complex. Well, are we running a bank or a mental institution? If Fred wants to run a mental institution, that's his privilege, but—”

“Somebody at the front door? Who would that be at this hour?” said Edna Updegrove. “Sit still, I'll go.” She went to answer the doorbell. He remained at the dinner table, straining to recognize the voice of the visitor but unwilling to make an appearance. The first intelligible words he heard were Edna's. “You don't want to talk to me, Dorothy. You better save it for Mister. We're just finishing our dessert.” Dorothy was the first name of Fred Schartle's wife. Miles got up and went to the front room.

“Good evening, Dorothy,” he said.

“Oh, Mr. Updegrove? What did he *say* to you? He came home around seven with some wild story. All I can get out of him was that he—”

“I'll leave you two be,” said Edna Updegrove, and left them.

“Sit down, Dorothy. Have a cigarette if you wish to. Would you care for a cup of coffee? We were just having some.”

“Nothing, thank you, Mr. Updegrove. He was like a wild man. I never saw him act like that before.”

“Did he have anything to drink?” said Miles Updegrove.

“Yes, I'm sure he did. He wasn't staggering or anything, but he was an hour late, and I guess he had one or two. Yes, he did. Not when he came home, but before. But, oh, please tell me what he said. All I could get out of him was you and he had some kind of an argument.”

“I'm sorry you had to be subjected to this, Dorothy,” said Miles. “Yes, Fred and I were having a discussion about bank matters, and then all of a sudden out of a clear sky he started abusing me. Using strong language and making personal remarks that I couldn't tolerate.”

“*Did* he quit? *Did* he resign?”

“Yes, he did,” said Miles Updegrove.

“Oh, God,” she said. Her hands drooped from the arms of her chair and the weight of them seemed to cause her torso to crumple. For the moment she had nothing to say.

“Can I get you a drink of something?”

“Water? Could I have a glass of water?”

He called to his wife. “Edna, would you bring us a glass of water for Dorothy?”

The woman opened her handbag and took out a pack of cigarettes. “I think I *will* have a cigarette,” she said.

“Yes, have one,” he said.

“Would you care for one?” she said.

“No thanks,” he said. “I never use them. A pipe is all I ever smoke. Sometimes a cigar.”

“Here we are,” said Edna Updegrove, with a glass of water. “Is there something else I can get you? A cup of coffee?”

“No thank you. I just—my throat felt dry.”

“Of course. Now if you want anything else, just call. I'll be in the kitchen, so call loud in case the dishwasher's going." Edna Updegrove departed.

"She's such a wonderful person, Mrs. Updegrove. So well liked all over town," said Dorothy Schartle. She sipped the water. "I'm all right now. My throat got suddenly dry."

"Yes," said Miles. "Well, I don't know what else I can tell you, Dorothy."

"What did he say when he resigned? Why? What reason did he give you?"

"Reason? Oh, he didn't give any reason. He took exception to certain things I said about personnel matters. I guess that was it. But there was no call for him to fly off the handle that way. Frankly, I left the bank before he could say a lot worse."

"It's so unlike him," said Dorothy Schartle.

"Yes, I guess it is. In fact, I just finished paying him a compliment a few seconds before he started in on me. That's why it's so hard to understand. But maybe you can explain it."

"How?"

"Well, I don't want to pry into anybody's personal affairs, but being's you came here, and you're naturally worried about him—have you noticed anything unusual about Fred lately?"

"No, I haven't," said Dorothy Schartle.

"Nothing worrying him? How is he sleeping?"

"Well, I guess he could use more sleep. He wakes up pretty early. Daylight, most of the time. They say you don't need as much sleep as you get older, but Fred's only forty-three."

"I always got my seven or eight hours when I was that age, but we're all different, I guess."

"He wakes up around six o'clock and goes down and has a cup of coffee. He drinks a lot of coffee, that I will say."

"Too much coffee isn't good for you. He has a cup of coffee at 6 A.M. And then I guess you give him his breakfast."

"Yes, with the children. He likes to have breakfast with the children before they're off to school. He usually walks to the corner with Phyllis, our youngest. She takes a different bus than the other children. The older two take the high-school bus. Then he comes back to the house and gets the car."

"So I guess he has one or two cups of coffee at breakfast—"

"Two, as a rule," she said.

"And I know he always takes another cup at coffee break, at the bank."

"Yes, and at lunch," she said. "Do you think it's the coffee?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say. It may be something else entirely."

"Not that I know of," she said.

"What does he do for recreation?"

"Well, he has his carpentry. He has all these drills and lathes and all. Woodwork, you know. He just got finished making a birthday present for Earl Appel. A cigarette box."

"Earl Appel? I didn't know they were such friends."

"Well, not very close, but Earl has the same hobby. Woodwork. It's a sort of a rivalry, you might say. Last year Earl made Fred a stand for an ashtray. We have it in the family room. Earl does more complicated things than Fred."

"Is that so?"

"Oh, yes. Earl built all the cabinet-work for the Appels' hi-fi."

"Uh-huh."

"Earl got Fred innarested, in the first place."

"What else does he do, for pastime?"

"Fred? He takes walks."

"He and Earl Appel?"

"No, no. Sometimes with the children, sometimes by himself. On Sundays he usually gets up around ha' past seven and goes for a walk."

"Do the children get up that early on Sunday morning?"

"No, Sunday mornings he goes by himself. He goes up over Schiller's Mountain and down the other side and home by way of the county road."

"That's a good ten-mile walk," said Miles Updegrove. "Nobody with him, huh?"

"No, all by himself. He likes to be by himself," she said. "He says he sees plenty of people during the week."

"And doing this woodwork he's by himself, too, I guess."

"Oh, yes. I used to sit there with him, but the saws and the lathes make such a noise. I can feel it in my teeth. Not that he doesn't like to be with the children and I."

"But he has these times when he likes to be alone," said Miles.

"Yes," she said.

"How is his temper when he's home?"

"Well—he's very strict with the children."

"How is he with you, Dorothy? If you don't mind that question."

"Well, we've been married now almost twenty-one years. I guess we're just like any other married couple. You take the good with the bad."

"But you're satisfied the way things turned out," he said.

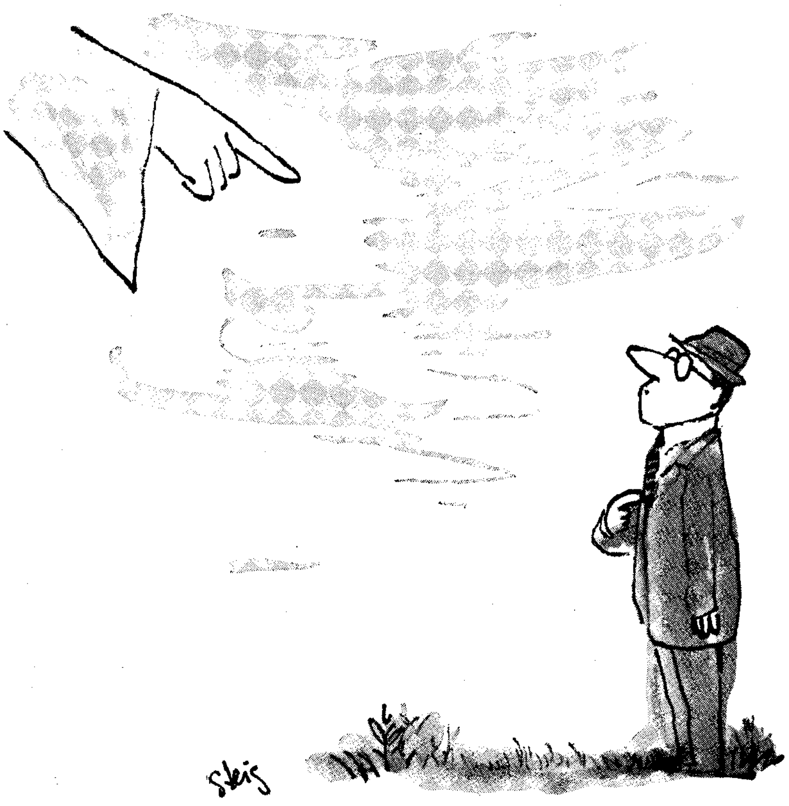
"Why, yes, of course. Except like tonight, my goodness. When a thing like that happens, I don't know what comes over him."

"A thing like that? What else was there like that?"

"Oh, when he loses his temper over something. But that's personal."

"And then he likes to be by himself," he said.

"He's not the only one. I want to be by myself, too," she said. "Mr. Updegrove, what's going to happen? We have our home isn't paid for yet, and our eldest daughter wants to take a course in textile design. The boy wants to go to the Air Force Academy. That's free, I guess, but nothing will be coming in. We have some saved up, but we don't want to touch that."



"I don't know, Dorothy. Fred was very positive."

"Where does he get any right to be positive?" Now she began to cry, and only words, not sentences, were intelligible among her mutterings. Such words as "...positive...right . . . children . . . me . . . nice home . . . selfish . . . whole life . . ."

"Maybe I ought to get Mrs. Updegrove to come in," said Miles.

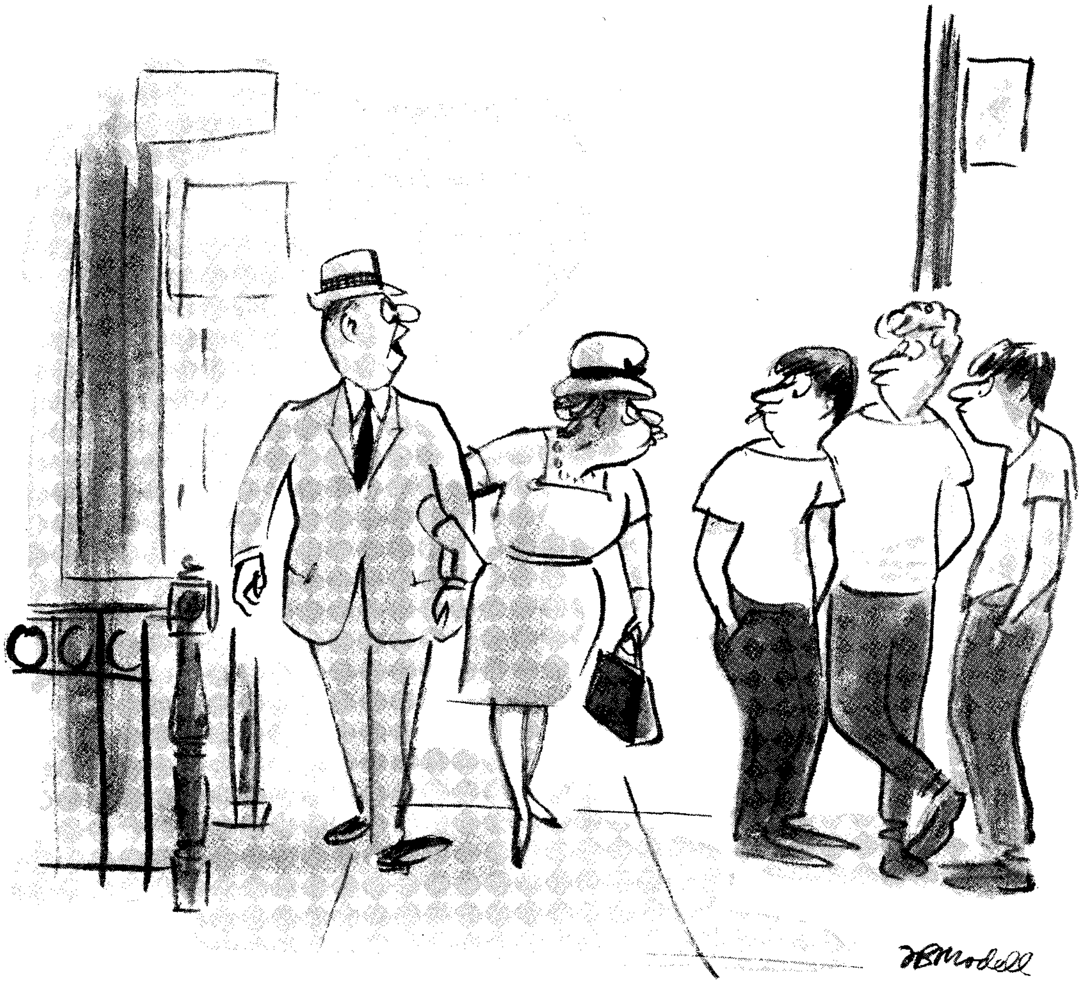
"No, no! Please don't. I don't want her to see me like this," said Dorothy Schartle. "I'll be all right." She stopped crying.

"I don't know what to suggest, Dorothy," said Miles Updegrove. "I told him I'd see him Monday, but naturally you can't expect me to have much to say. He just as good as threw his job in my face, and nobody's indispensable these days."

"But I know him, Mr. Updegrove," said Dorothy. "I know what he'll do. He'll go for one of his walks tomorrow afternoon—"

"Did he say anything about coming in tomorrow?"

She hesitated. "I'll be truthful with you. He's drunk. He won't be in tomorrow. He can't take more than two drinks and never could. He'll be sick all night and tomorrow he'll be no good for work. No, he won't be in."



"For pity's sake, Miriam, that's just asking for trouble!"

"Saturday morning. One of our busiest days. But I guess it's better if he doesn't come in, for his sake as well as the bank's."

"Let me talk to him. He wouldn't listen to me tonight, but I know how he'll be tomorrow and Sunday. If I talk to him will you let him come and see you, Mr. Updegrove? Please?"

"I told him I'd see—"

"Not Monday. Sunday. Here. I know how to handle him, Mr. Updegrove. I really do."

"Maybe you do, but I don't."

"You won't have to when I get through talking to him. Just let him come here and apologize, and tell him you're willing to forget about the resignation. You're a *good* man, Mr. Updegrove. You'll do that, please? It takes a big man, and you're that."

"An apology won't mean much without good intentions behind it," said Miles Updegrove.

"I promise you, Fred Schartle will never give you the slightest trouble, ever again. I'll say the same thing to you that I'll say to him. If he ever causes any more trouble, I'll leave him. I'll go back to my parents in Quakertown, and the children with me."

Miles Updegrove tapped his fingers on his knee. "Well, if you're so sure that it will do any good—all right. He can come in Sunday after church. And if I'm convinced—"

"You will be! You will be! I promise you. And I'll never forget this as long as I live. I'll never stop thanking you."

"Well, let's wait and see what happens Sunday," said Miles. He put on a smile. "But I have a feeling that Mrs. Fred Schartle has a great deal of influence over Mr. Fred Schartle. The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, they say."

Dorothy Schartle rose. "Thank you very much. Will you tell Mrs. good night for me? I don't want her to see my eyes all red."

"You run right along, young lady. I'll say good night for you, and see you to the door," said Miles Updegrove.

He stood in the vestibule until Dorothy's car moved out of the driveway. He turned off the porch light and went back to the kitchen. "Well, how much could you hear?"

"Hardly anything, from back here," said Edna Updegrove. "But she was in a state, I could see that."

"Yes. Well, the upshot is he's coming here Sunday noon, to apologize."

"Oh, Miles, we won't *be* here Sunday noon. We're going over to Amy's for the christening."

"I can't help that, Edna. This is bank business, and Amy isn't any relation."

"No, but it's her first granddaughter," said Edna. "Oh, well, you're just like your father. You and that bank."

"I want to see what this young fellow has to say for himself," said Miles Updegrove. "A great deal depends on that. Is there any more coffee?"

"I threw it out, but I could make some fresh."

"Never mind," he said.

—John O'Hara

•

Ethical, Honest, Disbarred Lawyer wanted in connection with writing projects. Box M-322.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Writing banned books?

FIVE POEMS

STARLINGS

Our fears, like starlings, gather
with the dusk. Small particles,
they come, innumerable,
flying direct from further
skies of mind only guessed at.
Wheeling, they circle us, squat

near. If ever a pair of birds
should strut a sunlit pavement
before us, caught in movement
of the day's concern, we goad
them, approach, put them to flight;
sometimes, even, feed them. But

lodged, untouchable by night,
in the high clerestories
of the stone-still, moon-carved trees
we move among, they will not
be put up at our passing
boldly under their roostings.

Sometimes we can keep away
through the long-lain night. Awake,
we may avoid them, though flocks
heave throbbing through our dreams,
high
in the misproportioned limbs
of our imaginings.

If we should decide to come
to them, hear their mummeries
mock us when one of them stirs
to ripple through all of them,
sacristan black, we may judge
their strength, though they will not budge

before the day. When they go,
they leave uneasy calm as
they turn as one, like louvers,
letting the sunlight through.
And only the sense remains
of the black beneath the sheen

and the knowledge that the swift
and silent flight of other
birds, unseen, has passed over
us, sinister, borne aloft
by wings more menacing
yet than those of the known starling.

THE SKATE FISHERS

Now—as at its first shining
Saturn burns slow and alone
to rise on a sudden night
in time for a tide neaping
to tomorrow night's full moon—
they come to their boats and light

their lamps. Propitious the sound
of the suck and the gunwale's
rough rub on the quaywall stone,
the dry deck strewn with dry sand,
no wind fingering it or swells
to roll one grain away. Then

offshore, no boards creaking, still
amid stillnesses of sea,
the long throb of engines stopped,
they will wait awhile until
indigo water and sky
violet have interlocked.

Nine such nights a year only
they have, and some must be missed,
when they may pay a line low
to the gray scabbed skate that lie
among the boulders buttressed
in—nine nights only to pay

a long line down at the mark
that needs such calm to be found
and held. But when the ratchet
clatters, when a kittiwake
disturbed rises, when, entwined
in weed, line hisses, at that

taut instant the great skate dives
through his black rock canyon
deep, deep, beating his wide wings
on its walls; on, on through caves
of no man's knowing. Upon
some arcane ledge, huge, he hangs

pulsing with irritation,
and at each heave of him pumps
the rod above and sideways,
fretting the tightened line on
a jutting shelf till it snaps.
The men, like petrels, restless,

move on across the surface
veined and broken, through the stars'
shattered images, to shore.
And the fish, with a grimace
of torn lip, spits blood, then goes
to do his killing elsewhere.

ROOK SHOOT

Against the evening light, strung
across banks of cumulus,
goitres of mistletoe hung
from the necks of poplars.
Higher, in elms, rookeries
knotted the topmost traceries,
rank and black like a cancered lung.

Always a restlessness turned
in the tops of those tall trees;
even at rest the birds leaned,
lurching backwards as a breeze
blew fitful into their faces
scabrous with the rub of branches,
forever jabbed. No comfort

up in those crowded tenements
save the warmth sometimes of sun
cupped in Aprilled-out softness
of new leaves, barely green,
that soothed for a while the roughness
away. At a time of this
tenderness, the men came.

Quickly they did what they had
come to do. They had no need to kill,
but some part of them remembered
the need of a man to kill
and had brought them with their want
under the purple birds. They shot.
One by one the dark parcels fell,

thudding, to cumber the ground
underfoot, twitching out the last
frenetic beat of wing and heart.
We, when the men had passed
on, stood awhile to watch
some turning birds in the distance
gyrate nearer, nearer, land

indomitable under
the ravaged trees, walk among
the split eggs, peck them, gather
sustenance enough to sing
a cracked, ragged song up in
the roomier trees, to begin
tomorrow a new growth all over.

THE BURNING

The stubble burning began
today, fire tonguing furrows
where lately the rats had run
that now, with pheasant and gull,
skulk among rusting harrows
at field-edge out of the pull

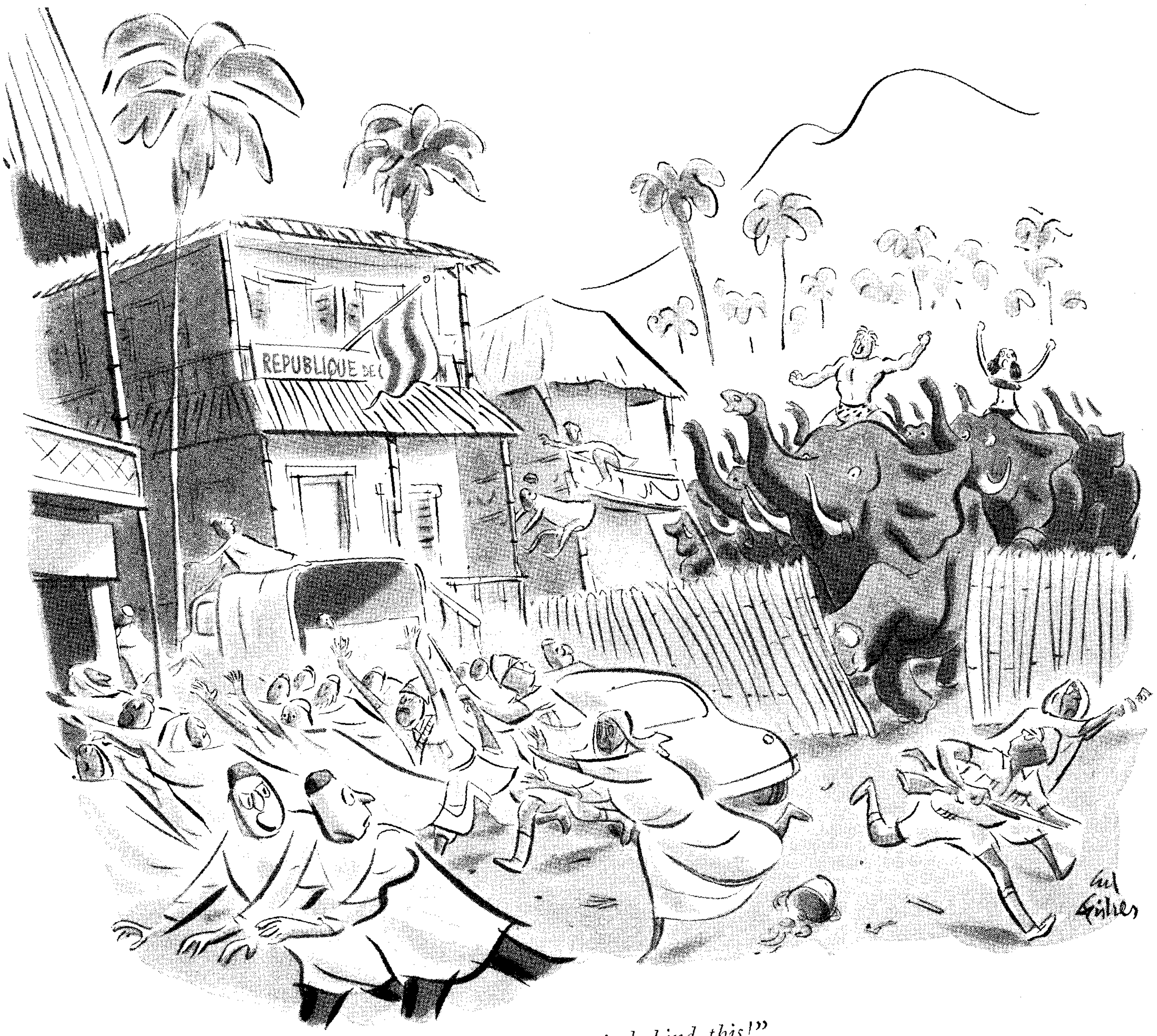
of funnelled winds. With the flames'
peremptory signatures
to the season's ending came
a flaked ash of cirrus wisp
tonight, multiple fractures
of yellow trees, the last wasp

kindled in the hips, berries
that cracked in the red spindles,
and a thin wind that carries
detonations still of jays'
wings as the last light dwindles
below the branchline of yews.

And in the burning fields, now,
the images are changing.
Sometimes the fires are a row
of children's sunlit faces,
round, in yellow hair tumbling;
or, as a night breeze rises

on a sudden, a saw edge
surging jagged through the straw,
ripping from hollow to ridge
a whole furlong. Tomorrow
will come plovers and jackdaw
flocks to pick their living through

the desolate acres. Oaks,
leafless, will be as thumbprints
smudged on the sky; rains will soak
each last cold cinder away.
A sense of panic, no plants
left to grow, strengthens as clay



"You can just bet the C.I.A. is behind this!"

• •

sweats, cooling. I would wish
the fires to burn a while more,
fruits not to fall from the bush
a while more, nor I to pass
by, till the slate-shine shives are
cut for the coming of ice.

BY THE BRIDGE

I recall, before the banks
sank in this wilderness of rains,
clear waters of the Wild Brooks
torrented atop white rocks
worn smooth and slabbed, with a sun
in bubbles splintered over them.

I stood on this bridge and saw
the waters mix; the confluence,
too, of sparrows and shadow
the length of the long hedgerow,
and finches strung on fences
like bright beads on an abacus.

There were sounds of quietness
not listened for but heard
among beds of watercress
where, with eyes of gentleness
and hocks sucking soft hot mud,
some patient herd always waded.

Every close-cropped pasture, lush
with marsh marigold, was quiet
with an intermittent hush
of leaves in a delicate ash
when the wind unentwined
and not a cricket fidgeted.

Whatever the stream bore down
from unaccountable hills
in the misted distance passed on
to gaze at dark reflections
in the deep blue calm of pools
below the drop of the falls.

All ugliness, all violence
passed away. Through the stone piers
of the bridge's permanence,
uprooted trees in remonstrance
brushed eely green streamers
of silkweed, pulled to the weir

beyond. Even when the great storm
broke, massive banks drained
vast cargoes away; but a dam
of blackened branches jammed
across the stream and all poured
over. Still the lands lie under flood

and no quietness of sound
is heard now in the silence
seeping from the vanished ground.
Violated, broken things find
islands to rot upon. The dance
of the multiple suns is done.

—TED WALKER

THE CUCKOO SPIT

DRENCHED with light under the midsummer moon, the fields were as large as the fields of the sky. Hedges and ditches dissolved in mist, and down by the river the thornbushes floated loose like branches. Tall trees in the middle of the fields streamed on the air, rooted by long, dragging shadows.

Vera came to a stand and looked around. It was a strange night. All that was real and erect had become unreal. The unreal alone had shape. And when close beside her in the long grass a beast stirred, it was only by its shadow she could see where it lay. Unnerved, she turned back to the house. The house, too, had an insubstantial air, its white gable merging in the white of the sky. But on the bright ground shadow fell black as iron.

It was when she reached the edge of this shadow that the young man stepped out and startled her.

"I thought you saw me," he said defensively. "The night is so bright. *I* saw *you*. I was watching you coming all the way across the fields!" Then his voice changed. "Are you all right?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes," she said. His concern had already made nonsense of her fright. And in the strong light pouring down she could see him as plain as day—a young man with a kind face, his thin cheekbones splattered with large, flaky freckles. Their eyes met, and they smiled at each other, surprised and happy. "I ought to know you, I am sure," she said, since it was late and he wore no coat.

"I don't think so," he said. "I'm only down here sometimes in summer. I come to stay with an uncle of mine who lives across the river."

"Oh, I know him! Tim Hynes? At least, I know him by name. I never actually met him, but I'd very much like to! My husband used to talk a lot about him."

"I know," said the young man. "Tim was very upset by his death. So, of course, was everyone," he added hastily.

"Your uncle more than most, though. I was told he took it very badly. There was something, wasn't there, about his losing interest in the election—not voting at all?"

"That's right. He more or less gave up politics after that."

"I remember I got a wonderful letter from him at the time."

"Tim?" He raised his eyebrows, and, remembering the old man's spelling, she herself laughed.

"It was something he said. I never forgot it. He said it might have been hard—even for a man like Richard—to save his soul in Dail Eireann!"

"That's like a thing he'd say, all right, but I think it could have been to comfort you. Tim had no doubt whatever about the stature of the man we'd lost in your husband."

The plural pronoun caught her attention. "Are you interested in politics, too?" she asked, but she was hardly heeding his reply, she was so surprised at the sudden lessening of her interest in him. All the same, I ought to ask him into the house, she thought, if only for his uncle's sake. Or was it too late?

"Oh, it's far too late," he said. "I didn't intend to call. I was out for a walk, and I'd crossed over the bridge in the village and was going along the bank of the river below here when I saw that the windows were all lighted. To tell you the truth, I came up closer just out of curiosity. I was always fascinated by this house. Then I saw the door open. Somehow or other, I got a strange feeling that the house was empty. So I came up and knocked. It was when I got no answer I realized the odd situation I had got myself into, and I didn't know what to do. I was just standing there when I saw you coming. Do you do that often—go out and leave the door open?"

She turned and looked over her shoulder to where the open door let out a stream of golden light that cut its own shape on the shape of the shadow. "I wasn't far away," she said vaguely.

"That's true," he said. "And it was a lovely night for a walk!"

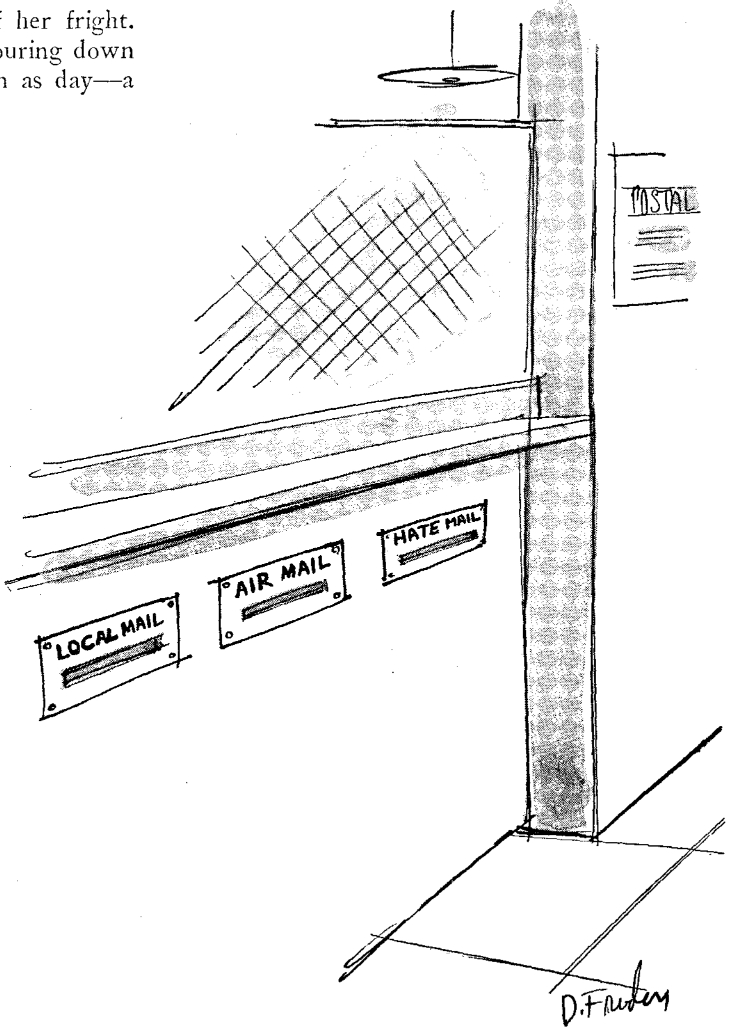
It annoyed her that, having been worried at the start, he was so easily satisfied about her safety. "I shouldn't have left it open all the same," she said, "but I only meant to walk a little way, just up and down outside the door."

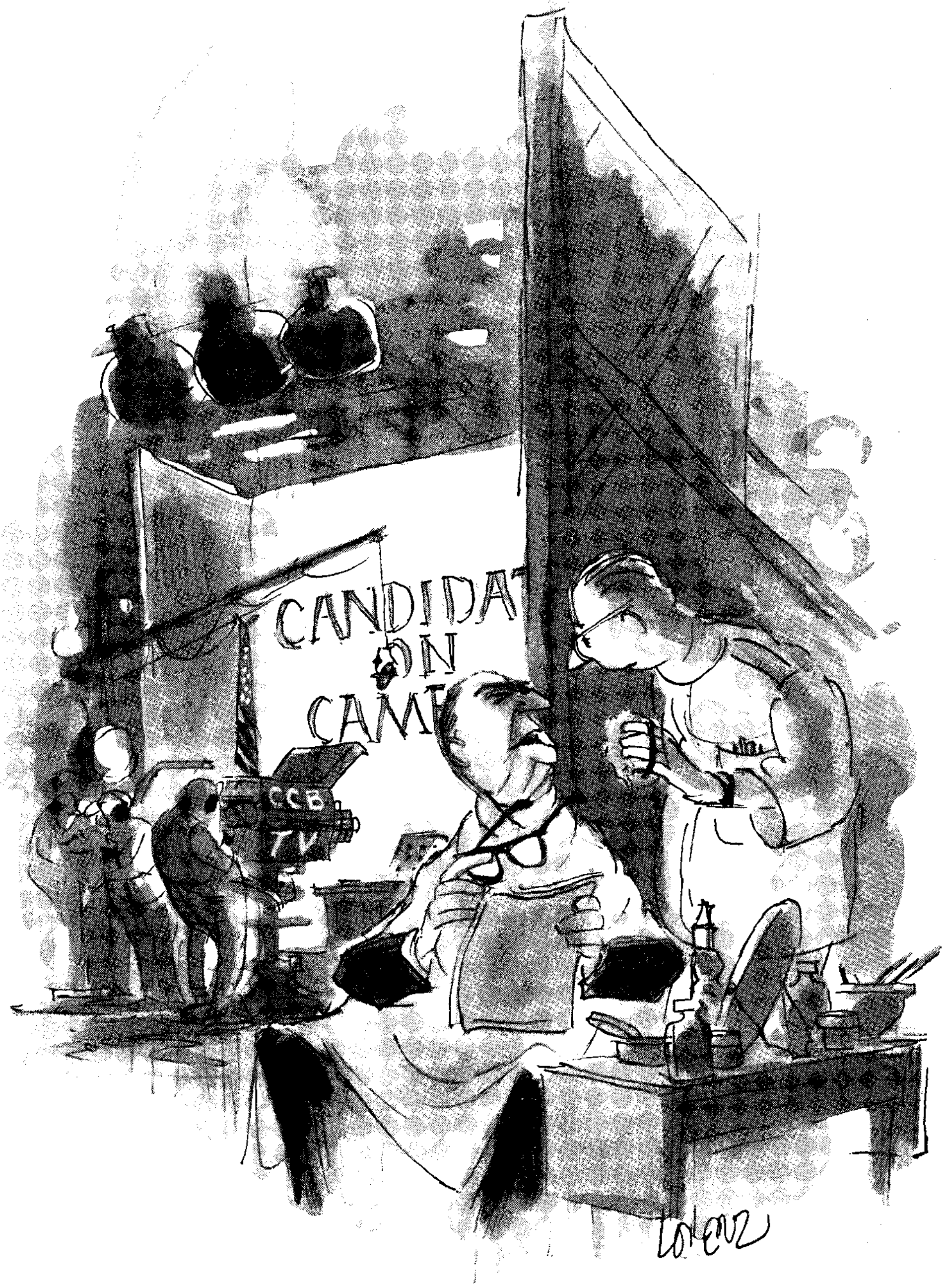
"I know," he said. "The usual thing! You were tempted to go further."

Again she was irritated by his readiness to provide his own interpretation of the situation. "As a matter of fact, there was nothing usual about it," she said. "This is the first time since my husband died that I've set foot outside the house after dark alone. Except in the car, of course."

"I don't understand," he said quietly. "What could there possibly be to fear in the heart of the country?"

"That was what Richard used to say. But I wasn't brought up in the country, and that makes a difference. Even when he was alive, I was nervous out-of-doors after dark." She laughed. "I'll tell you something that happened one night. We kept a few hens. They were supposed to be my affair. The henhouse was over there." She pointed to a small triangular field behind the house, a small field bounded on three sides by a wood. "I was always forgetting to shut them up at night, and we often had to go out late and do it, but





"Easy on the pancake. I don't want to lose my humanity."

once it was the middle of the night when I woke up and thought of them. Well! I had to wake Richard, and we had to put on our coats and go out to them—in the very middle of the night!"

"Couldn't he have gone alone?"

"Of course not. They were *my* hens. It wouldn't have been fair to let him go alone."

He shook his head. "He must have been a very patient man."

"But it was a night just like this!" she cried.

Immediately, with her words the night seemed to press closer, lapping them round, not just with its mist and moonlight but with its summer smells of new-mown hay and sweet white clover. "We didn't go back to the house at all," she said, remembering that other night with quick and vivid pain. "We stayed out . . ." But she didn't finish the sentence, because suddenly she had an uneasy feeling that she was giving something away about that night, or about herself, or Richard. She finished it differently. "For ages," she said.

There was a little silence.

"Is he long dead?"

"Four years this summer," she said, and turned her face away coldly, but she felt his sympathy would not be so easily stemmed.

"You must miss him very much," he said. "I was thinking that as I watched you coming toward me. I was wondering how you were able to go on living here without him." But he must have felt tactless, or impertinent, because he looked away from her, out over the fields. "It's very beautiful here, of course," he added quickly.

"Tonight—yes!" she granted, but she gave a cold glance over the moonlit stretches of which he spoke with such unconcern. Did he not know that there were other nights, when those fields could wear a different aspect? "This is a night in a thousand!" she cried.

He missed the note of disparagement in her voice and turned back to her. "I suppose the more beautiful it is, the more lonely it must be for you."

She looked into his face. "I got over the worst of it long ago," she said harshly. "Do you know what *I* was thinking when I was coming across the fields? I was thinking that there is, after all, a kind of peace at last when you face up to life's defeats. It's not a question of getting stronger, as people think, or being better able to bear things; it's that you get weaker and stop trying. I think I couldn't bear anything now—even happiness." She paused. That was true, she thought, and yet she felt she had expressed herself inadequately. "It's just that I've got old, I suppose," she said more simply.

"Nonsense," he said lightly.

She sighed. "All the same," she said stubbornly, "there is a strange peace about knowing that the best in life is over forever."

"You mean love?"

She nodded. "And youth," she said, but she thought she saw doubt in his eyes. "Aren't they the one thing?"

She was startled by the haggard look that came over his face. "I don't know," he said. "I hope not. God knows I've never had much of either."

"What do you mean? What age are you, anyway?" But before he could answer she realized that she didn't even know his name. "You didn't tell me your name, either!"

"Fergus," he said, giving no surname.

He must be Tim's brother's child, she thought, and again at the thought of her old neighbor across the river she felt she ought to insist on his coming inside, no matter the hour.

"Oh, no, no," he said, actually beginning to move away. "I'm afraid to think how late it must be now."

"Well, perhaps you'll come again," she said formally, but she knew that in this matter generosity was not on her side. It was nice to see that he thought otherwise.

"That's very kind of you, Mrs.

Traske," he said warmly. "I'd like very much to come." His pleasure was so genuine it added to hers, but all the same a ridiculous ache had gone through her when he used her surname, although anything else would have been unthinkable. A strange young man—years younger than her! Even if they got to know each other well, and he were to call again—and again—she could not imagine that he would call her Vera, ever. It was a name she had never liked. And lately she'd liked it less. At this moment, it seemed utterly unsuitable to her: a name for a young girl. It even seemed to have a strangely venal quality about it. But he was saying something, and she had to listen.

"I was only saying that I don't suppose you approve of calling people by their first names on a first meeting," he said.

Taken aback by the way their minds had run so near together, she hesitated. "Well, it doesn't give much chance for measuring one's progress with people, does it?"

"I never thought of that," he cried, and he looked at her, delighted. "I must remember that!" Again he seemed about to go, but again he stopped. "I correct examination papers at this time of year. I may get word any day from my landlady in Dublin to say that they have arrived. I'll have to go back at once then. Would it matter—would you mind—if I came fairly soon? Very soon, perhaps?"

"Whenever you like. I'm always here," she said, and then they said good night, and he walked away.

As she went into the house, she wondered if he would come again. She hoped he would; it was a pleasant encounter. And she kept on thinking about it as she went around the house, fastening the windows and locking the door. Even when she went upstairs, she stood for a while at the open window, looking out and going over scraps of their conversation. Some of the things she had said now seemed affected. Had she lost the knack of small talk? In particular, she thought of what she had said about happiness, and not being able now to bear it. That was so absurd, but surely he understood that she meant a certain kind of happiness, possible only to the young. Indeed, it might well be that it was when one let go all hope of ever knowing that again that the heart was emptied and ready for the simpler relationships—those without tie, without pain. But when she put out the light and turned back the white counterpane, breaking the skin of light on it, she felt vaguely depressed. Would there not always be something purposeless in such attachments?

DID she expect him to come again? Certainly not the very next evening. And so early! Only a short time before, she was still in the garden, weeding and staking plants—working away, without knowing the day had ended. It was by the light of a big yellow moon that she was trying to see what she was doing. It was so low a moon, so close to the ground, and it shed a light so gold that, like the sun, it gilded everything. Unlike the moon of late night, it did not take all color from the earth but left a flush of purple in the big roses and peonies, and a glow of yellow in their glossy stamens. Yet it was night. The birds were silent; a stillness had settled over the farm. Nervously, she gathered together the rake and the spade, and, hardly waiting to put them away, she hurried toward the house. But in the doorway she delayed. There was a peculiar quality abroad. Was it expectancy? It's in the night, though, and not in me, she thought—but just then, like a high wind falling, the expectancy died down as a step sounded on the gravel.

"You didn't think I'd come so soon, did you?" he said, smiling. "It's even more marvellous than last night, though, and I thought of you not liking to go out at night alone. But you were going out?"

"No. Going in!" she said.

"Good. I'm glad I came. Get something to put over your shoulders. But hurry!"

In spite of her surprise, she didn't hesitate. "I won't be a minute," she said. "Won't you come in while you're waiting?"

He shook his head. "Houses weren't built for nights like this."

When she came out, he was standing clear of the shadows of the house, in the full light. "I was telling my uncle about you," he said when she joined him. "He wasn't in bed when I got back last night. He sent you his regards. In fact, he sent you several messages—so many I'm sure I've forgotten the half of them." He smiled at her. "No matter! You can take them as given; they were all compliments and good wishes. And now," he said, surveying the view and taking her arm casually, "which way will we go? Down by the river? Or is the grass too high?"

"We can follow the cowpaths."

"Oh, but the cattle go in single file, and we want to talk," he said, and he linked her more closely. It made her uncomfortable, but she knew that when they crossed over the wooden fence around the house and went into the field in front of it, they would have to unlink. He realized it, too, after a few steps. "It's like wading through water, isn't it?" he said, amazed, as the high grass weighted down their feet. "Does it never get eaten down? The place seemed heavily stocked to me as I came along here."

WISHING WELL

"It would take all the cattle in Ireland to graze it down at this time of year," she said carelessly.

He turned to her with an earnestness that was touching. "You had courage to keep it when you are so nervous here," he said. "Any other woman would have sold it and gone back to the city."

"That never once entered my mind," she said, remembering how from the first she was aware of the security she drew from this piece of ground. But she saw by his face that he thought she had kept it for the sake of the past.

"I must tell you something," he said. "I nearly wrote you a letter last night after I went away from here. Would you have thought it very odd? The only reason I did not was because I'd have had to come back with it, and I thought that a footstep during the night might frighten you."

"It would have frightened the wits out of me," she said quickly. She did not ask what he would have said in the letter.

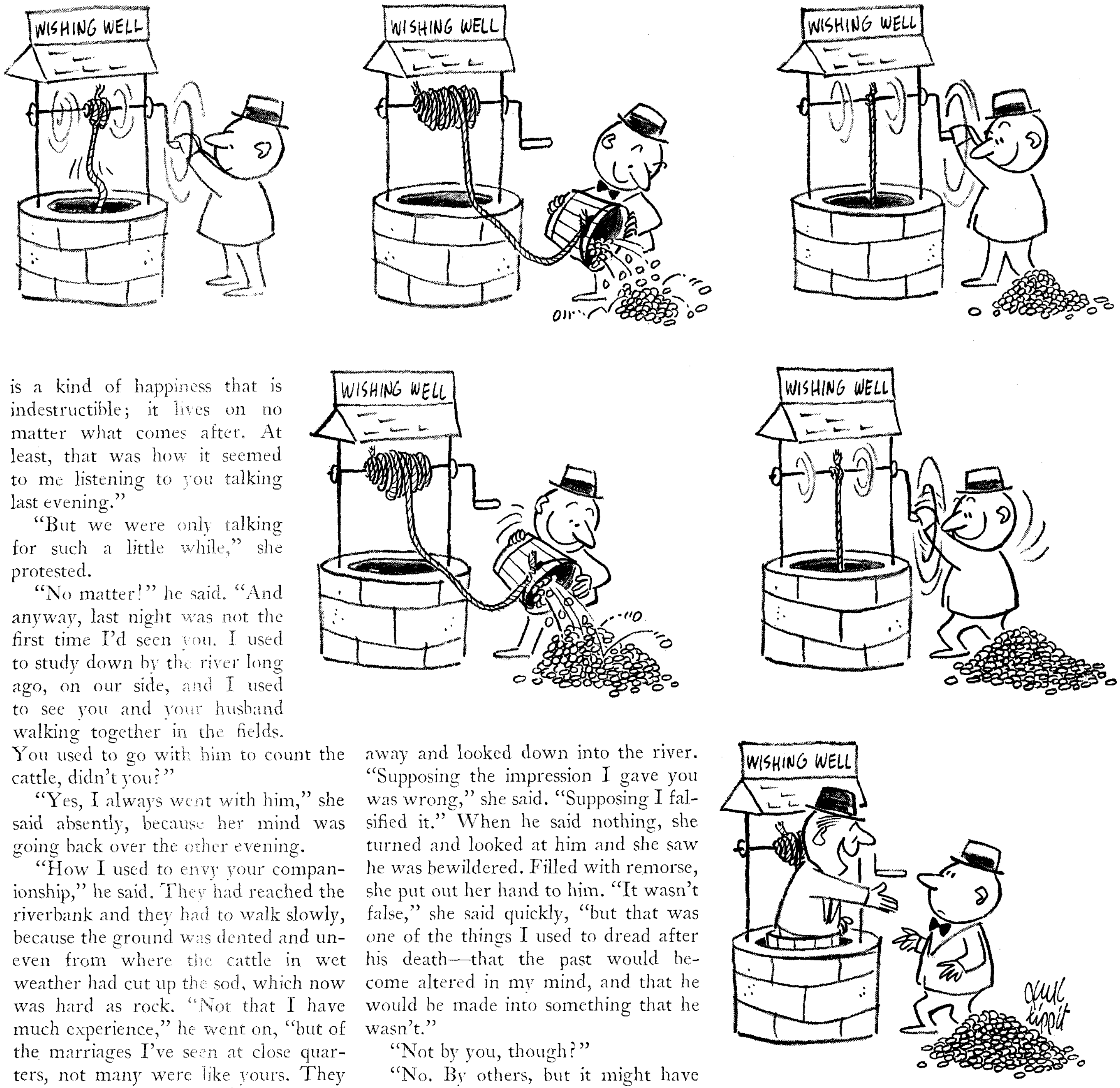
"I knew it would," he said. "I'm glad I did not do it. Anyway, I think that you knew without my saying it how much it meant to me—meeting you."

"It was nice for me to meet you, too," she said lightly, but he was deadly serious.

"There is nothing rarer in the world than happiness," he said.

"Happiness? Whose happiness?" she said sharply.

"Yours," he said deliberately. "I know what you're thinking, but there



"How do you do, sir. Name's Brewster. Internal Revenue Service."

• •

is a kind of happiness that is indestructible; it lives on no matter what comes after. At least, that was how it seemed to me listening to you talking last evening."

"But we were only talking for such a little while," she protested.

"No matter!" he said. "And anyway, last night was not the first time I'd seen you. I used to study down by the river long ago, on our side, and I used to see you and your husband walking together in the fields. You used to go with him to count the cattle, didn't you?"

"Yes, I always went with him," she said absently, because her mind was going back over the other evening.

"How I used to envy your companionship," he said. They had reached the riverbank and they had to walk slowly, because the ground was dented and uneven from where the cattle in wet weather had cut up the sod, which now was hard as rock. "Not that I have much experience," he went on, "but of the marriages I've seen at close quarters, not many were like yours. They weren't failures, either; I suppose they were happy enough in a way, only . . ." He hesitated. "Only it wouldn't be my way," he said flatly.

"And what," she said laughingly, "would be your way?"

"Well, that's just it," he said. "That's what I wanted to try to tell you in the letter. You see, I didn't have any clear idea of what I would want from marriage; I only knew what I wouldn't want—until last night, listening to you."

"I don't understand!" she cried nervously, but she did remember that at one moment on the previous night she had felt uneasy. Had he formed some impression of his own at that moment? If so, she would probably be powerless now to alter it. Distantly, she turned away and looked down into the river. "Supposing the impression I gave you was wrong," she said. "Supposing I falsified it." When he said nothing, she turned and looked at him and she saw he was bewildered. Filled with remorse, she put out her hand to him. "It wasn't false," she said quickly, "but that was one of the things I used to dread after his death—that the past would become altered in my mind, and that he would be made into something that he wasn't."

"Not by you, though?"

"No. By others, but it might have come to the same thing in the end. You cannot imagine how awful it was in those first months, having to listen to people talking about him, going on and on about him—mostly his family, of course, but my own people were nearly as bad, and friends and neighbors. Everybody. And all the time they were getting him more and more out of focus for me. He was—but you've heard your uncle talk about him, so you'll know what I'm going to say—he *was* nearly perfect, guileless. He knew only candor—the kind of person who'd make you doubt the doctrine of original sin! But to listen to his family you'd think he was a man of marble. They diminished him. Instead of adding to him, they diminished him. Can you understand that? I used to think, immediately, that that was the way they would speak of him whatever he'd been; the dead are always whitewashed. And he didn't need it. In the end, instead of listening to them, I used to sit trying to think of *something* about him that I didn't like!"

"Did you?"

"Well, we used to quarrel when we were first married, but in all fairness to him it was usually my fault. There was one thing, though—it always ended with his taking the blame. Not to be noble or anything like that, but just to stop arguing, which he hated; to get us back to being happy again. He used to say it didn't matter what happened, I'd always blame him for it anyway, so it might as well be first as last. Well, one evening a few weeks after his death, I was visiting his people and listening to the same old rigmarole about him, and I got into a kind of a panic. Soon I wouldn't be properly able to remember him at all; I thought I'd lose hold of what he was really like. I was so unhappy. And when I got up and went out to the car, it was a miserable evening outside. It was raining, for one thing, and the canvas roof of the car was leaking. I wouldn't have minded that, only just at the loneliest and darkest part of the road I got a puncture. Well! I got out and I stood there in the rain and it seemed the last straw. But suddenly, instead of pitying myself, I felt the most violent rage sweep over me. Toward him—Richard. If only I could have confronted him at that moment, there'd be no doubt of what I'd have said. 'Why did you die, anyway?' I'd have shouted. 'Why didn't you take better care of yourself and not leave me in this mess?' And then—"

But Fergus interrupted. "Don't tell me! I know what happened next," he said. "You had him back again—just as he always was—unchanged, amused at you."

"Yes. And I began to laugh, there in the rain."

There was silence for a few minutes. "Tell me," he said then, "what did you do about the puncture?"

"Oh, that!" She shrugged. "I forget. What with one thing or another, in those days I was nearly always in that sort of situation. Such things were the commonplaces of my existence. I suppose another car came along, or I called at some cottage, or perhaps I walked to the nearest village. I can't remember."

"Things must have been hard for you in the beginning," he said gently. "But you managed very well."

"Oh, I don't know," she said deprecatingly. "Some things were hard in the beginning, but other things only got hard long afterward. I'll tell you a strange thing, though, if you're interested. I don't think I fully realized until recently, but in my heart I *did* blame Richard all along—not for dying, but for being what he was, for leaving a void that no one less than him could fill."

They walked along a few more paces. "Is that why you didn't marry again?" he said. "It seems such a pity."

"For me?"

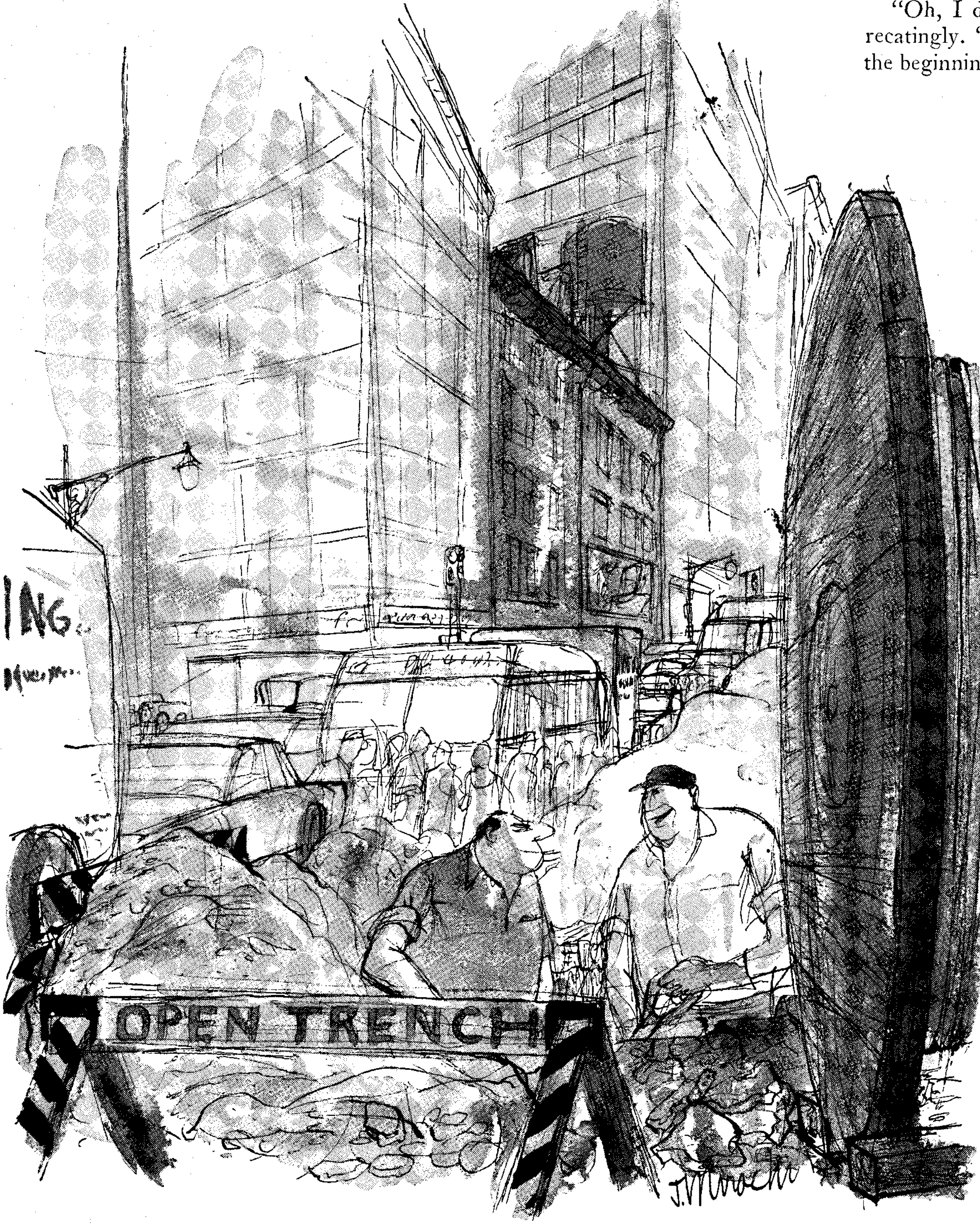
"Well, for you, too, of course, but I wasn't thinking of you. I was thinking of how much you seem to have to give." But as he spoke he seemed to lose confidence in what he was saying. "I suppose giving isn't enough, though," he finished uncertainly.

Sadly, she shook her head. "And yet it was a poor kind of faithfulness really, wasn't it?"

"It's the only kind there is, I think," he said. "Do you know something?" he added impetuously. "When I was walking home last night, I was thinking about your husband, and I envied him."

"A dead man!"

"It's not as absurd



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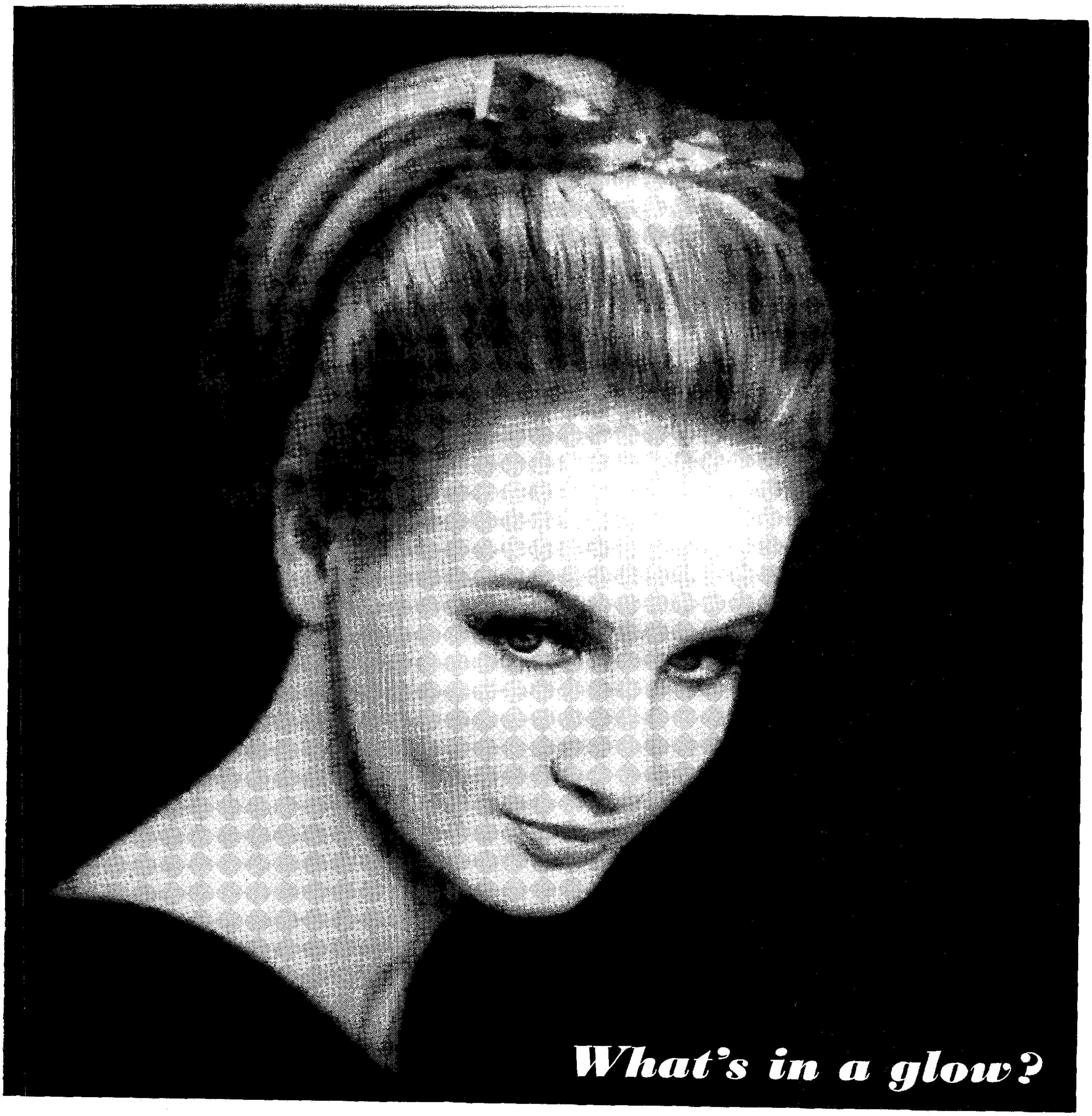
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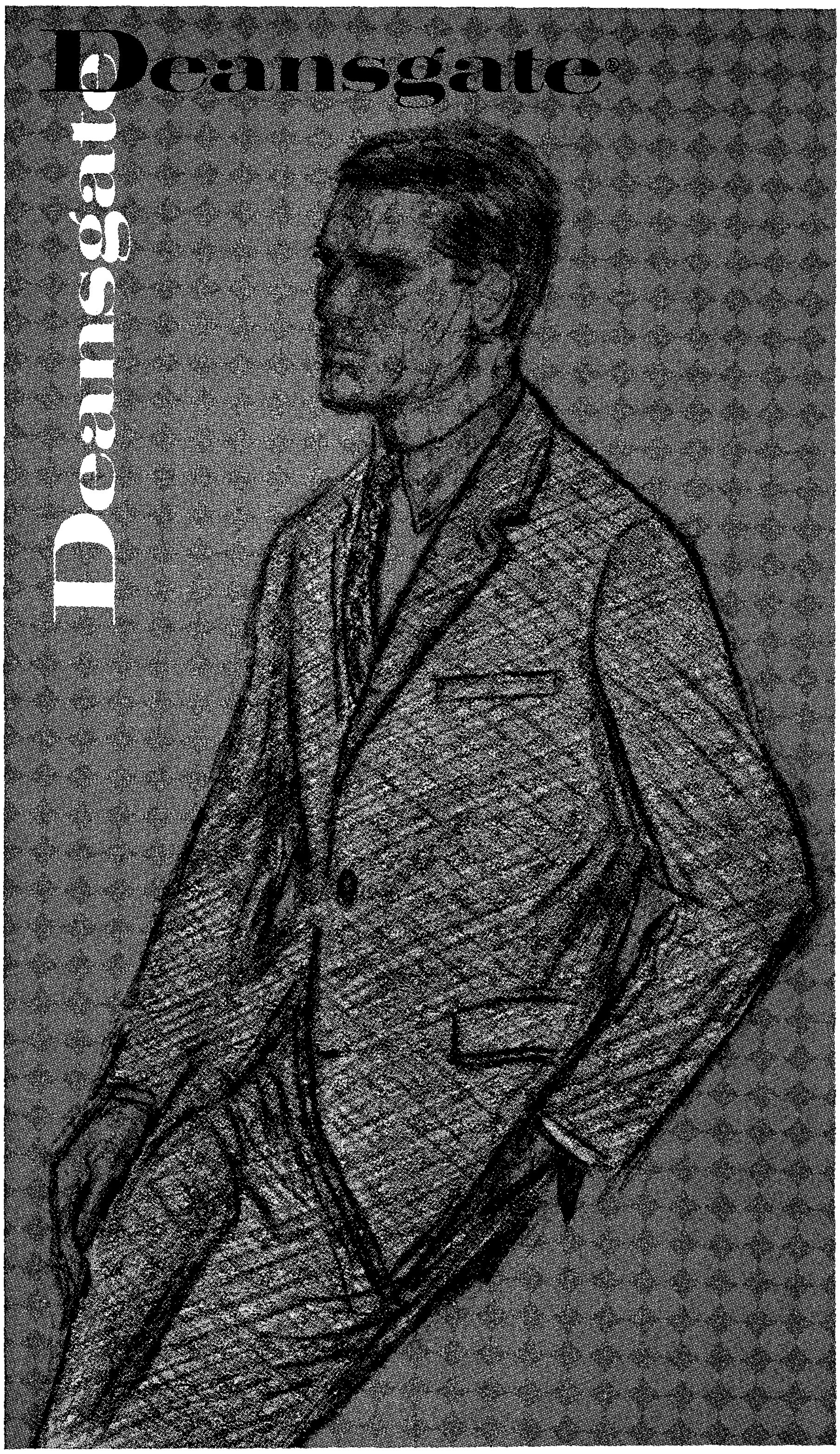

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as it may seem. I feel certain that I'll never have one quarter of the happiness he had."

"But you're so young!" she cried. "How can you tell what's ahead!"

He looked away. "It isn't a question of age—you know that. It's temperament perhaps, or maybe it's merely chance." He looked back at her. "It's not that I haven't a normal capacity for love, either. The truth is that I have to be crazily involved or not at all. And I've never seen that kind of thing last for long. That was why, knowing what companions you were, it meant so much to me, last night, to see that you'd never lost that other quality, either. Do you know when I knew?" he asked. He faltered before the cold look she gave, but he rushed on. "When you told me about staying out all night!"

"Except that I didn't say that," she said, and her voice, too, was deadly cold.

"I know!" he cried. "But you did stay out all night, didn't you? That was what you were going to say? It was when you didn't say it I knew for certain what it was like—that night. I didn't really think love could go on like that, unless"—he faltered again—"unless illicit love," he said simply.

Uncomfortable, she walked a little faster, so that she outdistanced him by a few steps.

"I was right, wasn't I?" he called softly.

"Yes," she said at last. What was the use, now, of denying those dead hours? She sighed and waited for him. "I suppose you'd like to be married," she said, surprising herself by her words.

He answered more lightheartedly than she expected. "To the right person," he said. "You'd have been just right for me!"

It was because he said it so lightly and because she was oppressed by what had gone before that she, too, spoke lightheartedly. "Oh, don't relegate me to the past like that!" she said. "Why not say I'm a premonition of someone to come."

But his face clouded. "I wouldn't say there'd be two of you in the one lifetime!" he said. There was a note in his voice that was new and harsh, and, frightened by it, she was about to suggest that they turn back, when, wheeling around, he himself suggested it. "We'd better go back," he said. "Anyway, the moon has gone behind a cloud."

"Has it?" Her eyes had been upon a small field of old meadow, along which they were passing. It was so neglected that the big white daisies in it met head

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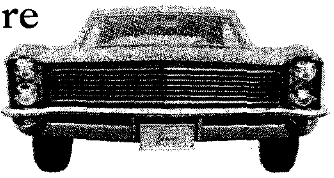

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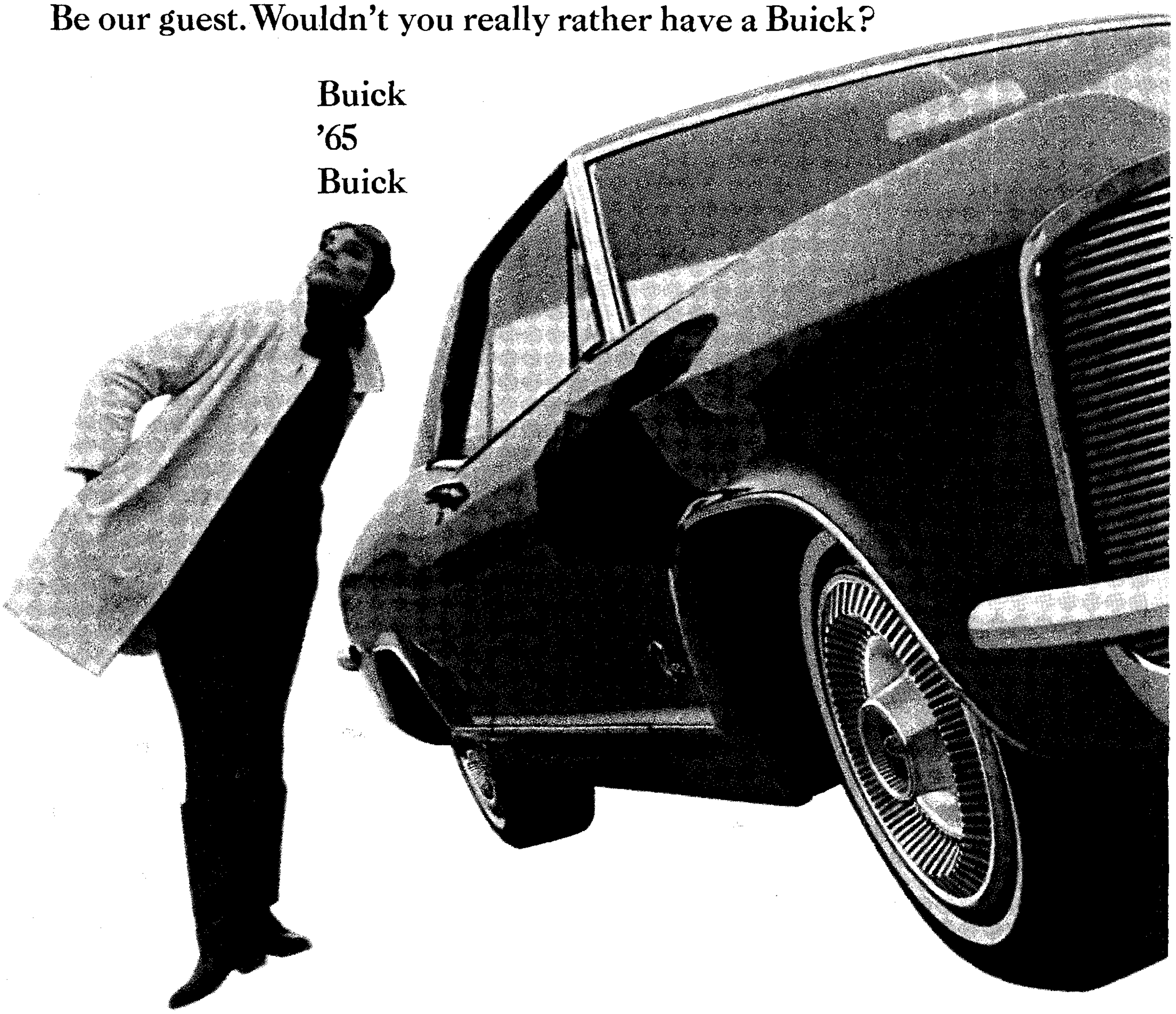

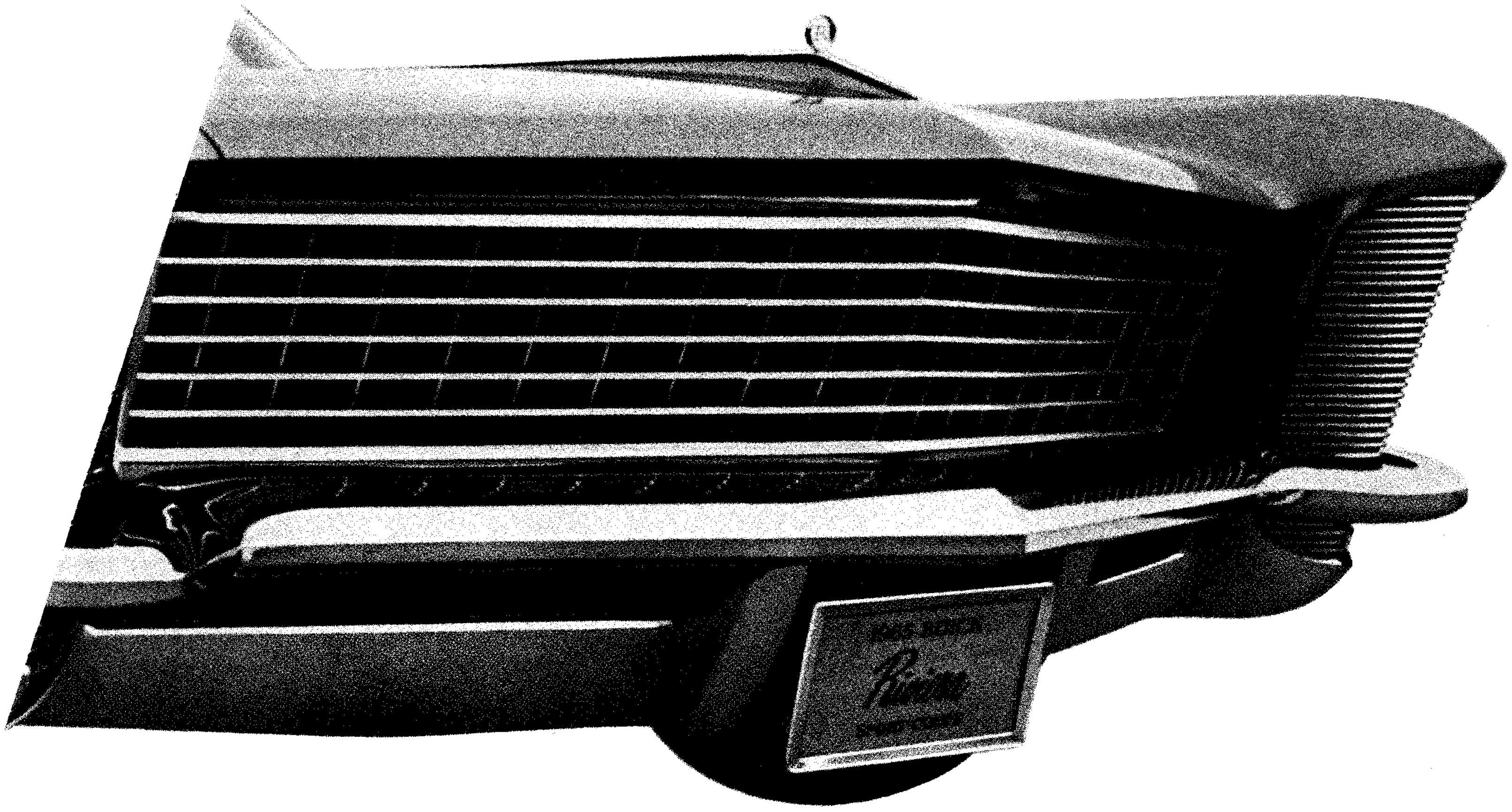

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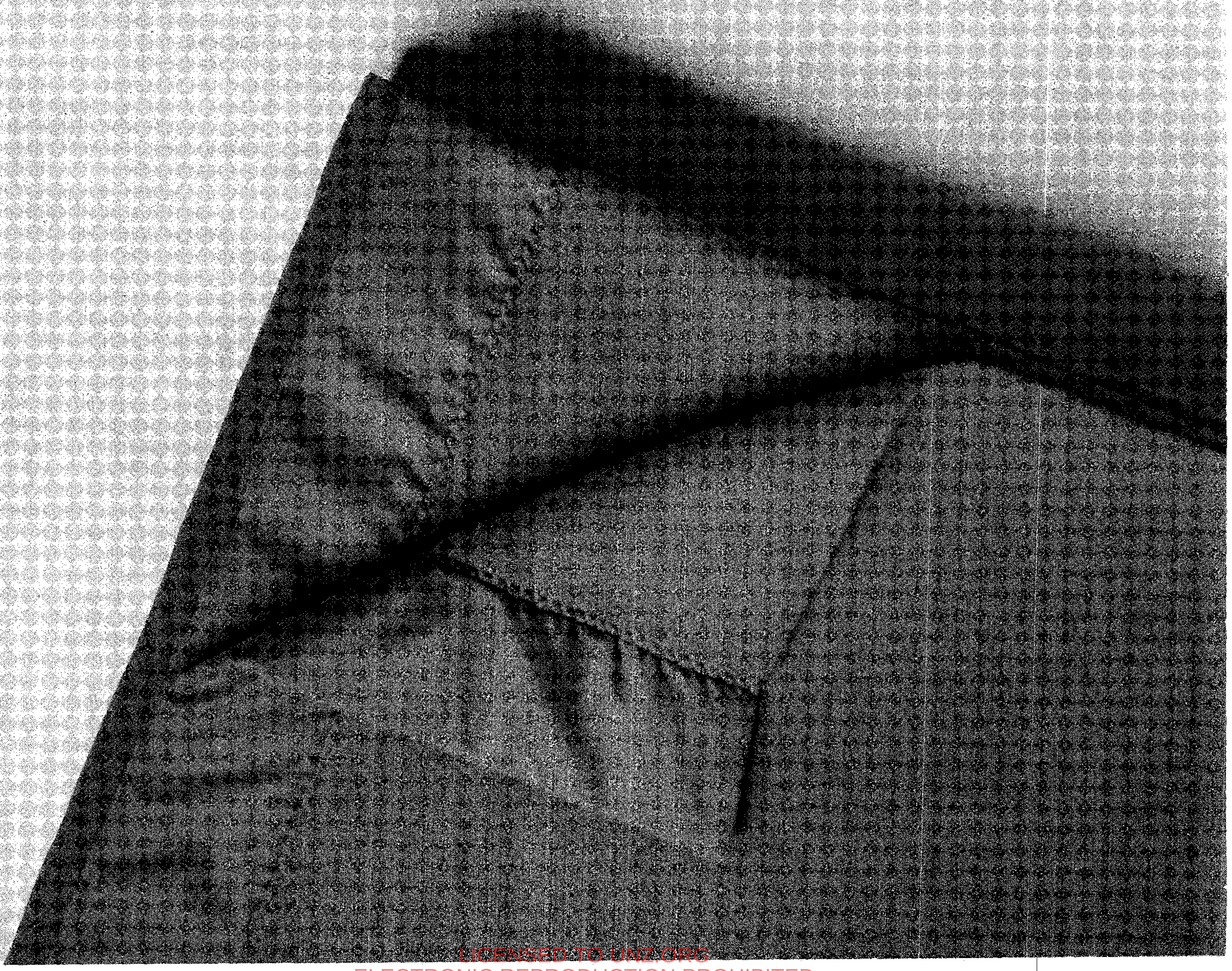


to head and gave it an unbroken sheen of white that in the dark was like the lustre of the moon.

"Oh, look at those daisies!" she cried, pointing to them. "The place is getting so neglected. I'll have to plow up that piece of ground and lay it down to new grass. There is so much that is neglected."

"Nonsense. I never noticed any neglect," he said so aggressively that, in order not to be annoyed, she had to tell herself that he was speaking, after all, in her defense.

"You haven't seen the place by day," she said quietly.

"I see it every day," he said. "There isn't a bit of it I can't see from the other bank of the river. I saw *you* outside this morning, didn't I?"

"Did you?" It confused her to think of being seen without knowing it—by anyone. She was glad that they were nearly back. They had been walking faster on the return than when they set out, and already they had reached the wooden paling in front of the house. "You'll come inside this time, I hope," she said, "and have some coffee?"

"We'd better see what time it is first," he said. "Tim was horrified at how late I stayed last night." Raising his arm, he was trying to see his watch. As if, she thought irrelevantly—as if with that upraised arm he was trying to ward off a blow.

"Wait! There's a light in the porch!" she cried. "It can be switched on from outside." But the switch was almost impossible to find among the tangled and overgrown creepers. "There's neglect for you!" she said as she plunged her arm deep into the leaves. "The roses are almost smothered," she said sadly.

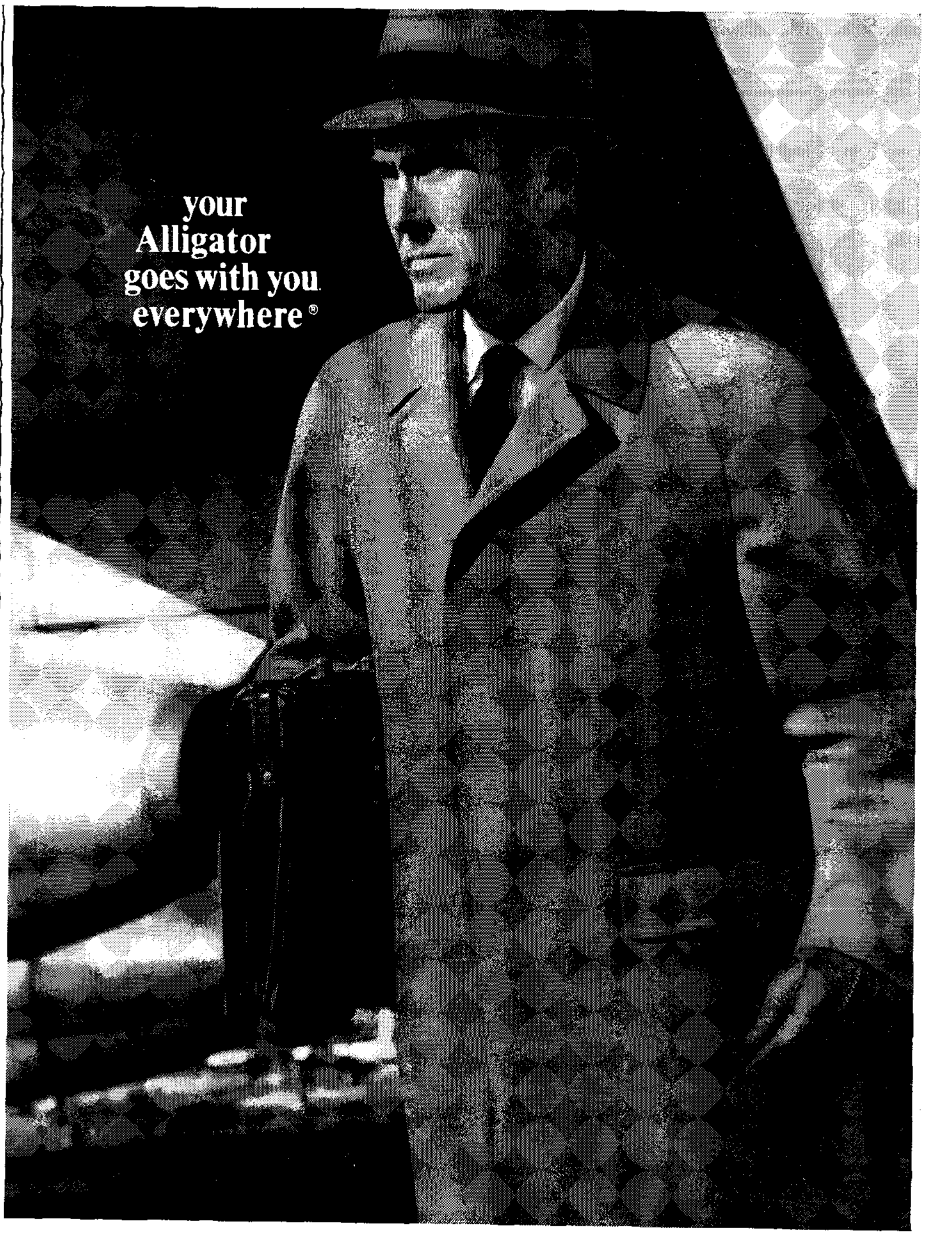
Yet when she found the switch and the light went on, the big white roses lolloped outward toward them. On long, neglected stems, blown and beautiful, they hung face down. Impulsively, he reached out and took one between the palms of his hands, tenderly, as if it were the body of a small bird.

"Would you like one?" she cried, and she tried to break a stem, but she had difficulty before the sappy fibres frayed and severed.

He took it from her, pleased. And then he gave an exclamation. "Oh, look at what's on it! A cuckoo spit."

"How disgusting. Throw it away," she said. "I'll get you another one."

But he put his hand protectively about it. "Why did you say that?" he asked. "I was only amazed that the cuckoo would come so close to the house—" He saw her face before he went any further. "I forgot," he cried, embar-



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rassed. "They *never* do, isn't that so?"

"Never!" She smiled. "They're never seen! At least I've never met anyone who saw one."

"That's right. I should have known," he said.

She saw at once that he was humiliated by his mistake, and she wanted desperately to make him feel better. "When I was a child," she said quickly, "I thought it wasn't a bird at all, but a sound, like an echo."

But he didn't smile and he looked down at the rose. On the stem, in the cleft between it and the axle of the leaf, there was a white blob, as if of spittle. "What is it, anyway?" he asked. "I've often seen it before."

"Give it to me," she said quietly, stretching out her hand. With the tip of her finger, she flicked the blob of white stuff onto the back of her other hand. "Look," she said, as the frothy secretion began to thin away, the beads of moisture winking out, one by one, until, slowly and weakly on its unformed legs, a pale sickly-yellow aphis crawled out across her skin. "That's what it is!" she said, but at the feel of it on her she shuddered, and shook it violently from her.

"You shouldn't have touched it." Throwing down the rose, he pulled out a handkerchief and took her hand, and began carefully to wipe it all over. "It always seemed so beautiful," he said regretfully, "a sign of summer."

"Ah, well, it *is* a sign of summer," she said, but her mind was not really on what she was saying, because although he'd wiped away all trace of the spit from her hand, he still held it carelessly in his own. Unused for so long to the feel of another's flesh, she was affected almost as strongly as by the feel of the plant louse. Shuddering again, she drew her hand away.

"You're cold?" he said.

Cold? Was it possible you could be so near to another and so unaware of what went on within them? "You must be cold, too," she said. "Come in and we'll have a hot drink."

"We stayed out too long," he said, bending down and picking up his rose. "Next time we must manage better."

There was evidently no question of his not calling again.

"I hope you enjoyed the walk," he said easily, and then, as he was about to turn away, he looked directly at her. "Good night, Vera." He strode off down the drive.

She looked after him. Why did she enjoy it so intensely? *That* was the question.

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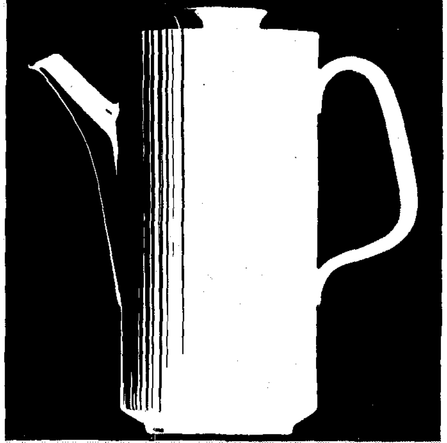

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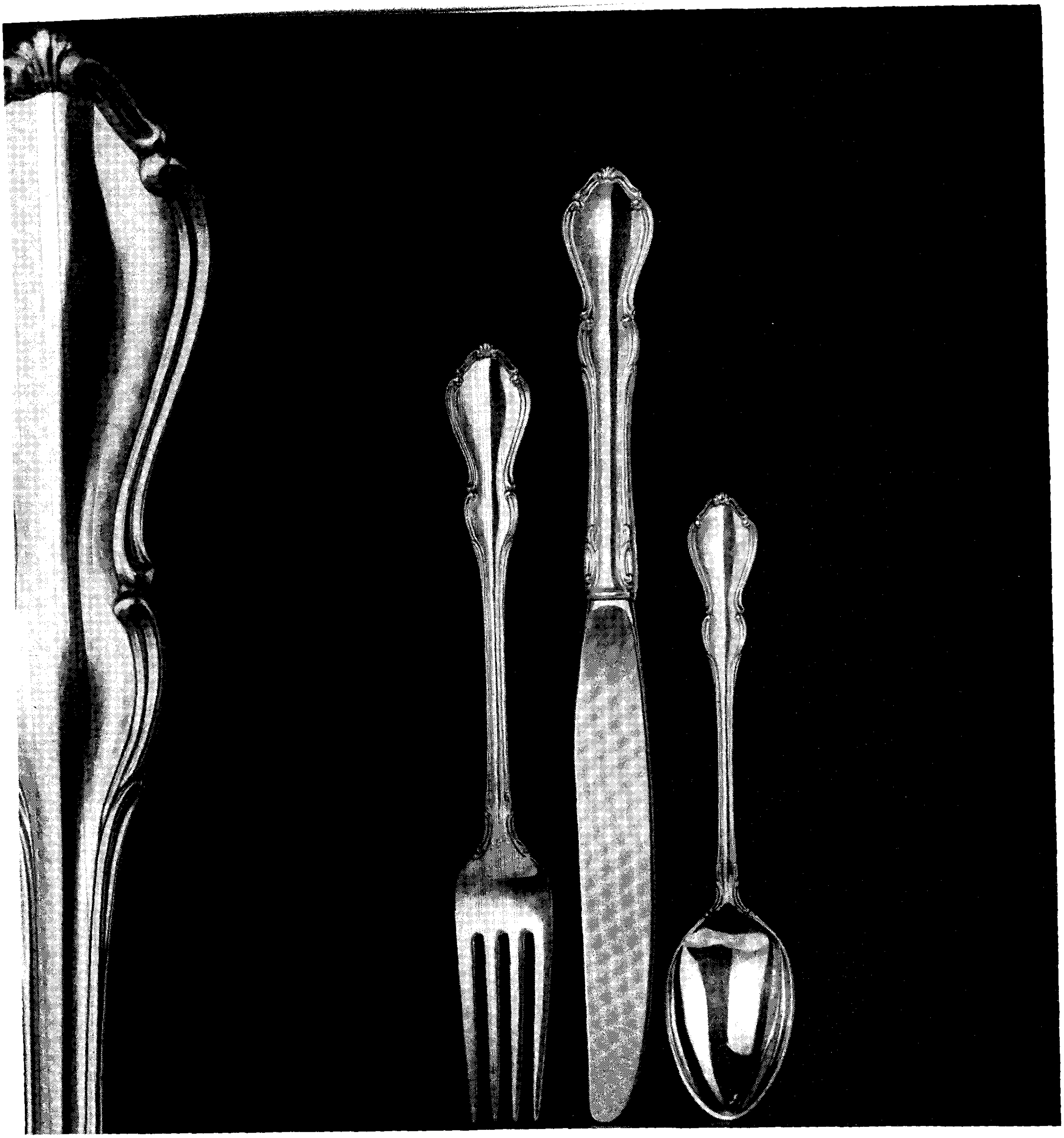

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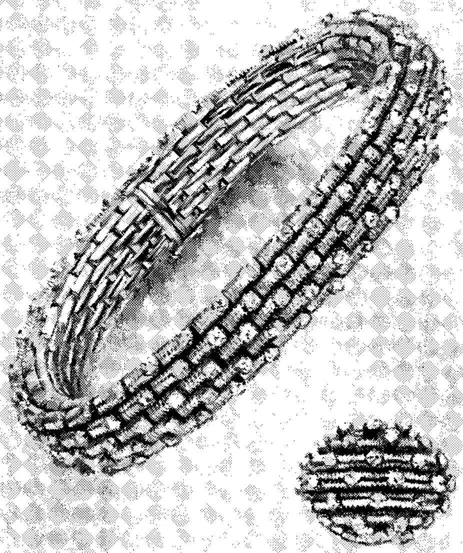

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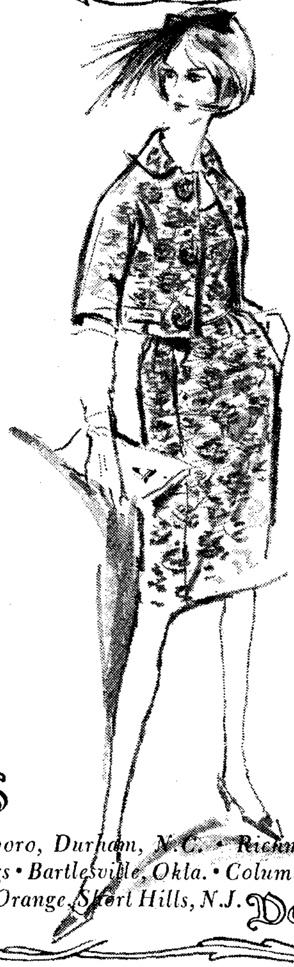

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absently to what had to be done before going upstairs for the night. Then, upstairs at last, she again went to the window and looked out. The moon, free of clouds once more, cast its lustre over everything. And, standing there, looking out, she remembered the times as a girl, before she was married, when she stood at an open window on a night like this, her heart torn by a longing to share the feelings that welled up in her. Yet later, when she had Richard, there was not a single night that she had gone to the window for as much as a glance at what was outside. Always, no matter what the day or the night, there was him blocking out all else. And this view before her now—she'd only really seen it after his death. Then, then its insistent beauty began again to torment her. But wait—not with the same kind of longing! And then she thought of something Fergus had said. He was wrong; a time came when giving *was* enough. She stared out over moonlit fields and the high cobbled sky. And she knew what she wanted. She wanted to reach out and gather it all up and shove it into his arms. To give it and be done with it, she thought. And afterward not ever to have to look out at it again.

NEXT morning, she wakened late. Downstairs there was a loud knocking on the door. It was a gray day with a mist over the river, and in the fields cattle loomed dark, as if they swam in the waters of a fabulous sea. The knocking came again, more urgently, and she sprang out of bed and went to the window. Below, back from the door, she saw him just under her window, looking up. "Oh, just a minute. I'll come right down!" she cried, pulling back instinctively.

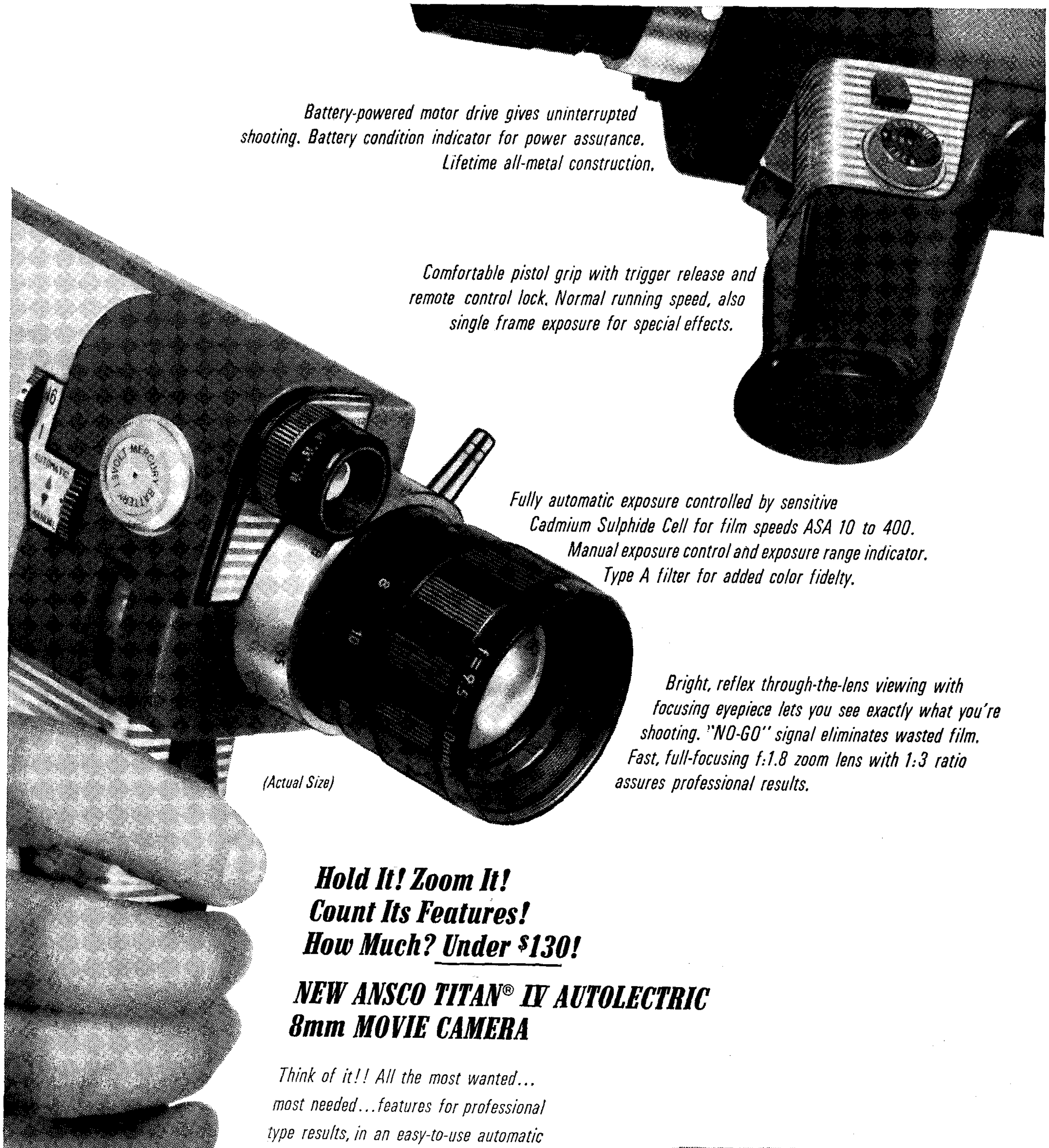
"Don't come down!" he called up. "I can't wait. I haven't a minute."

"You have to go back?" In spite of the cold glare of day, she leaned out.

"The papers came!" he said. "When I went back to Tim's place last night, there was a message saying they'd arrived. I have to get back. To get them finished in time, I have to start on them at once." Suddenly he turned his head as if to listen. "Is that the bus?" he cried, dismayed. "I shouldn't have come. I'll miss it. But I wanted to tell you I was going in case you'd be looking out for me tonight."

That he had any notion of coming that night—the third night in a row—took her by surprise. That he could have thought she might have been expecting him left her speechless.

"I'll have to go!" he cried, but he put up his hand. "It's not the bus!" he



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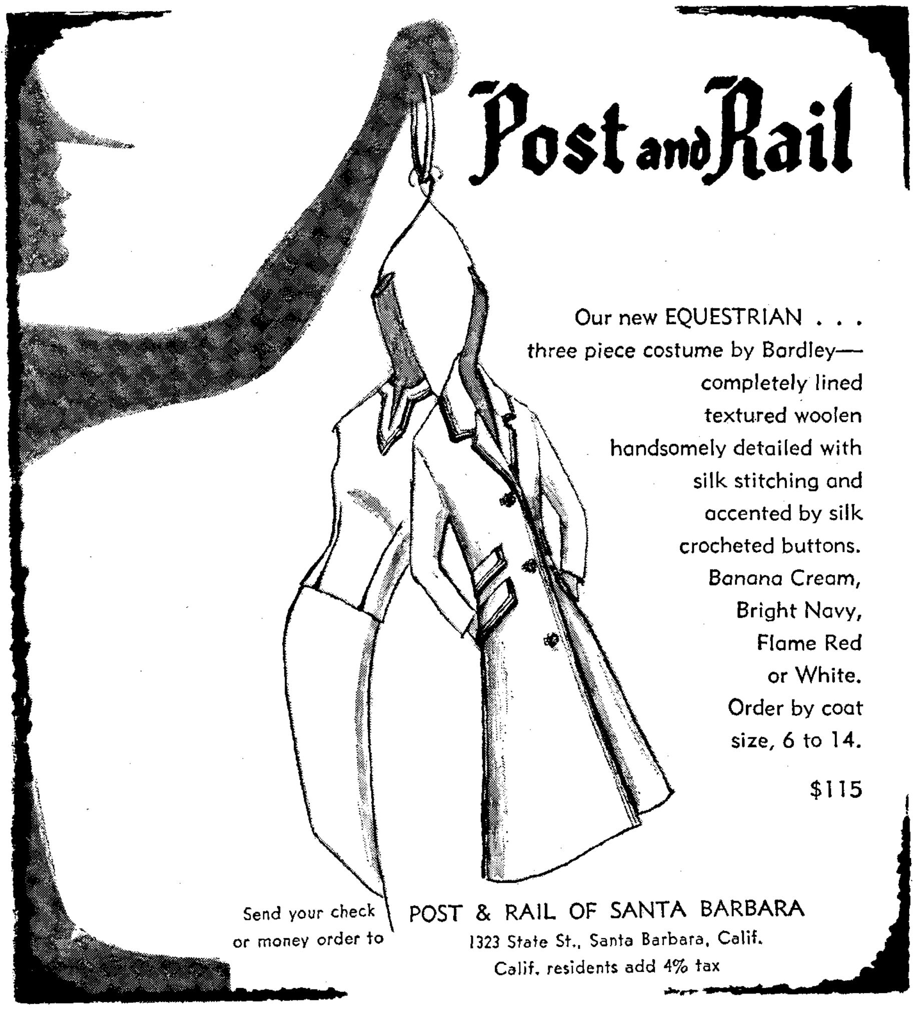

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said, and he relaxed. "I didn't think they'd come for a few days more—the papers. The exam was only last week. But the sooner they come, the sooner I'll get paid!"

Depressed already by the day and by its cold light upon her unprepared face, and, of course, by his going, this glimpse of his unknown life was too much to endure. There was something so altogether offhand about this their last conversation that when in the distance she did hear the bus, she was not sorry. "Listen!" she said. "This is it—the bus."

"It can't be." He listened intently. It was. At once all his offhandedness left him. "What I really wanted to ask is if you ever come up to Dublin." The sound of the bus was louder and nearer. "If you ever do come, and if you could spare the time, I needn't tell you I'd love to meet you. Perhaps you'd let me give you a cup of tea somewhere. . . ." His words tailed off, as he looked over his shoulder distractedly.

As for her, there was no time to dissimulate her pleasure. "I often go!" she cried. "And I'd be pleased to meet you." But just then she thought of a way in which she could trim the truth a little. "I was only thinking last night, after you'd gone, that I ought perhaps to give you the names of a few people in Dublin—friends of my husband's on whom you might call. . . ." She faltered there. "People with some political influence, I mean," she said. "If you are serious . . ."

"I am!" he cried. "Write out a list and bring it up to me. That's great." Satisfied that she was coming, he hardly saw the necessity of fixing a day, and was turning away when he realized. "When?" he cried.

"And where?" she cried, leaning out across the sill.

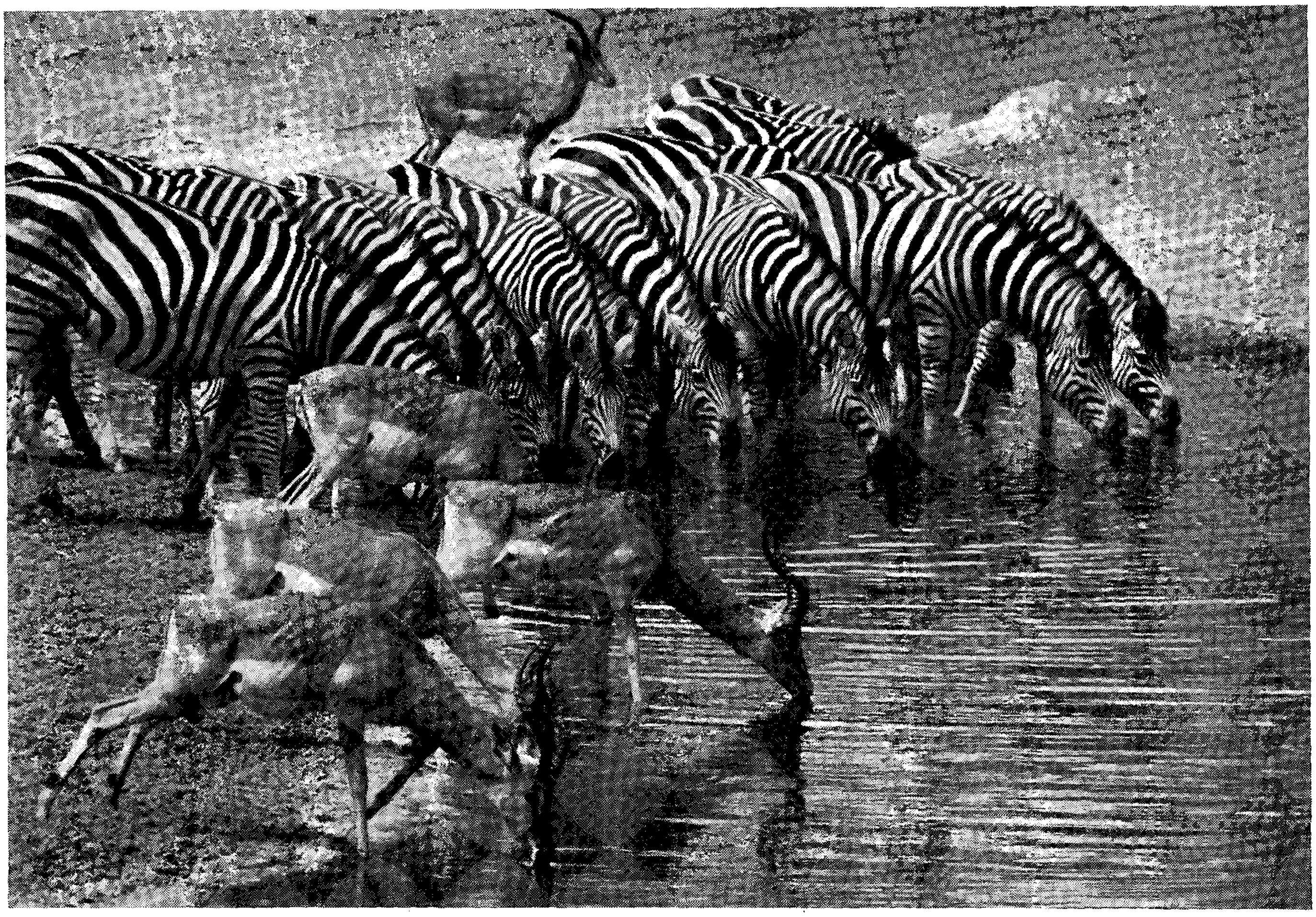
"How about Tuesday next? Or is that too soon?"

There was no time to think. "Tuesday!" she agreed.

"Where?" he cried. "How about meeting in Stephen's Green? We can decide afterward where to go." It was settled. Or was it? "What will happen if it isn't a fine day?" he cried.

"Oh, it will be fine!" she cried recklessly. "You'll see!"

IT rained, after all, on Tuesday. At first, she wasn't going to go to Dublin at all, but she was too unsettled to stay at home. She'd go up for a few hours anyway, she decided. And then, shortly before four o'clock, unexpectedly the rain cleared. As she parked her car on the side of the Green, she could



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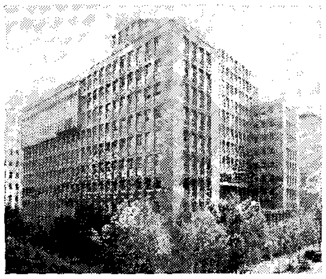

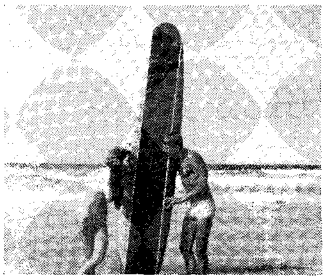

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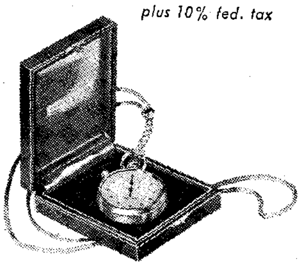

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see through the railings that the park was almost deserted. Uncertainly, she went in through a side gate. She felt better when she saw the paths were already drying out and from the wet branches overhead small birds, plump and round, were everywhere dropping to the ground like apples. On the grass, starlings and sparrows ran about like children, as if for once the earth was sweeter than the sky. Would he come? Would he think it too wet? Dispirited, she walked along the vacant paths till she came to the shallow lake in the center. And there, by the lakeside, standing under a tree, she saw him.

It was, she thought, the suddenness of seeing him that made her heart leap; only that. The next moment, a line from an old mortuary card came involuntarily to her mind. The card had been given to her by an old nun at the time of Richard's death, and her pallid belief in a life beyond the grave had been quenched entirely by its facile promise: "Oh, the joy to see you come." But now the words rushed back to her, ready and apt. I shouldn't have come, she thought with terror. It was too late, though. He had seen her.

"You came?" he cried.

"Didn't you know I would?"

"It was raining!"

"It stopped, though." They began to walk along the side of the shallow cemented lake. "You must have known I'd come when you yourself came," she said.

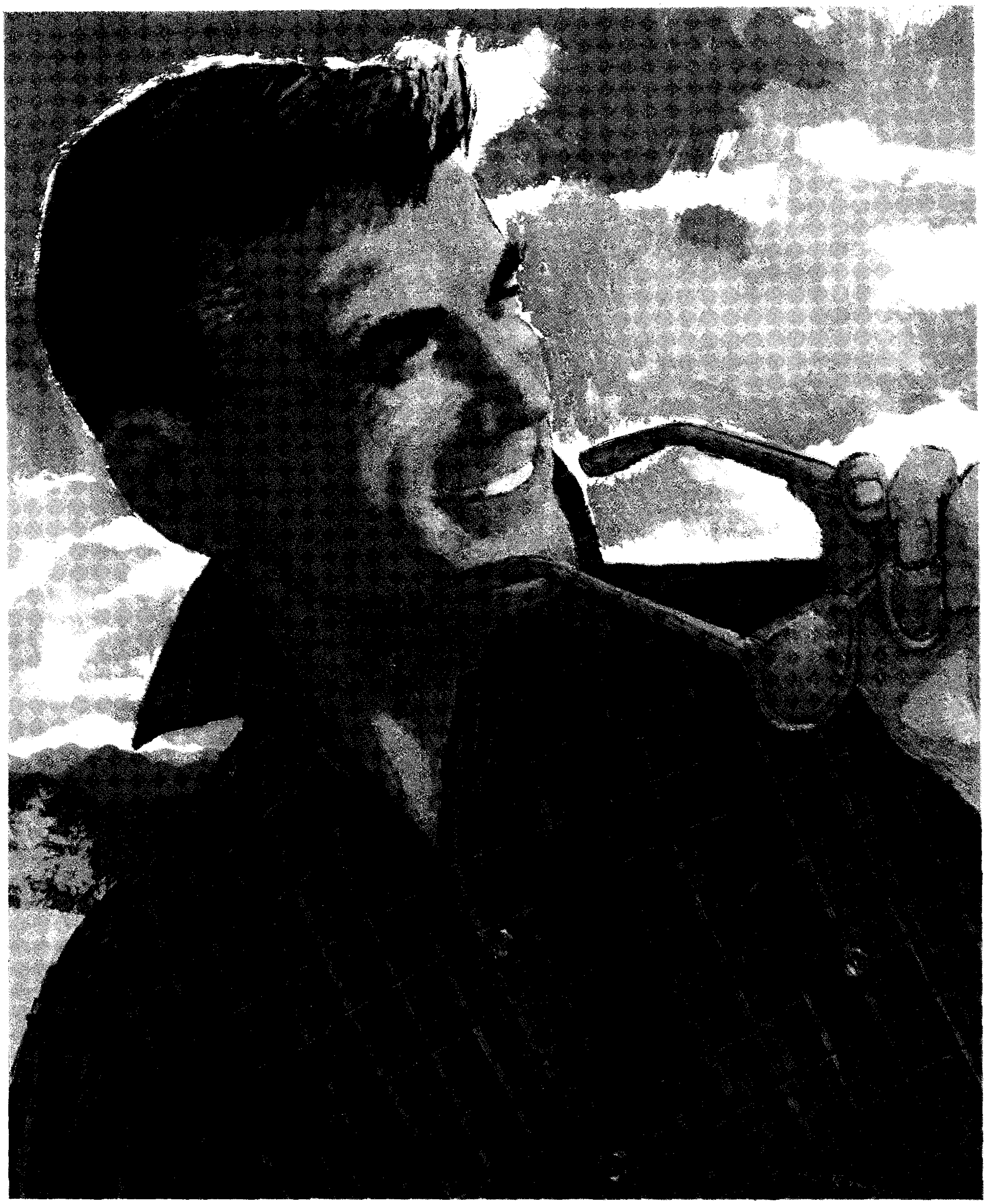
"I only hoped! Can we ever be sure of anything?"

"Of some things, surely," she said, to gain time and think what she should do. There must be no more of these meetings. That was certain. But surely she could at least enjoy this afternoon? What harm could there be in it, except for her? And then only if she gave way to barren longings that might set the past at naught. She gave a sidelong look at him. He seemed so happy. What did it matter what she felt, as long as no one knew. As long as *he* didn't know! And he was concerned with the trivia of their conversation.

"I suppose you mean friendship?" he said. "But can there be friendship between a man and a woman?"

It was such a *young* question, it endeared him still more to her. She and Richard used to talk like that long ago. "I don't know," she said, "but I remember reading somewhere that there are only two valid relationships—blood and passion."

He was staring down at the cinder path under their feet as they paced along. "It's an interesting thought, isn't



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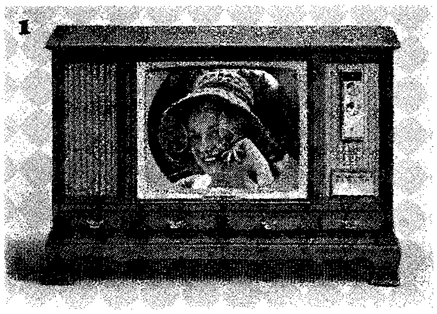

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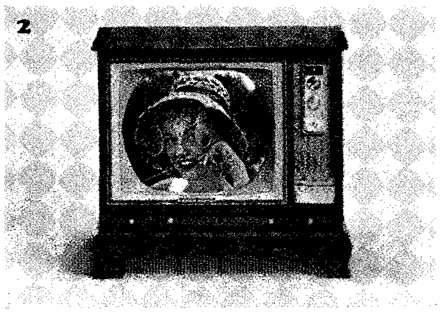

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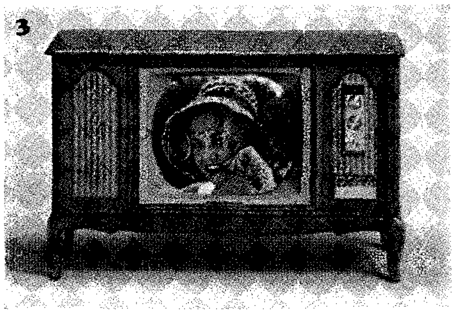

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(see opposite page →)

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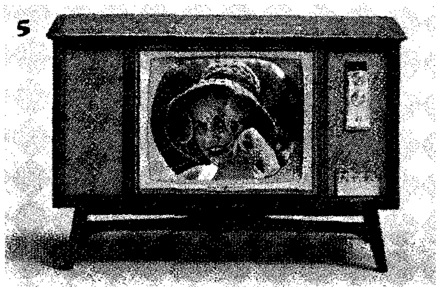

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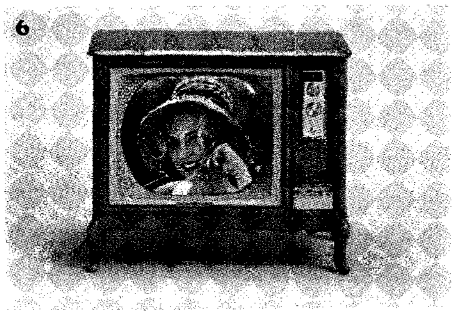

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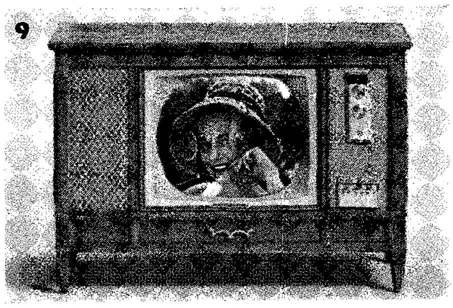

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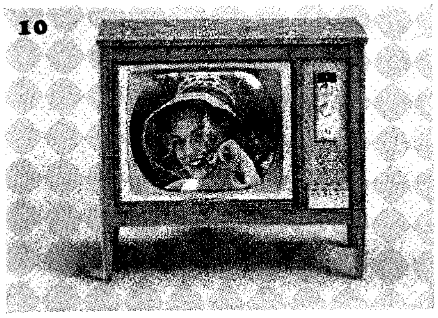

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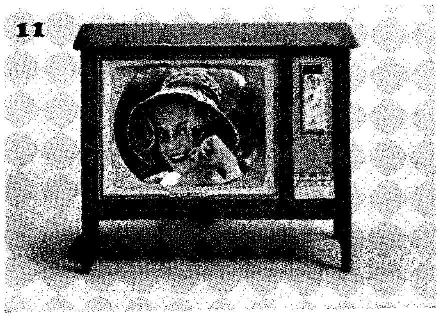

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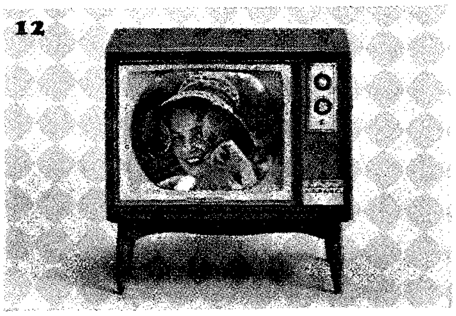

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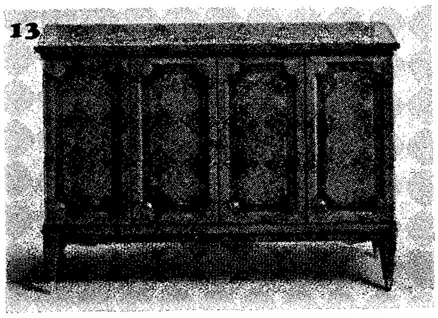

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15

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(see details on next page →)

GENERAL ELECTRIC

it?" he said. Then he looked up at her. "What about us, though?"

Disconcerted, she gave a shrug. "Oh, we don't come into any category at all," she said, "except . . . Wait a minute. I have something for you—I'd forgotten. It justifies our association." Opening her handbag, she took out the piece of paper on which she had written a list of names. "Here are the people on whom I thought you should call."

"Oh, thanks," he said, but he took it from her absently, and without looking at it he shoved it carelessly into the outer pocket of his jacket.

"Hadn't you better put it in your wallet? I went to a lot of trouble looking up some of the addresses. And, by the way, I put a mark beside the names of a few people to whom I thought I ought to introduce you personally."

"You mean go with me?" He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the paper again, smoothing it and looking at it this time with interest. "That's different," he said enthusiastically, but to her dismay the next minute he rolled it into a ball and tossed it into a wire basket fastened to a tree. "That means you'll have to come up to town again. For the whole day next time." He smiled happily. "Let's go up this way," he said, pointing to a narrow path that ran over a humped bridge, low and covered with ivy. It was little more than a decoration, for under it the water was utterly still. "Go on with what you were saying," he said. They had stopped and were looking over the parapet.

"Look, the water isn't flowing at all," she said. It was dusty and stippled with pollen from an overhanging lime.

But he didn't look. "What do you mean by saying we don't come into any category?" he asked. "Is that an obscure reference to my age?"

"No. To mine," she said, and when he laughed she thought she had distracted him.

She hadn't. "I knew that was what you meant," he said. And with a stony expression he looked down into the water. "Vera," he said quietly, "listen to me. Never once since the first night I met you have I ever felt you were a day older than me."

"That's nothing," she said sadly. "I never felt you were a day younger than me! But facts are facts." She straightened up and spoke flatly. "I always seem to be more attracted to people younger than me than to my own contemporaries—at least since Richard died. I was beginning to think that my heart was like a clock that had stopped at the age he was when he died, and that it was him I was looking for, over

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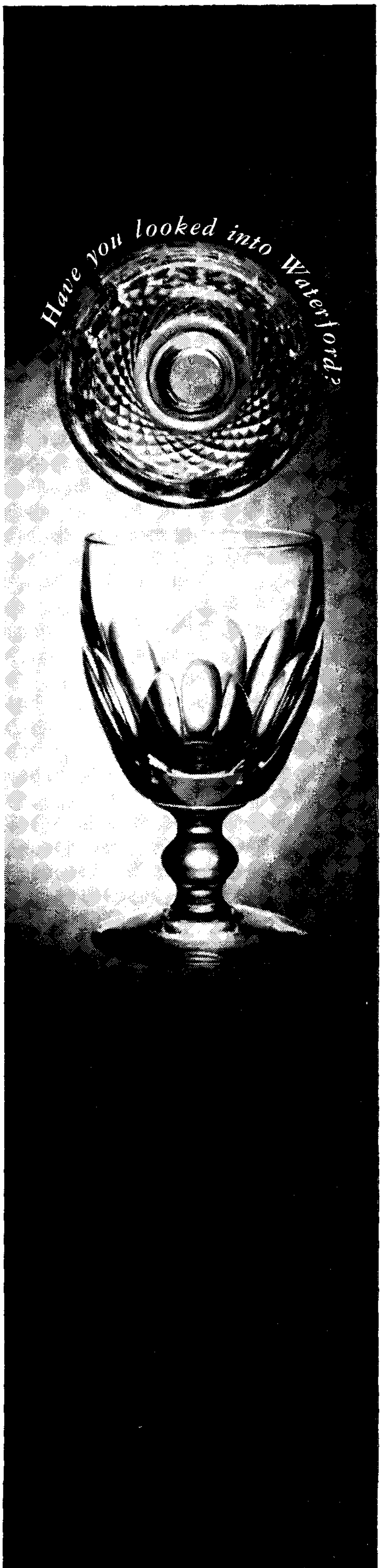

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again, wherever I went—whenever I went into a strange place, or met new people."

"And wasn't it?"

"I don't think so. I think it was myself I was trying to find—the person I was before I married him. When he died, I knew I had to get back to being that other person again, just as he, when he was dying, had to get back to being the kind of person he was before he met me. Standing beside him in those last few minutes, I felt he was trying to drag himself free of me. Can you understand that? Does it make any sense to you?"

"I think so," he said gravely. "And it would explain what I said—that from the first you seemed so young to me. It was because you were making a new beginning. I felt it at once, although I knew you must be older than me—in years, I mean."

"Not years. Decades," she said.

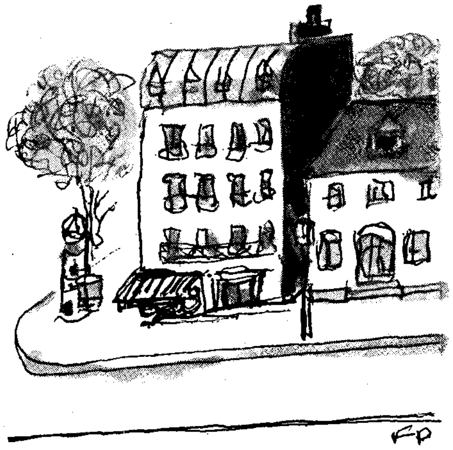
"Oh, Vera!" he said, exasperated. "Don't exaggerate."

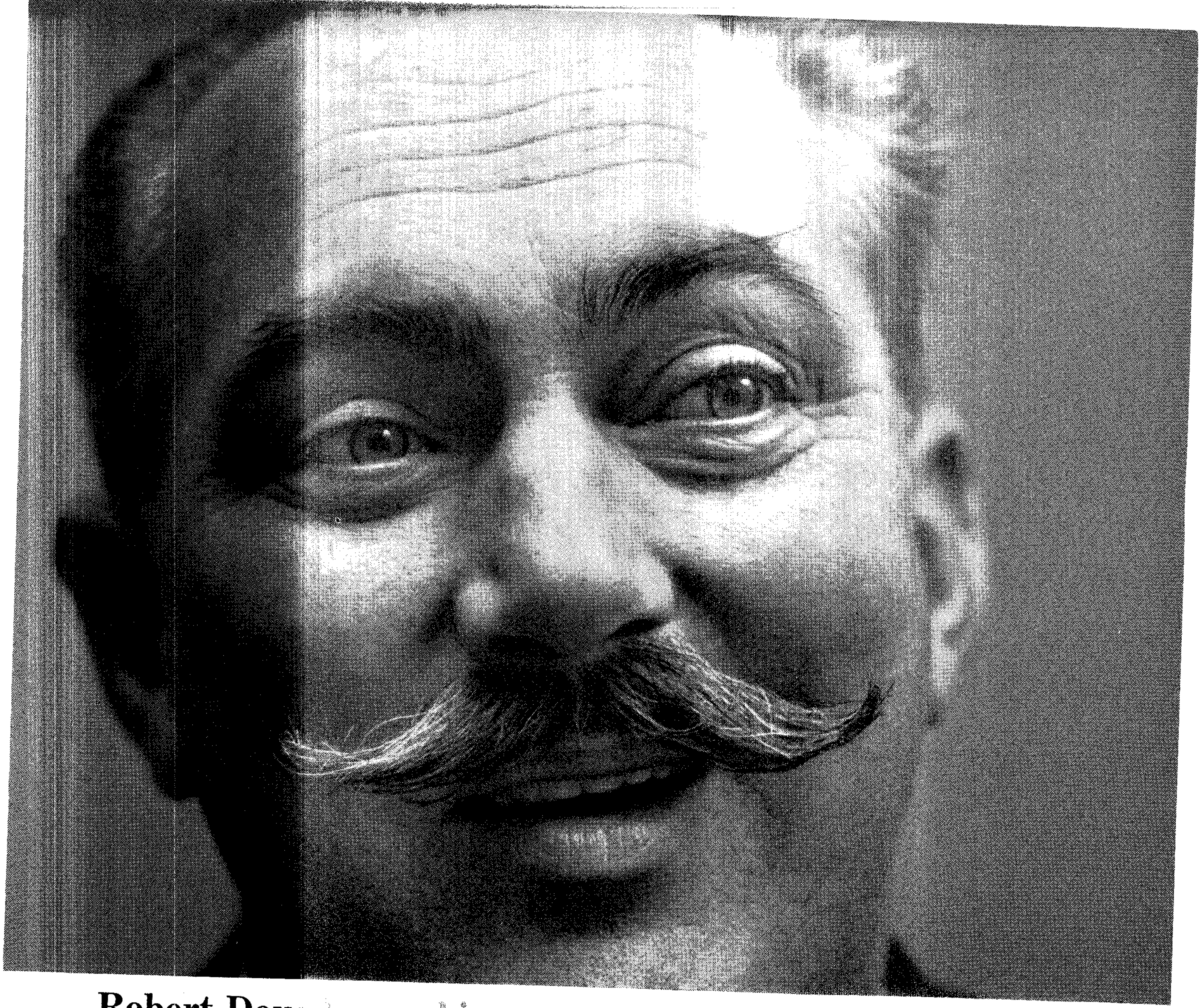
But she wasn't going to concede anything. "It might as well be centuries," she said bitterly.

He turned and faced her. "No," he said gravely. "Two people reaching out improbably toward each other; not impossibly." Impulsively, he took her hand. "Vera, what are we going to do?"

The first thing to do, she knew, was snatch back her hand, but someone was passing, and she could not let them be seen struggling. Instead, she looked down at her hand in his. This is the closest we'll ever be to each other, she thought. Then, the person past, she pulled her hand free.

"This is crazy!" she cried. "What are we saying? I thought it was bad enough that I—" Realizing what she was admitting, she turned away abruptly. "It's just crazy, that's all. I shouldn't have come!" she said childishly. "I knew that the minute I saw you. I was going to turn and run back to the car,





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only you looked up and saw me and it was too late."

"Yes, it was too late," he said. "It was too late the first night of all."

"Oh, no!" she cried. "Not from the beginning!" It was essential she be able to blame herself, to claim complicity in letting it go on—for the course it took, for the walks, the late hours, the intimacy of their conversation. Otherwise, there would be an inevitability implied, and that she could not face. There would be helplessness as well as hopelessness. The tears rushed into her eyes.

"Vera!" he cried in distress. "Don't be upset. This may be unlooked for, but you must know it's not unprecedented?"

"I know nothing!" She dried her eyes. "I've heard things, of course," she said. "I've read things! Elderly housemaids jumping out of closets at little boys!"

"Vera!" He raised his hand and she thought he was going to hit her. "Shut up. Do you hear me!" he cried. "Shut up. The question is what are we going to do?"

"We must put an end to it, that's all!"

"An end? At the beginning? You can't mean that?"

"What else can we do?"

"I don't know, not at this moment," he said, "but surely to God, whatever we've found in each other—something we both know is rare—surely that's not to be thrown away." He paused. "Before we've got anything out of it," he said, almost pettishly.

"What is there to be got out of it, only pain and heartache?"

"For which of us?" There was a pathetic eagerness in his voice.

But she shook her head. "Does that matter?"

"I suppose not," he agreed miserably, and yet instead of resignation he had a stubborn look, and he caught at her hand again. "Isn't pain the price of most things?" he cried. "You're too ready to give up, Vera. I meant what I said a while ago—there are precedents for this. We aren't the first people in the world to be in this particular plight. I've heard of this kind of thing, and read about it. It always seemed—"

She interrupted him. "What it was—unnatural!"

"Oh, Vera," he said wearily. "Why are you so bitter? I was only trying to say that it was something altogether outside my experience."

"And mine!"

"All right," he said, "but isn't everything outside our experience until it comes into it? Wait a minute. There was a friend of my own—I don't know

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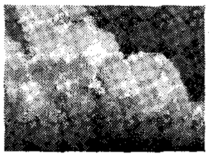
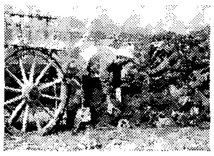
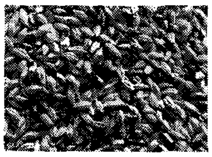
To be certain, Peter Mackenzie had a flock of canny ideas on how a great whisky should go about being made. His theories centered on the four auld elements whisky springs from: "water, air, peat and barley." The queer quirk being the water from the Highland burn had to be a wee bit "soft". The air where the whisky would be aging had to be heady with the whiff of heather. The peat had to reek with the pure essence of a grand smoky quality when fired. And the barley grains took hand picking for just the right ripe flavour.

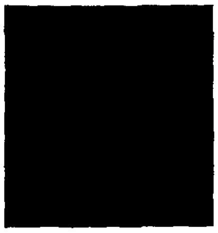
1. Water


2. Air

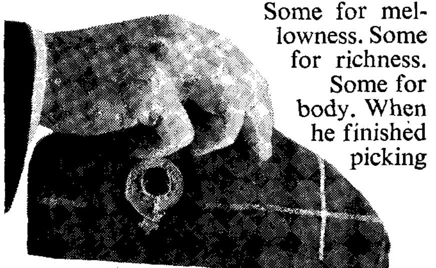

3. Peat


4. Barley

Might you be knowing Peter was stubborn as a ram goat when putting all these elements to'gither. He believed that the "wetted" grains (grains mixed with water and allowed to sit a time) must be moved over the smoking peat fires at *exactly* the precise moment they were reaching their flavour peak. And it's said Peter was not against rousing the whole ruddy crew in the dead sleep of the night if his instincts told him the grain was then running high with flavour.


Night

As for the final blending process, Peter was a regular wizard. He fritted and fretted with gathering and mixing a pack of the very finest of Highland whiskies. Some he picked for smoothness. Some for flavour. Some for mellowness. Some for richness. Some for body. When he finished picking and conjuring, Peter had put together a scotch the likes o' which hasn't been equaled then or now. Knowing Scotsmen called it the perfect blend and claimed it for their very own.



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Scotch Whisky

Now we wouldn't dare tamper with perfection and still steadfastly cling to Peter's original formula making the MACKENZIE taste as lovely as it did those 138 years ago. (Legend has it Old Peter's ghost still guides the blenders' hands in the final steps even today.) We're believing once you relish the exquisite flavour (try it neat first off to capture the distinctive smoothness) you'll hardly be blaming those shrewd Scots for keeping The Real MACKENZIE for their own.

Aye, but time marches on! Now t'is your own turn to be enjoying the real thing. The Real MACKENZIE. May you enjoy it in bonnie health for as many years as it has been kept secret from you.

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how I forgot that—a close friend, too, in my first year in college! He was in love with a woman years older than him—fourteen years, I think! They did their best to break away from each other, but in the end they got married and—"

She pulled away from him roughly. "Married!" she repeated hysterically. "And anyway," she cried callously, "what is fourteen years!"

He was arrested by that. "What age are you anyway, Vera?"

"What age are you?" she demanded, but she didn't really want to know. "Don't tell me," she cried, taking her hand away. She knew it was worse than she'd thought. "It doesn't matter," she said hopelessly. "Let's leave things as they are, and not show them up to be altogether farcical."

He said nothing, but she saw him wince. He reached out idly and picked an ivy leaf from the parapet and dropped it into the pond below, where it lay flat on the stagnant water.

It seemed a chance for her to say what had to be said. "We must stop seeing each other. At least by design," she added, having caught sight of his face.

"I see," he said. He stood up. "And you dismissed friendship, as far as I remember, didn't you?" he said.

She shrugged. "This isn't friendship!" She glanced at the sky. "It's going to rain again," she said dully.

As she spoke, a drop of rain fell singly and heavily onto the sleeve of her blouse, and as the stroke of the hammer brings the spark to iron, the heavy drop brought her flesh to the linen. She looked down, and then she saw that he was staring, too. Without a word said, the air began to throb, and it was with love—no less. Her eyes filled with tears. "It may be rare—love, I mean," she said, turning aside, unable to look at him anymore, "but where it is, everything is so easy. Friendship is so exacting. Perhaps that's why they can never exist together at the same time. And why they never"—she turned back and looked into his face—"can be substituted for each other. Let me tell you something," she said quickly and urgently, although as she said them the words seemed to echo in her mind and she remembered the disastrous effect of the other incident she'd told him on the first night of all. But she went on. "It was one evening last summer, and I was staying with some friends in Howth. After dinner, we went out on the cliff, and I asked something I'd always wanted to know—why the lights across the bay were always twinkling. I know

THE BRITISH TRAVEL ASSOCIATION

How to style your own Scottish Tweeds

Take a plane to Prestwick, Scotland. In Prestwick you can hire a car and drive down to the Scottish Border Country in about 2½ hours. There are several mills in the Borders that make outstanding tweed. One of these is Ballantyne of Peebles.

The Ballantynes have been weaving cloth since 1650. The present chairman, Henry Ballantyne, is the eleventh generation of his family engaged in the manufacture of tweeds.

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If you would like an example, look at a Norman Hilton jacket or suit made of Ballantyne tweed. Norman Hilton goes through this process two or three times a year with the people at Ballantyne.

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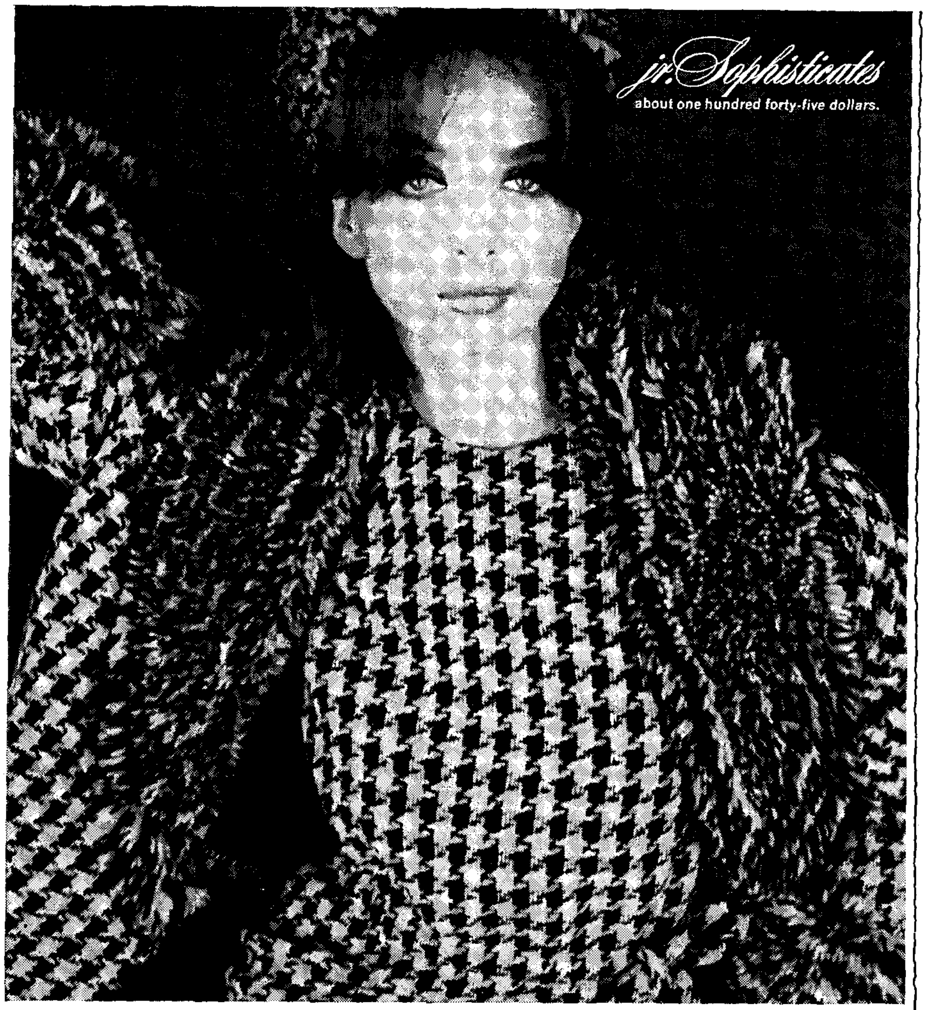
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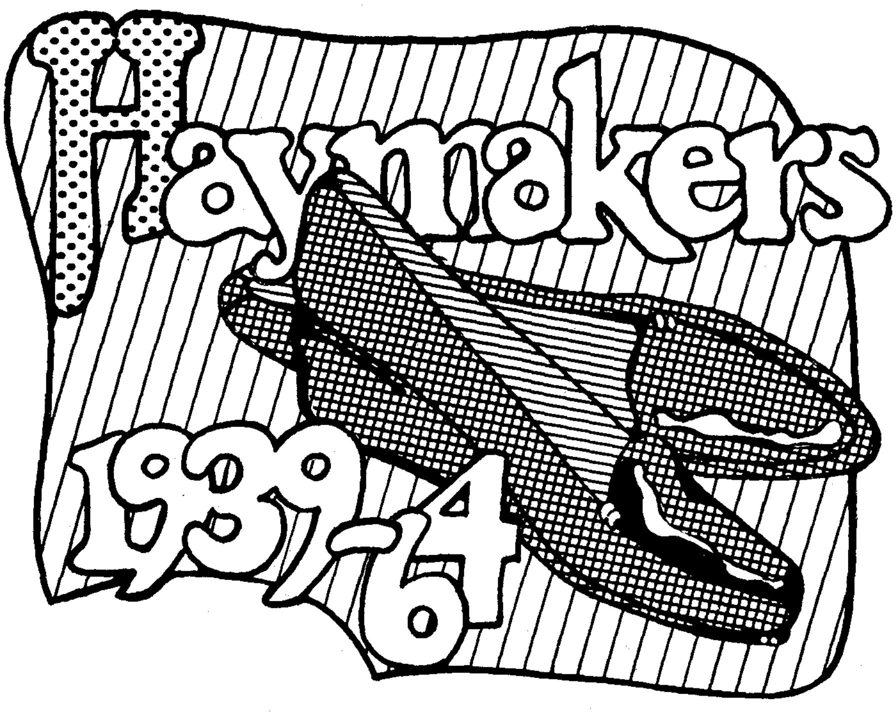

That crazy wedge from the Forties that still keeps walking along.14.95, at chic stores yet.

they weren't twinkling; they were steady," she said. "It was the level of the air in between that was uneven. Don't you see?" she said sadly. "It's the same with us."

"I see," he said for the second time, and he threw down another leaf onto the water. Then he straightened up. For a moment, she thought everything was ended. "Where is your car?" he asked. But nothing was ended. "We can't settle this here," he said. "I'm coming down to the farm with you. We'll have to have a long talk." He paused. "Unless you could stay the night in town?"

"Oh, I couldn't possibly!" she cried.

"Well then, I'll come down," he said.

"And stay with Tim?" She was distractedly looking in her pockets for the keys of the car. They were going out of the park gates into the street. But when she looked at him, she saw that he was staring strangely at her.

"Where else?" he asked.

"Oh, I know there *is* nowhere else," she said, but she felt the ground was slipping from under her as if she were the one who was young and inexperienced—even endangered. But it was only that she was out of practice in a game where every word, every gesture counted for ten. "I only meant that your uncle might think it odd for you to go down unexpectedly."

"I never go any other way," he said. "Are you sure that's what you meant?"

"And if it wasn't!" she said, startled at the chancy note in her voice. "What would be the gain?"

"If we got rid of the tension that has built up between us, we might salvage something," he said, but there was a trace of despondency in his voice again.

"There might be nothing to salvage," she said. "And supposing the bonds only tightened?"

"Would you care?" he asked.

"Not then. But I care *now*, while I'm still able to care."

"Tell me one thing. For whose sake would you care—your own or mine?"

She looked away from him, over the street into which they had entered. "Not for either of our sakes, I think," she said. She nodded at the people hurrying by in all directions. "For them, perhaps."

"Don't be nonsensical," he said, and as they reached the car he caught the handle of the door. "I'll come down. And you must let me stay the night, Vera. Just to talk." He looked at his watch. "It's a bit bright to go down yet, though, isn't it? We ought to wait till it's darker, in case it would get about that I was down."

"And stayed with me?"

He nodded.

For a minute, she let herself dwell on the thought of having him in the house, with her, under the same roof, however separate in all else. "I'd have to drive you up again very early before it was light, wouldn't I?" she said.

"You could go to bed for a while," he said. "I'd call you."

She knew then that they fully understood each other. They got into the car.

"There's just one thing I have to do before I can go," he said. "I have to call at Hume Street to collect another lot of exam papers. Can we stop there? I won't keep you a minute."

She started the car.

"You didn't really think that you could walk out of my life like that?" he asked as she drove along. "I feel certain that no matter what happens you'll never altogether leave it."

She said nothing, and in a few minutes they had reached Hume Street. Before he got out of the car, he looked at her. "There's something I want to say now, before we go any further," he said. "No matter what happens, I want you to promise me that if you ever want me for anything you'll tell me. Will you promise that?"

"Why do you want me to promise now?" she asked, but she leaned across him and opened the door. "Never mind. I promise," she said quickly. Then, knowing he must have guessed what she had in mind to do, she waited till he went up the steps and she drove away.

IT was nearly a year later. She had not seen him in the time between, nor did she expect to, when one evening there was the sound of a car at the door. "Well?" she said weakly when she opened it and saw him standing there.

Like the first time of all, they looked at each other, and this time, too, the look was one of surprise—but not of happiness.

"How are you?" he asked. There was a keen edge to his voice. "I don't need to ask," he said quickly.

"And you?" she asked. He looked well.

"I wasn't going to call at all," he said then. "But . . ." He paused.

It saddened her to see him ill at ease, standing so stiffly. Why did he come, she wondered. "You were anxious? Is that it?" she asked laughingly, thinking that by making light of it she

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would dispel the shadow of what had been between them. But she saw at once she had only brought it back. In a moment, the old atmosphere of intimacy was re-created—and yet it was not the same, or anything like the same.

"It was because of the old man I called," he said dully. "He thought it odd that I hadn't come to see you—I've been down here for two weeks."

"Ah, well," she said, "he didn't understand."

He looked at her intently. "I'm not so sure about that," he said. "I didn't tell you something he said last year—one of the nights I went back late. He gave me a queer look. 'If you were better favored,' he said, 'I'd be thinking things.' "

"He was only joking, of course!"

"I'm not so sure." They were still standing in the doorway. "May I stay awhile?" he said suddenly.

Almost imperceptibly, she hesitated, but he noticed it. "You're not going out, are you?" he asked.

"I was going out," she said reluctantly.

"Must you?"

"I'm afraid I must."

He seemed really surprised. "Will you be long?" he said. "Could I come back later? As a matter of fact, I have to go to Dublin this evening. I only intended calling for a minute." He looked at his watch. "I could be back in two and a half hours. Where are you going, anyway?"

"Today," she said, still more reluctantly, "today is Richard's anniversary. I was going to the cemetery. Normally, I never go near it, only I got word to say the stone has slipped, and that it must be seen to at once—in case it falls altogether. It would break, or do damage to other graves. I have to go and see what is to be done, and make arrangements about it."

"Oh, I see," he said. "It can't be all that urgent, surely. Isn't this a bad day to go in any case? Or do you usually go on his anniversary?"

"I told you I never go. Never, never! This is purely a coincidence."

"Well, then. You certainly shouldn't go today. It's getting late, too. Put it off to another day!"

"I think I ought to go this evening," she said. "I don't mind, really." But suddenly an idea struck her. "It would make it a lot easier if there was someone with me. I don't suppose . . ." She paused, and for a minute she thought he had not seen any connection between him and her unfinished sentence.

But he had. "Of course there should

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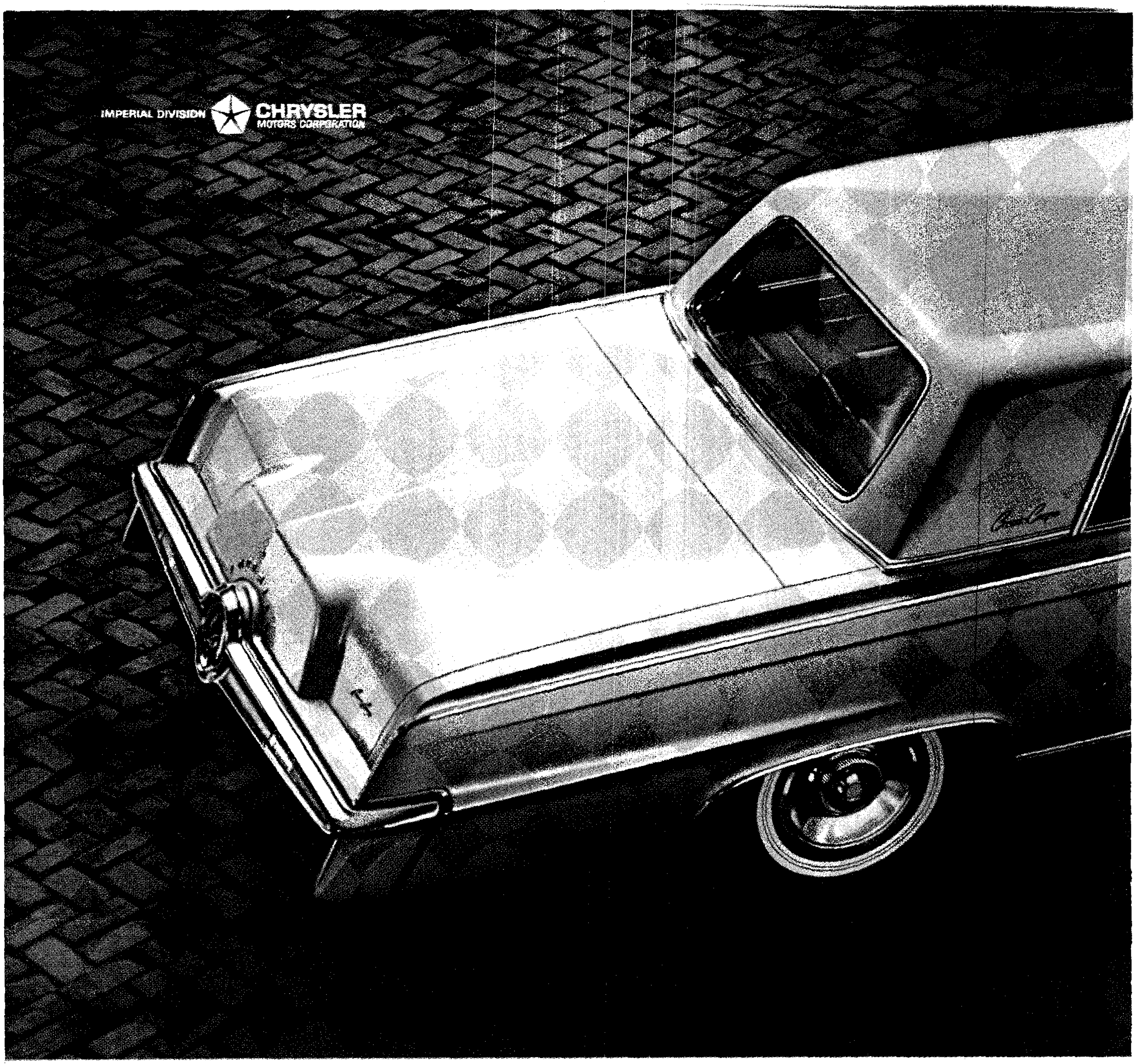

If you are considering a car in the luxury class, pause 5 minutes to read this advertisement. It explains clearly, and in interesting detail, why Imperial is The Incomparable luxury automobile.

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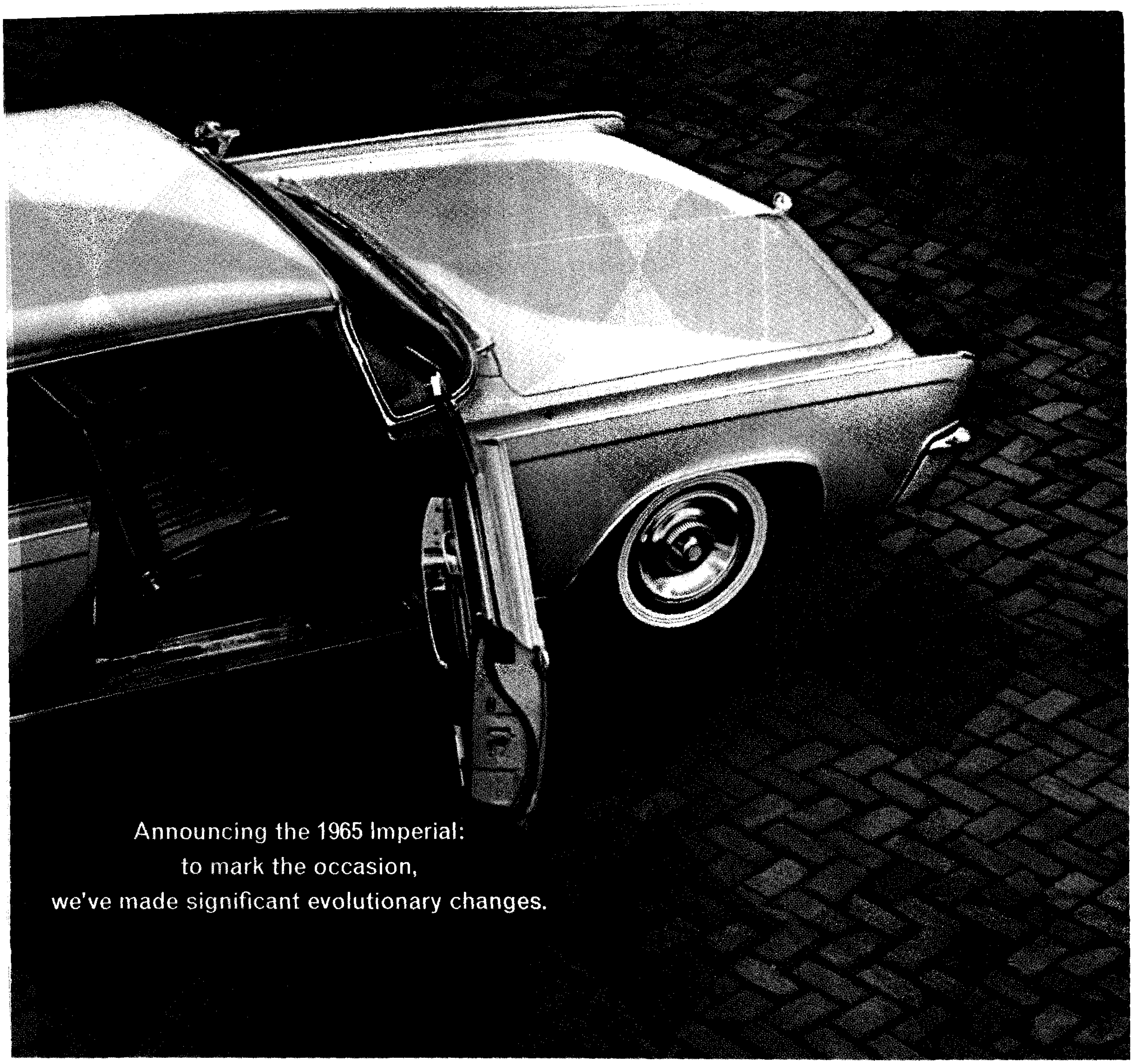
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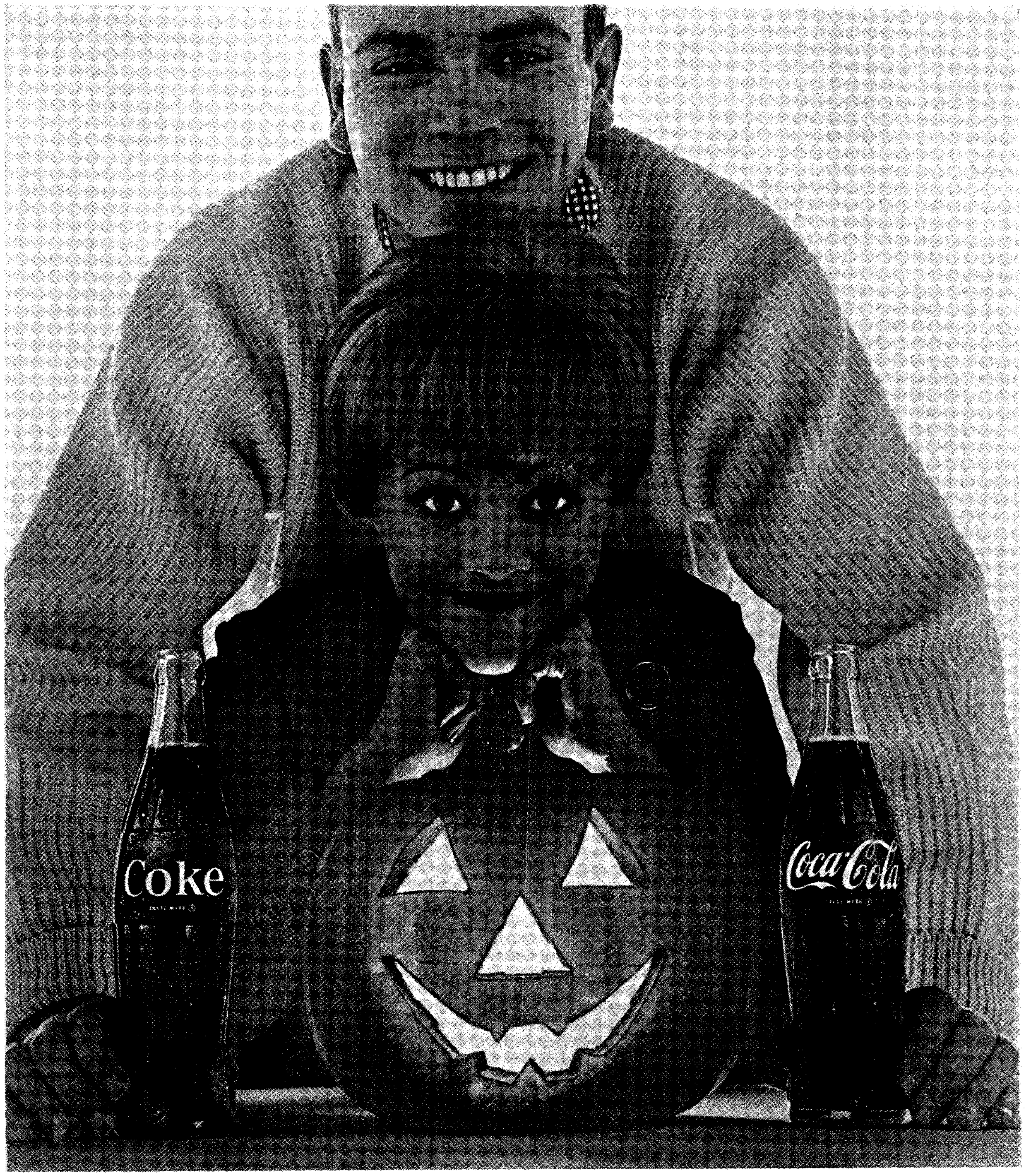

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be someone with you. You certainly should not go alone! Don't think of it! Leave it till tomorrow or the next day, and *I'll* go with you. Better still, I'll go without you and see what's to be done. It's not a job for a woman anyway! Where is he buried, by the way?"

"Kildare."

"So far?"

"It's not so far from here, only a few miles."

"I'd probably be going from Dublin, but no matter. Put it out of your head now, and I'll take care of it."

"You couldn't come this evening?"

"With you?"

"With me, of course. I know it must sound superstitious, but I hate to think of getting word about it today of all days, and not going—not wanting to go."

"Rubbish!" he said easily. "Anyway, it's my affair now."

"You couldn't possibly come this evening?" she persisted. "Why do you have to go back to Dublin? Is it urgent?"

"Oh, it's not exactly urgent, but I'd like to go. I've arranged to give a driving lesson to someone. It need only take half an hour, but I promised to do it. A half an hour would be plenty; that's why I said I'd come back if you agreed to it, but of course the light would be gone by then—for the other job, I mean."

She was listening very attentively. "Is it a girl?" she asked quietly.

"You know it's not a girl."

"Why not? I only asked because if it was a girl I'd know you couldn't possibly break your word."

He stared. "You wouldn't mind?"

"It would be natural," she said.

"Was that your remedy?"

She didn't bother to reply to that. "Well, if it's not a girl, who is it?" she asked flatly.

"It's just a fellow who works in the Department of Education. It's through him I get the exam papers to correct."

"Couldn't you get in touch with him?"

"He's not on the phone."

She pondered this. "You could send him a telegram."

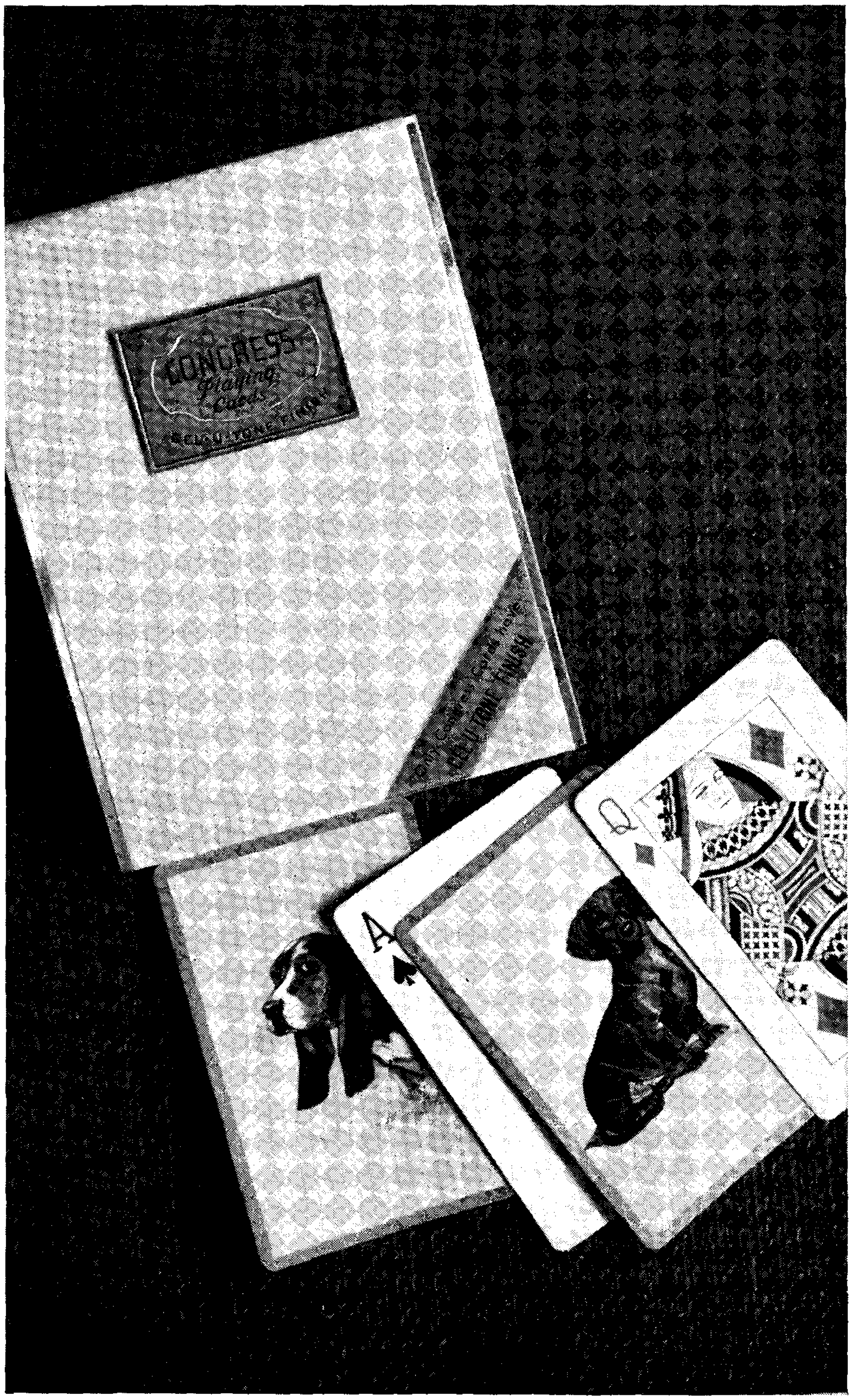
"He wouldn't get it in time."

"He'd get it afterward, and he'd understand, surely?"

"I don't know if he would. And anyway, I couldn't leave him up there in the park, hanging around waiting for me, thinking every minute I was coming and afraid to go away."

She gave a short laugh.

"I suppose you think that if it was last



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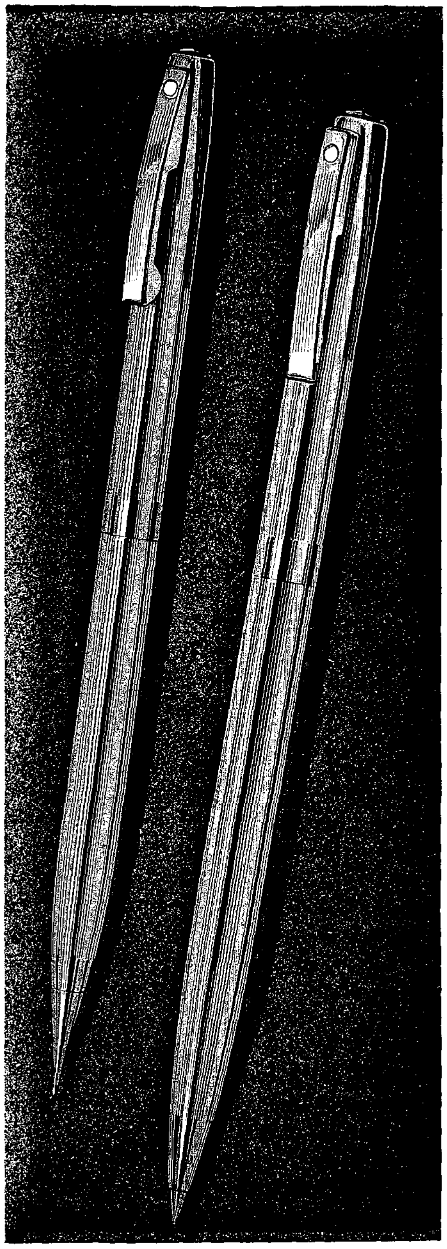

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summer I'd have gone with you no matter what!"

"Oh, no!" she cried. "Last summer I wouldn't have let you come. I wouldn't have *needed* you. It would have been enough to know you'd have come if you could." Her coat was lying across the hall table. She took it up. "I must go," she said simply.

"So you were right," he said, blocking her way. "We salvaged nothing."

She put on her coat. Then she looked into his face. "Don't blame me for being right," she said. "I sometimes think love has nothing to do with people at all," she said, in a tired voice. "It's like the weather." Suddenly she turned to face him. "But isn't it strange," she said, "that a love that was unrealized should have—"

"Given such joy?" he said quietly.

"Yes, yes," she said gratefully, and then she closed the door behind them. "And such pain," she said.

"Oh, Vera, Vera," he said.

"Goodbye," she said.

Goodbye.

—MARY LAVIN

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Taipei (Taiwan) China News*]

It is quite a sight when the wining and dining Chinese fight for the check. Because it is written in the Chinese book of etiquette that you shall not let your friend pay unless he beats you to the restaurant cashier.

But Chen Shan-ping, a 45-year-old businessman of Pingtung, discovered yesterday that the book is all wet. He now may sit in prison for more than one year because he tried too hard to observe that age-old tradition.

Chen had a little wine and three dishes plus one soup with his friend Li Shu-ying at the Fushin Restaurant at Chiaochow in Pingtung county. They felt at peace with the world after the dinner.

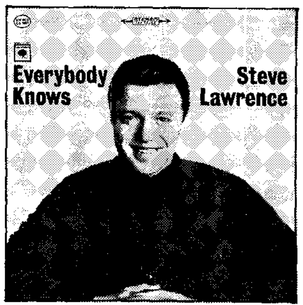
•

An early notable example was a small Cincinnati soap company, Procter & Gamble. In 1874, it accidentally made a batch of soap which came out white (because it lacked expensive olive oil) and floated (because a workman went out to lunch without turning off the beating machine).

A lab report indicated the soap was 99 and 44/100ths per cent pure, although pure what was never specified. The name Ivory came to Mr. Harley Procter in church one Sunday morning during the reading of the Forty-fifth Psalm. These two elements, plus the soap's ability to float, created a lasting name and slogan.—*News Front.*

Therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

THE SOUND OF ENTERTAINMENT



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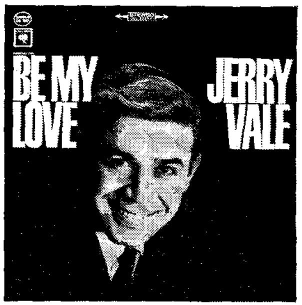

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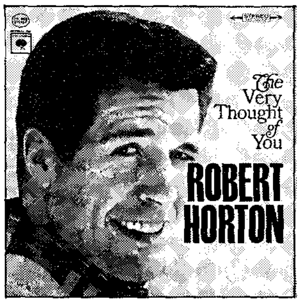

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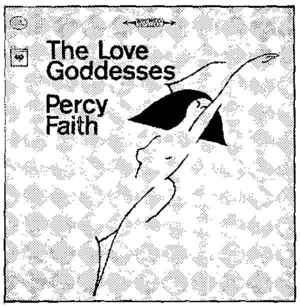

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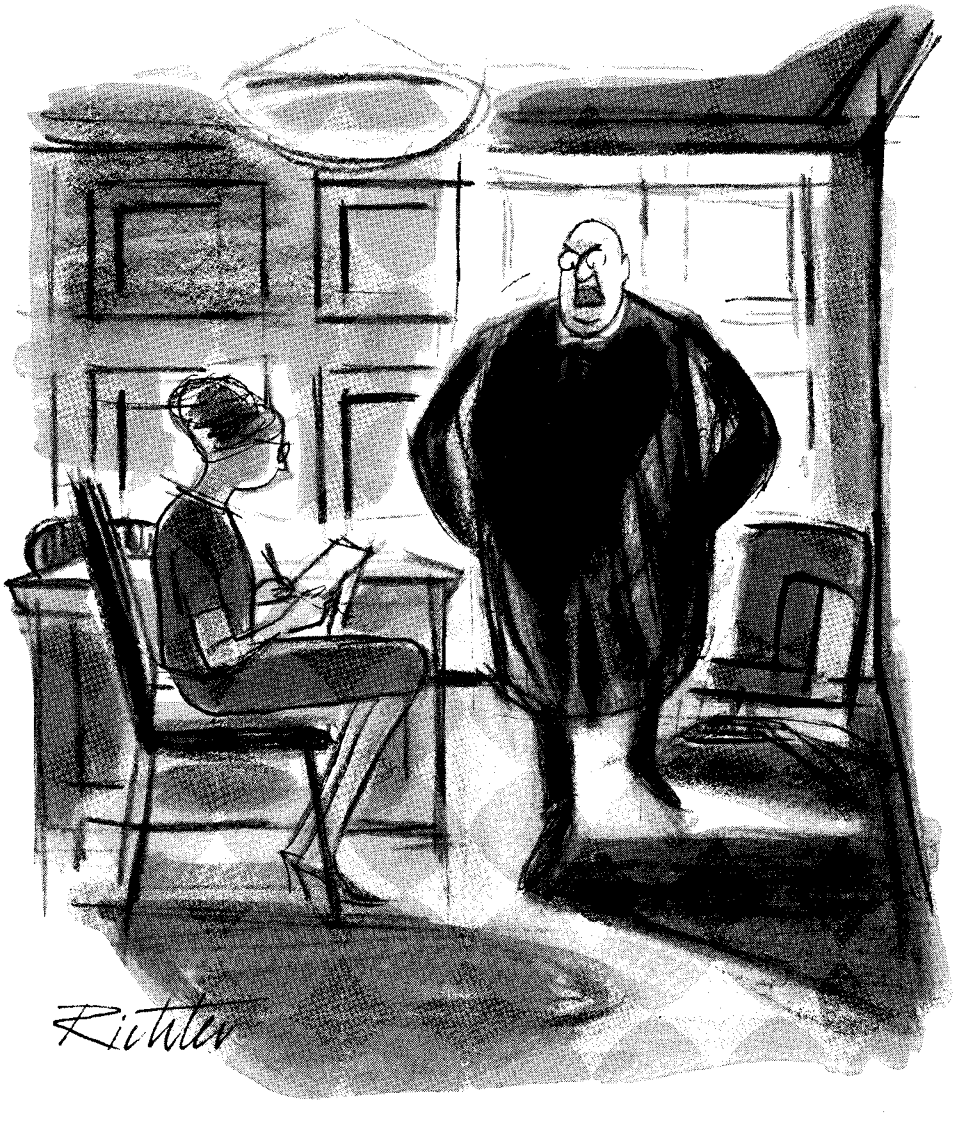
ANDRE KOSTELANETZ ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

THE THEATRE

MOSTEL

“FIDDLER ON THE ROOF,” at the Imperial, is based on the folk tales of Sholom Aleichem, and has as its locale the Jewish village of Anatevka, in the Russia of 1905. This town provides an odd background for a Broadway musical, since it is woefully run down and its people are crushed by poverty. But although their situation is unfortunate, the characters are a lively lot, given to singing and dancing at the slightest provocation. If some of the production numbers, which were choreographed and directed by Jerome Robbins, are rather too sophisticated to be plausible as ornamentation for Sholom Aleichem’s simple situations, they do provide the show with several big, boisterous moments. Joseph Stein, who wrote “Fiddler on the Roof,” occasionally captures the humor, charm, and poignancy of the material that inspired it, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, who created the music and lyrics, respectively, have supplied several attractive songs. The play is largely concerned with the dilemma of a dairyman who has five daughters and must try to find suitable husbands for them. In the role of the troubled father, Zero Mostel is extremely effective, being comical in his delivery (he frequently chats with God as if He were an old pal), agile in his dancing, and excellent in his rendition of tunes like “If I Were a Rich Man” (in the course of this one he cuts loose every now and then with some lines in a tongue known only to himself). Besides dreaming of being a rich man, Mr. Mostel dreams that his daughters will follow his and his wife’s instructions in taking husbands, but, alas, one spurns a wealthy butcher to wed a poor tailor, another takes up with a revolutionary, and a third runs off with a Gentile. All this female independence frightens our dairyman, and in the long pull he himself is reduced to crooning “Do You Love Me?” to his wife of twenty-five years. As you can see, this is all very gentle stuff, but once in a while the ominous possibility of a pogrom in Anatevka is introduced, and the musical winds up on a sad note when the residents are ordered by the government to leave their village. In a good-sized cast, Maria Karnilova and Beatrice Arthur are a conspicuous help, and all hands go about their work with a will.



“*Miss Burton, take a dissenting opinion!*”

IN “Absence of a Cello,” at the Ambassador, Ira Wallach introduces us to an eccentric scientist and his family who are trying to convince a scout from a mammoth corporation that they are just regular folks and will fit very nicely into the company scheme of things. The scientist has been reduced to pretending to conform because he has gone broke. As represented by Fred Clark, sporting a wild red beard, this scientist is most amusing, and so, for that matter, are his associates. Ruth White plays his wife, Mala Powers his sister, Lee Kurty his daughter, Ruth McDevitt a dotty neighbor, Charles Grodin the neighbor’s grandson, and Murray Hamilton the corporation snoop. Mr. Wallach has furnished his cast with plenty of bright lines, and it does well by them. Perhaps Mr. Wallach’s premise that a scientist on a par with Einstein would find himself compelled to lower his regimental colors in order to get a job is shaky, but the play is funny enough to warrant a bit of credulity on the spectator’s part.

BETTY GARRETT and Pat Hingle made up the cast of “A Girl Could Get Lucky,” which opened and closed at the Cort last week. It was written and directed by Don Appell, and was about a secretary who was a cigarette fiend and a taxi-driver who was miserly. They struck me as perhaps the dullest pair I’ve ever encountered in the theatre. The fault lay with Mr. Appell. Given something to work with, Miss Garrett and Mr. Hingle are highly competent performers.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

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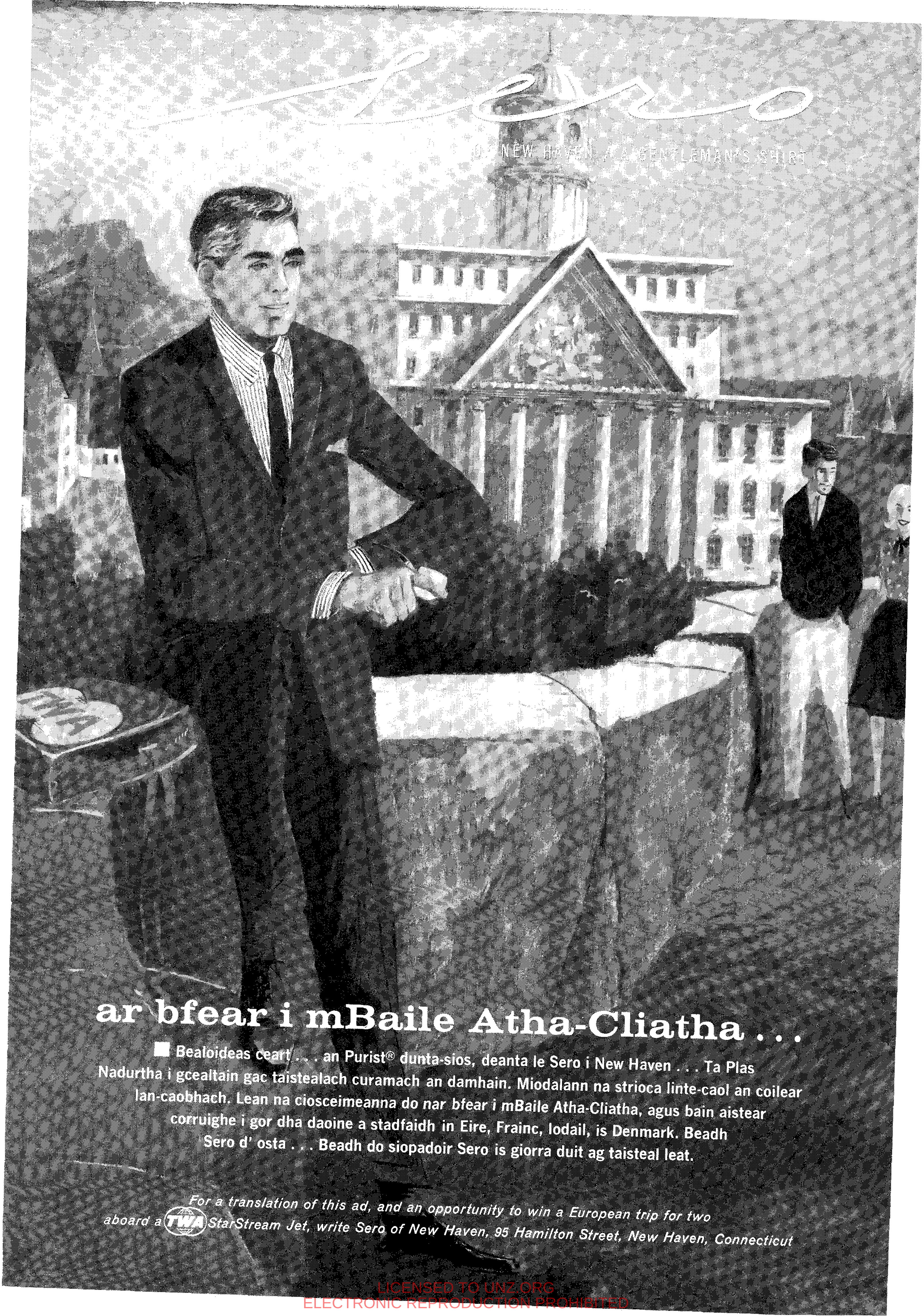
THE RACE TRACK

Great Expectations

IT would be safe to say that no season goes by without the appearance of at least one brilliant two-year-old, and though this is no vintage year, Bold Lad's decisive triumph in the Futurity at Aqueduct last Saturday left no doubt in my mind that he is the one. Actually, he ran at top speed for hardly more than a furlong, to catch the leaders as they turned into the homestretch, and he rambled on to win by more than a length from Native Charger, who was a couple of lengths ahead of Tom Rolfe. Whistling Kettle and Umbrella Fella—now, I ask you, is that a suitable name for a horse?—were down the course. As had been expected, only five colts came out for this running of the classic—the seventy-fifth. In the paddock walking ring, Bold Lad, a handsome, powerful chestnut with four white feet, was the chief object of interest, but Native Charger also looked particularly fit. Umbrella Fella was quickest out of the starting gate, and, with Native Charger a head behind him, stepped the first quarter in 0:22, but Native Charger was in front as they passed the half-mile pole in 0:45. Meanwhile, Bold Lad was galloping smoothly behind Whistling Kettle. On the turn for home, Native Charger continued to lead, but, with about two furlongs to go, Baeza, who rode Bold Lad, gently eased him to the outside and asked him for a bit of speed, and the race was all over except for the cheering and ticket cashing. Bold Lad paid $2.40. It was the fastest Futurity since the event was moved to Aqueduct, the time being 1:16, which equalled the track record for six and a half furlongs set by Audience last year, when that seven-year-old was at his top form.

Bred by his owner, Mrs. H. C. Phipps, who races the Wheatley Stable, Bold Lad is by Bold Ruler, who was the winner of the Futurity in 1956 and the Horse of the Year in 1957 and at present is the leading sire of thoroughbreds. Bold Lad's dam, Misty Morn, was the top three-year-old filly of 1955 and was voted the Broodmare of the Year last season. For the record, the Futurity was Bold Lad's seventh victory—he's had five in stakes races—out of nine starts (he was second in two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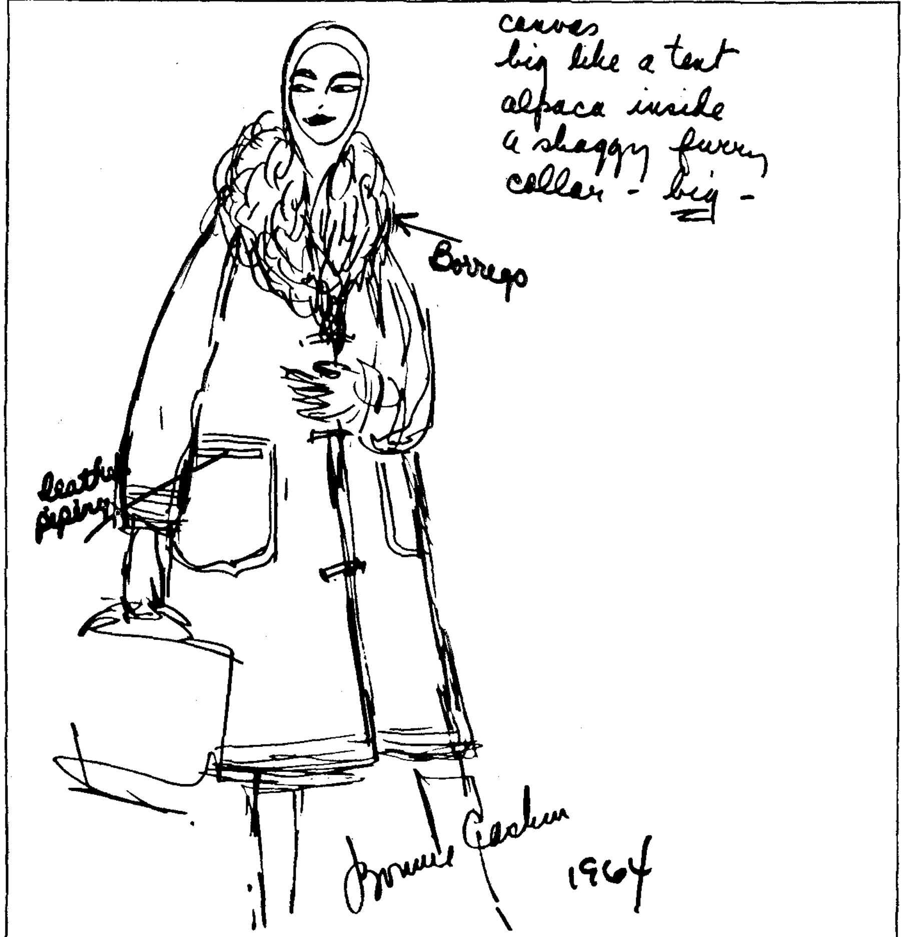

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overnight sprints), and he has earned $270,646 in prize money, $85,566 of it last weekend. His next appearance will probably be in the Champagne Stakes at Aqueduct on October 17th, and I expect he'll win it. It only remains to congratulate his trainer, Bill Winfrey, for developing him and keeping him in first-class condition. Native Charger, whose sire, Native Dancer, won the Futurity in 1952, ran well, but he must be getting disheartened chasing Bold Lad. (I'm sure horses know when they are beaten—and who beats them.) It was the fourth time in succession that he had been second to the Wheatley Stable colt. Incidentally, Sadair, who settled the hash of all those Middle Western runners in the Arlington-Washington Futurity in Chicago last month, finished third to Bold Lad twice at Monmouth.

FUTURITY DAY racegoers were rewarded with pleasant weather and some lively racing, the afternoon starting off with a splash when a 31–1 chance named Angel Fish won. Also, if anyone gave a thought to it, the race that preceded the Futurity was a hunch-player's cup of tea. It was called the Pet Bully Purse, and one of the starters was Rare Pet, son of Pet Bully. Needless to say, he won, and paid $8.90. Bupers, winner of the Futurity a year ago, was second; it was his twenty-third time out this season, and he looked almost as jaded as the band sounded that afternoon.

THE big event at Aqueduct this weekend will be the Woodward Stakes—something that nobody can afford to miss, for it will bring together Kelso, Gun Bow, and Quadrangle, and maybe several others, running for fourth money. If Kelso wins—and his partisans believe he will—I daresay he'll reëstablish himself at the top of the list. However, he won't have the romp he had winning the Woodward last year or in 1962 or in 1961. I have a notion that Gun Bow will be ridden more intelligently than he was when Kelso beat him in the Aqueduct Stakes, and Quadrangle will be at concert pitch. If anyone cares, my choice is Gun Bow.

—AUDAX MINOR

●

> "Angel" for the ball, attended by 400 benfitgoers, was Fred B. Snite. who asked to remain anonymous.—*Chicago Daily Tribune.*

Worth a try, anyway.

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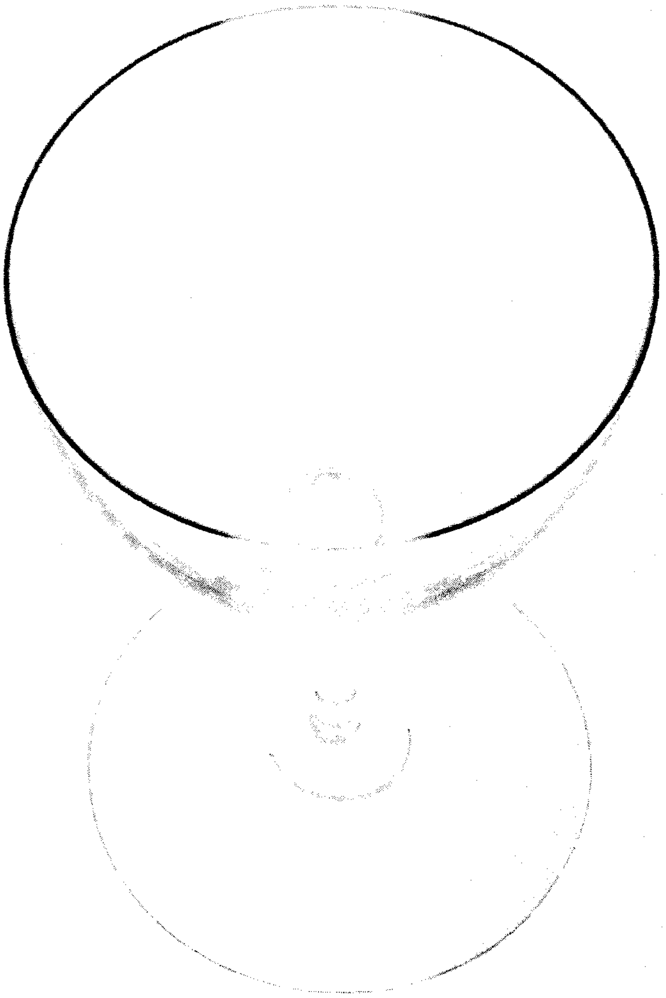

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GORDON-FORD

Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IT was with euphoria that I barged into the matter of adult clothes for real country wear (which *could* include the deep country of Shea Stadium and the weather those pro football players induce), but I rapidly became alarmed, dismayed, and even flabbergasted by some illusions treasured among both buyers and customers. A comfortable axiom of the buyers says that Florida is always hot and that Northern country houses are frigid in winter; being based in the Pennsylvania woodlands at the moment, I can state that country houses are often overheated and that those lovely, bulky, top-heavy mohair sweaters must be doffed in them even if there isn't an open fire to steam around. All the shops have beautiful bulky sweaters; Bergdorf shows a special treasure from Italy—handknit, and all heavy horizontal scalloped stripes in Miami shades of navy, chartreuse, pink, primrose, mauve, and red; $45. Well, great! But up North you need thin shirts underneath them, like the famous ones made by Ulla, a firm known to all skiers—with moderate turtlenecks, and in a clingy silk-and-Helanca mixture. They are in every imaginable color at Abercrombie, among others, for $12, but they are only for young girls with taut figures. Or you need the classics done specially for Jax by Korrigan—sweaters of a fairly *light*-weight jersey, with a V neck and long sleeves. They are three inches longer than usual so that, if they are tucked in, they won't pull out when someone takes a hefty swing at a golf ball. They will also cover the buttocks if they are worn outside the skirt or slacks. The choice is gray, camel, beige, navy, and black ($25), and they are already a fad among our leaders of thought. As a matter of fact, most of the time this is almost all the weight you need indoors in the country. Those car coats and ponchos and huge sweaters are really for when you go outdoors, but *my* guests seldom venture forth.

Another illusion infects those best-dressed women who consent to first try on a pair of slacks but never bother to study the end product in a rear-view mirror. And almost never do they ask for a fitter. Moreover, what about that fevered desire for toppers that go down only to the top of the hips? If the snapshots from Southampton this summer can be trusted, heavy thighs and buttocks are mightily emphasized thereby. Pants are part of man's world, too, but men know that jackets and toppers should descend past the coccyx. Oh, if you are built like Hepburn (either Audrey or Katie), a tuck-in shirt or short topper can look wonderful indeed with slacks, but one should realize that those narrow-hipped girls probably have their slacks made to order, and by a man's tailor. There has been a stir about the pants suits done in Paris by Courrèges and here by Norman Norell, who antedates Paris in this case, as he has done on many other occasions. I agree with him that pants are not for city living (except at home or for a raid on the nearest supermarket), but I *dis*agree with him about wearing them for prolonged travel. Myself, when I journey, I'm happier with an easygoing jersey shift on me and a coat in the rack above me than I am with that pants-waistband pressure around the middle. So there!

Separateness is a great adjunct to country life (the two-car couple are always *so* pleased to see each other when they happen to be home at the same time), and separates, in general, are the rule. Every good shop in town teems with slacks, and it's up to you to go in for trial and (with that rear-view mirror, plus a fitter) no error. Lord & Taylor particularly likes the efforts of Evan-Picone and of Mister Pants, who has thought up gems in flannel with up-and-down stretch but no side-to-side stretch. He also goes in for hip-rider pants, slung low on the hipbone, which gives more length in the torso to women who tend to be small-waisted and curvy below. I saw some of these pants in a small black-and-white or brown-and-tan hound's-tooth check, at $20. For contrariwise figures—slim in the hips and thick above—Geist & Geist does (for Bergdorf) skintight Swashbuckler pants in wool or wool knit, at $23. These are, blessedly, elasticized around the waistline. The celebrated slacks at Jax (I wrote poetry in college), which come only up to size 14, tend to be short in the crotch. Their linings fit the leg, but they are separate, so that the slacks themselves fall free without clinging. Jax wants them to cup a bit in the rear and then to go straight

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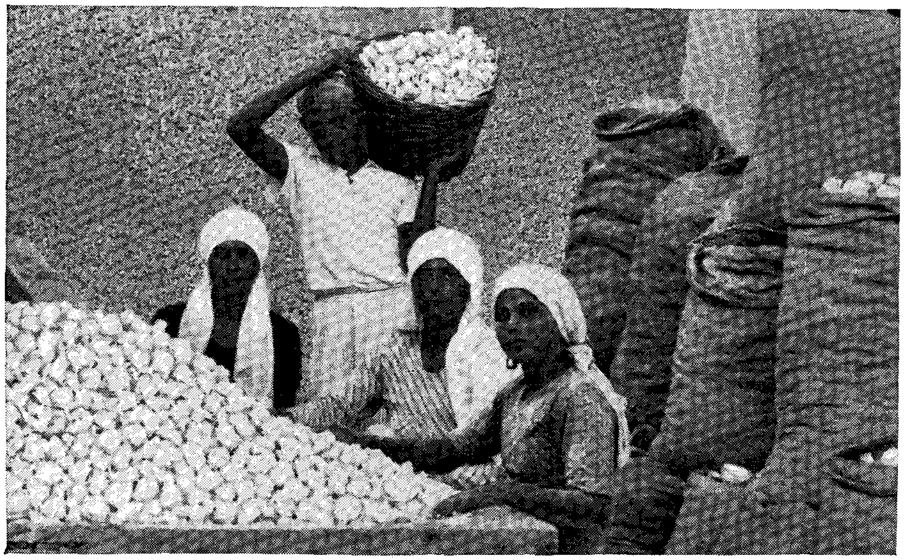

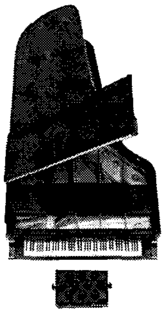

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down. (There are fitters here, but no rear-view mirrors, so make sure.) Some, in a tiny hound's-tooth check, go with boys' three-button jackets and straight or pleated skirts (a jacket with slacks to match is $150). Abercrombie & Fitch has its own patterns, made up in its own workrooms, of every sort of fabric. One is of its own safari cloth (like poplin, with a slightly suède surface, and wind- and water-repellent), and there are flannels and tweeds and such.

I am *still* hitting below the waist when I move on to report, as is my duty, on knickers (presumably to be worn with—I very much fear—knee socks). Saks Fifth Avenue's Sports Separates department has some that suggest Amelia Bloomer. (Could they be called "plus eights"?) The ones I saw are of wool in a wee brown-and-beige hound's-tooth check. There is elastic below the knee and at the waist, they are $23, and Saks feels that a hooded topper of brown wool jersey should go with them. Karin Peterson of Dublin (only at Lord & Taylor) has committed several $35 ones that are fairly narrow at the base, but on the other hand there are *real* goodies, of another sort, done (likewise by Peterson) in the hand-loomed wool that makes the knickers, with small black-and-white checks. One is a skirt pleated into an apron effect in front, but the back is flat; it too, is $35. Another is a string-tie reversible cape, waist length, that reverses to show the bright red of the vest, which has three buttons below its low U neck. (You see, those ubiquitous turtlenecked sweaters are *always* needed as fillers.) So let's forget the knickers, and especially the knee-high gaiters in checked stretchable stuff that can go along with them.

While I am on extremes, I have also to mention the so-called jump suits. Saks Fifth Avenue has a parody of Dr. Denton's long underwear for kids in a production of heavy jersey—round-necked, long-sleeved, and proceeding inexorably down the body to narrow pant legs that are anchored under the instep; $30. Sportwhirl, the maker of this oddment, has used every feasible color, including pumpkin and purple. Sleeveless duplicates are of pebbly jersey in more sober colors. Real cute for young career girls home to shampoo their hair after a hard day at the office. Rudi Gernreich has evolved a most wearable jump knockout for all slim ages in a wool with an inch-and-a-half-wide hound's-tooth check on pale beige—long sleeves, wide pant legs, and a big attached scarf to swaddle. Bendel has it, at $215. It's my idea of that ma-

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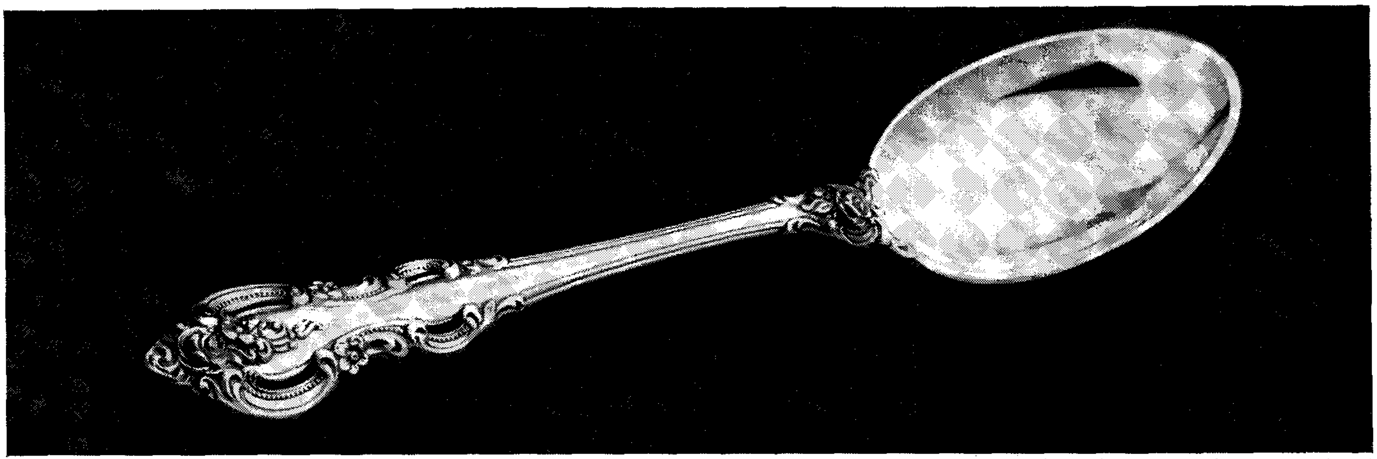

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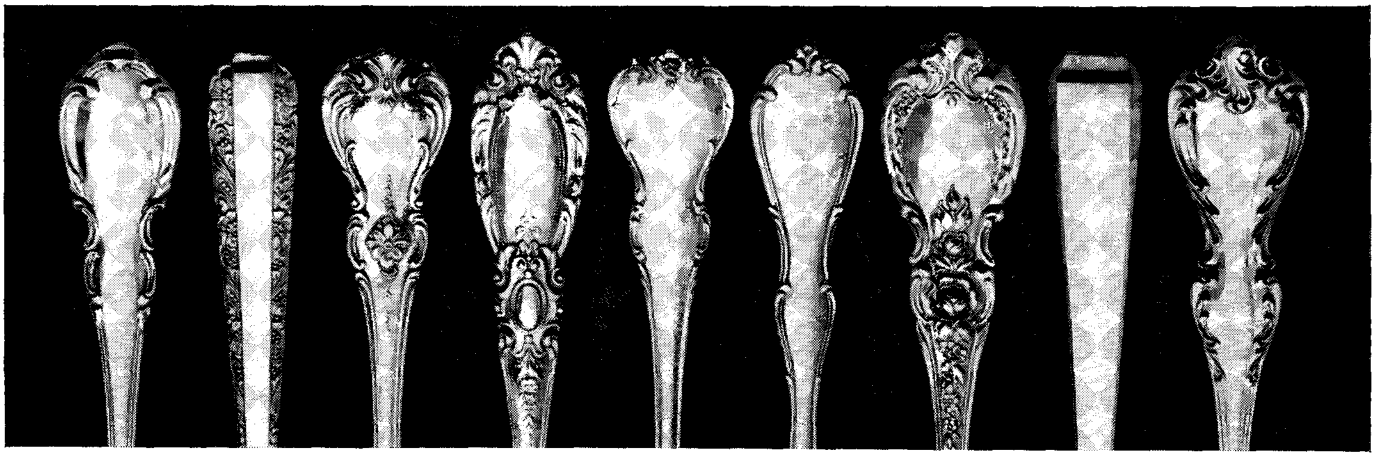

Prices for 4-piece place setting (teaspoon, fork, knife, salad fork) including federal tax.

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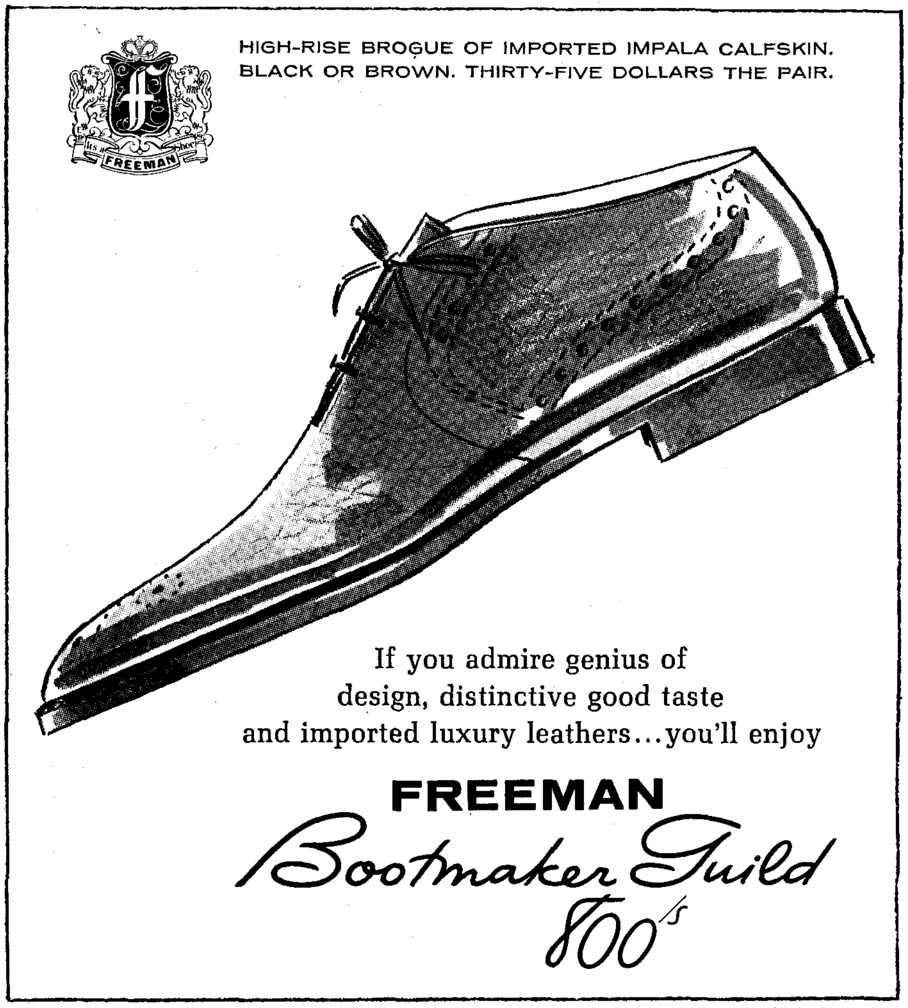
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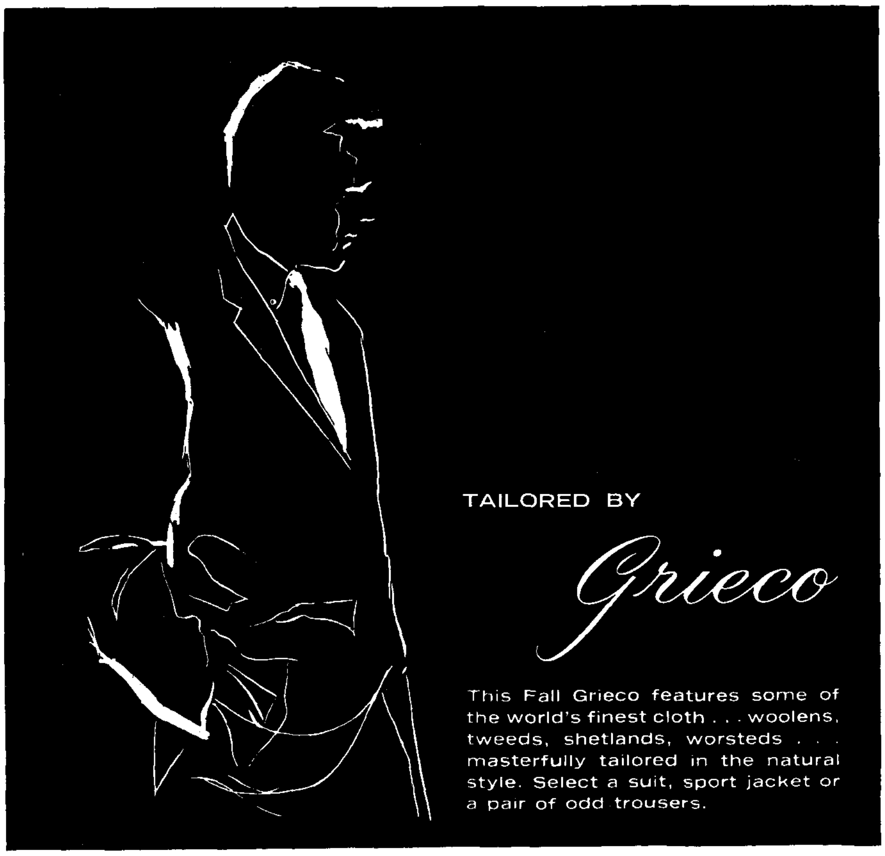
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ligned thing called a hostess costume. Next, we get, at Abercrombie, the damnedest thing for the great outdoors—a parachute type of suit for those windy, sleety stadia. It's of weatherproofed tan cotton, zippered all the way up the front, with big pockets and a drop seat, and there's a padded foam lining for insulation. This would arouse comment in subways, if not in outer space, and better be in a position to leap into something else after the game, for even if the heat won't get you, the most gentlemanly of bouncers in the top bars *will*.

I HAVE already hinted that separates are the essence of country living, but there are some *costumes* that are also worth noting, particularly among the pants suits. At Bonwit's, Donald Brooks of Townley is represented by a suit in a close-woven tan tweed, the white lining of which shows on the wide lapels. A square of white leather buttons is placed low on the top, and the pants are straight; $100. Deebs, a great man hitherto unknown to me, is responsible for a pants suit in a dark-brown corduroy with a zipper fastening the jacket right up to the stark neckline. A shell (a euphemism for "overblouse") of flame jersey goes underneath, and the whole thing is $110. The likewise great Tiffeau, who will be omnipresent this fall, has done a honey (I saw it at Bendel) of camel's hair, with the mid-thigh-length jacket crossed very high on the chest. Welt seaming goes down the sides of the matching pants. Bendel also has a two-piece deal in a white tweed with a small taupe hound's-tooth check—straight pants ($30) and a long middy top with long sleeves, a ring collar, and a zipper up the back ($60). Ohrbach can muster several pants suits, one of rain-resistant poplin with a long jacket that has a quilted lining ($54.95), and one of camel's hair with that low square of buttons on the jacket ($79.95).

You may have gathered that I like long jackets and toppers when they go with leggy slacks, but I am dubious about them when they are worn with skirts of the current brevity, because the wearer looks chopped off if she's the least bit chunky, so I had better get along to telling you that I *have* encountered a terrific pants-and-knee-length-coat costume by Cuddlecoat, to be seen at Bonwit Teller, among many places. The cloth is a Melton type, in military pink, and it is cut to suggest an officer's coat, with a welt yoke, buttoned tabs on the shoulders, six double-breasted buttons, and all. It looks very Norell,

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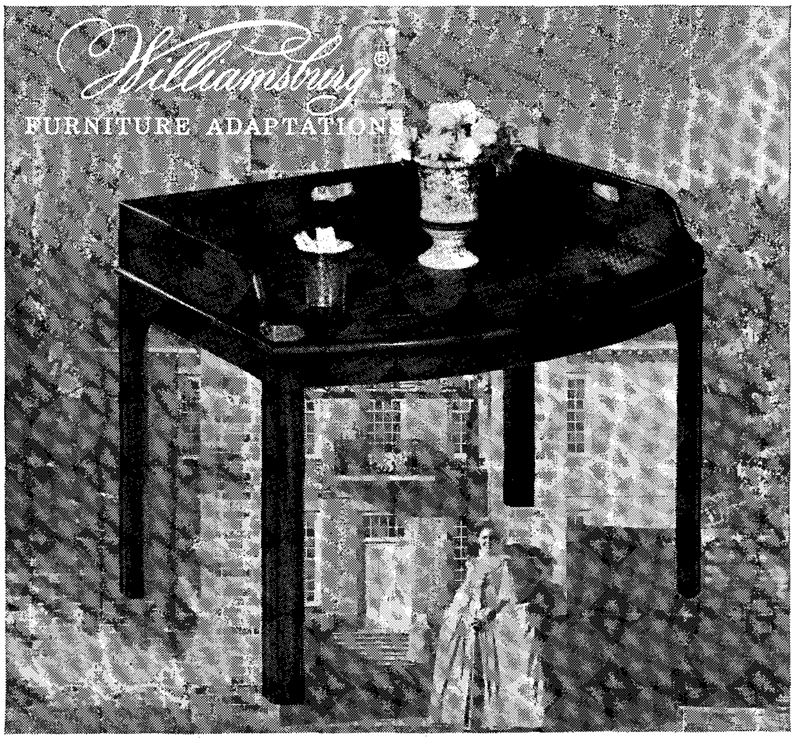

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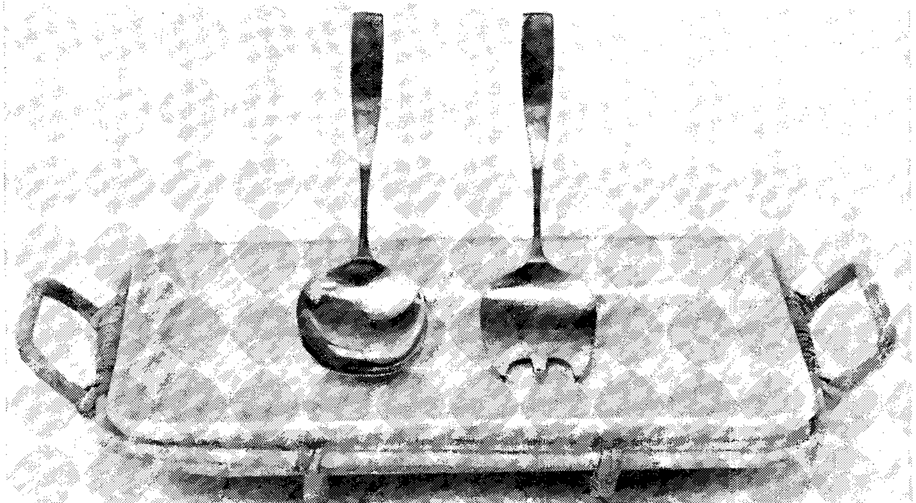
Cook and Carry. Jensen's cool white ovenware dish goes to the table in its own rattan rack. Cooks and serves food piping hot in gourmet style. By Arabia of Finland, 12" x 8½", $6. Our Stainless Steel serving fork and spoon, $11.50 a set. Mail and phone orders invited. Add 75¢ postage. Write for our 1964 Christmas Gift Portfolio.



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Scarsdale Millburn Manhasset

though it costs but $110, pants included. The coat can also be worn with any number of dresses or suits. Among the other all-purpose coats (not costumes, this time) that appealed to me is one at Altman's Studio 3, by Cortefiel of Spain. The leather side of what looks to me like nutria is worn outward; the inside, which projects onto the collar, is close-cropped. This affair, which is almost knee length and has three frog fastenings, is $200. Another version, a longer one, was a wow here and at Mark Cross last season, but this car-coat length looks better.

WHILE this discussion of all-purpose garments is at its height, I should confess a liking for the poncho and the zip-open cape, which can be thrown on over anything when someone has to dash outdoors to close the windows of the car or to buy the cigarettes everybody forgot to get, or can be carried to football games as a seat or a shelter for either sex. (They're almost as good as newspapers for football, say I, a great lugger of newspapers.) Bloomingdale's raincoat department and Altman's have the wildest poncho I've seen in some time—wool in seven-inch squares of bright yellow and red, plus a diagonally striped mixture of the two. Its band collar belongs on a gendarme's cape, and link buttons catch the big square where your arms *may* emerge. It's reversible (the other side is a water-repellent red poplin), it's $36, and Tellshire is its designer. Lord & Taylor's fifth floor harbors a really great rainproof cape that zips all the way down to open out flat, and it has a hood besides. (I doubt if *that* would flatten out, but who cares?) I saw it in mouse-colored wool with mouse-and-white checked revers and insides, and I saw it in Loden cloth, reversing calmly from navy to red. It's $35 either way. For *grande luxe*, there is always Bonnie Cashin. (Wherever you drift, be it Saks, Bonwit, or Lord & Taylor, ask to see her clothes first.) I'll talk about her ponchos now, though I can hardly wait to get to her coats. Bonwit has a bonny Bonnie outfit that involves a dress-length poncho of brown-and-white tweed with a brown suède band fastening down the front. It is accompanied by a suède shirt with long sleeves and a tweed skirt, and $245 takes all. Saks has another poncho of hers, but skirtless, of a blanket mohair wool in a black-and-tan pattern. A leather string tie emerges from under the arms to tie in front, and there is thick fringe at the base; $110. And now for the Bonnie coats—smashing big mohair things in flagrant colors borrowed from every sunset in the world, or smashing suède numbers, one lined with a brand-new bleached kind of raccoon. (It looks like fitch without a yellow cast.) This number is at Saks, for $625, and so is a masterly Bonnie suède in a misty gray lined with possum, for $675.

YOU'D think, the way I've been carrying on, that dresses and skirts had ceased to exist, but everywhere there are perfect little countryside jersey shifts or two-piece dresses. The one that leaps first to my mind is by that Bonnie Cashin. I caught it at Lord & Taylor, in her own Beaujolais, a purply wine, at $70—long sleeves, a narrow leather piping making an oval yoke, and a jersey tube rising thence for *seventeen inches* to create a massive turtleneck or to snugly cover the head like a hood. Robert Sloan, in Altman's Studio 3, has another big turtleneck, but only fourteen inches high this time. It tops a navy jersey overblouse, which goes under a suit of curry-colored crushed wool. The zipper up the front of the oval-necked jacket offers the illusion of a welt seam, and the skirt is four-gored to create a slight flare; $95 for the works. Tricot of Rome has sent to Saks' Sports Separates department a sleeveless jersey sheath with a contrasting double vertical band in front that widens into a triangle on the stomach. It was shown to me in black with white trim and in fuchsia with black trim. This is $90 and down to the ankles, but it would look even greater shortened. Two-inches-above-the-knee giddiness is the epitome of Rudi Gernreich's two-piece dress at Splendiferous, which is up on Third Avenue (No. 1312) near 75th Street. Bright-blue vertical stripes on red jersey give the effect of pleats in the straight skirt; the top is red with royal polka dots, and so is its rodeo scarf. This deal is $60, and rubberized long stockings to match are $10, but, with skirts as short as they are (here I go again), I maintain that leotards are the only answer. There are also some great dresses around that look like elongated sweaters. Bloomingdale's Sutton Place Shop has two. One is by Nan Herzlinger, of wool, hand-loomed (and looks hand-*knit*) in England, with a big purl stitch; the patina is cream with charcoal flashes. Long sleeves ribbed at the wrists, shirt-front detail with four buttons, and $90—that completes its story. The other, by Deebs, is of a white knit in a diamond pattern, and it has a big, floppy, drapable turtleneck collar; $60. Robert Leader's

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROLL SEGHERS II
FROM "ADVENTURES IN WILLIAMSBURG"

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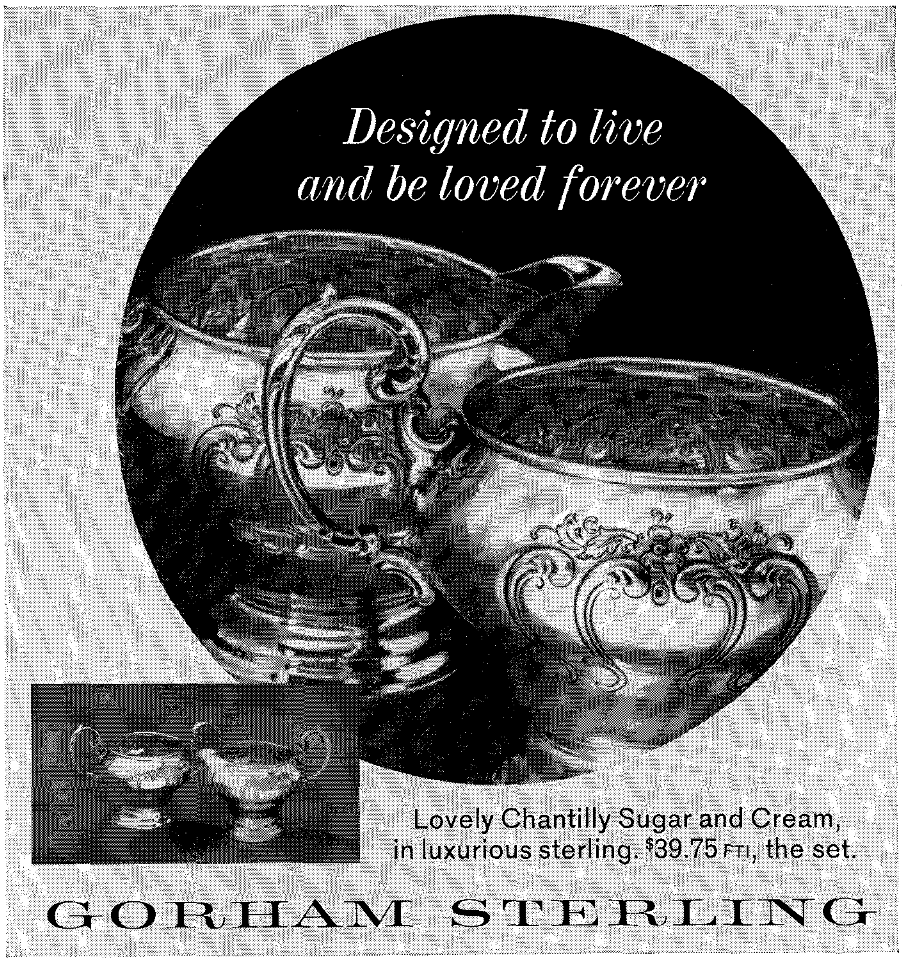
Now—you can mix perfect Daiquiris in 30 seconds flat

THE SECRET: Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix *and* dry Puerto Rican rum. Each can of Daiquiri Mix makes 12 perfect Daiquiris. Unused mix stays fresh for days. Look for it at food or liquor stores.

Important reminder: use only *white* or *silver* Puerto Rican rum. Puerto Rican rums are distilled at high proof for *extra dryness,* then aged in oak. Look for the bottles with those proud words—*Puerto Rican Rum.*

Free recipe booklet with 31 delightful rum drinks. Write: Rum Booklet, Dept.Y13, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.
Daiquiri Mix is distributed by Wilbur-Ellis Co., Inc., New York and Los Angeles.



Lovely Chantilly Sugar and Cream, in luxurious sterling. $39.75 FTI, the set.

GORHAM STERLING

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831 • THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

shop contains another elongated sweater dress, from France. It is done in merino wool, and it rises to sunburst seams around a slightly ascending collar that stands away from the neck. It comes in any of twenty colors; $45. At Leader's, too, is another example of Rudi Gernreich's letch for colorful jerseys—a turtlenecked shift that was shown me in olive drab with poison-chartreuse vertical half-inch stripes. This one slithers down the body and costs $50. It also comes in camel with black stripes and in red with bright blue, for cowards.

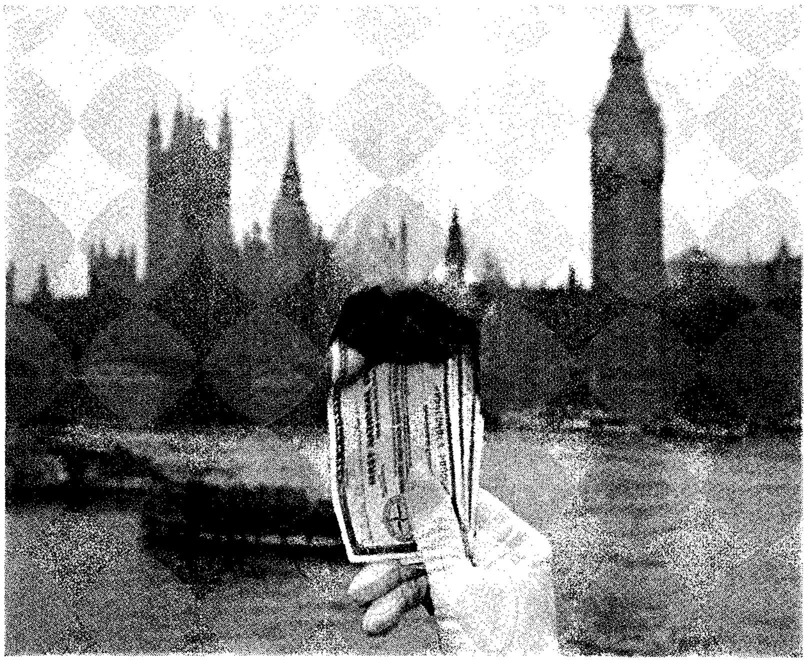
APPARENTLY, the very full-skirted *soi-disant* at-home skirts for the country have disappeared, and good; we rural people have to crouch to baste whatever is in the oven, and I was forever tripping over hems on my way up and down stairs. (City folk must not know much about stairs.) In their stead, Bonwit has a downright Dietrich type of slacks outfit, designed by Cacharel and turned out in bogus black pony fur (a slightly curly surface) with six double-breasted buttons and long, skinny pants; $90. In general, though, the sentiment is for the bias look toward the base—a throwback to the Jean Harlow days. Saks Fifth has the actual pattern of an at-home worn by that siren herself, and has repeated it in Onondaga rayon crêpe tinted black, white, or cyclamen. The pants are slick down the hips and then whirl out on the bias like a circular skirt; the cowl-necked topper matches. These items are $70 and $45, respectively. I fell particularly hard for an arrangement by Wilroy in Bloomingdale's Active Sports department, but designed for indoors. It is of a thin pebbly wool, carefreely printed in two patterns, and it curves smoothly through the beltless middle before it goes into circular pant legs. It is also bateau-necked and sleeveless; $49.95. Then—with a circular *skirt,* this time—Rudi Gernreich has made an utterly lovely long dress of pebbly wool knit that looks like his epic bathing suit of last summer—slashed to the waist in front, with a precarious tie between the breasts. It's all bias, there are long sleeves, and it appears in any of many, many colors. I encountered it at Robert Leader's and at Splendiferous; $70.

ENOUGH of this pogo-sticking from here to there, and on to an orderly, slower-motion progress through one establishment at a time. To wit:

Every sportsman knows enough to make for Abercrombie & Fitch when

These 3 tests prove First National City Travelers Checks are "Better Than Money"®

Why are Citibank Travelers Checks the best way to carry money anywhere? Actual tests, shown below, demonstrate three specific reasons: *ready availability . . . immediate acceptability . . . on-the-spot refundability.* In case of loss, Western Union Operator 25 directs you to thousands of U.S. refund points. There are thousands more abroad . . . and hotels there can direct you to the nearest one. Backed by the bank that's first in world-wide banking, Citibank Travelers Checks cost just a penny per dollar.



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For this test, Miss Isabella M. Cunningham, of New York City, actually burned $200 worth of Citibank Travelers Checks. Directed to a nearby Bank of New Zealand branch by her hotel, Miss Cunningham received a full refund on-the-spot.

Travelers Checks

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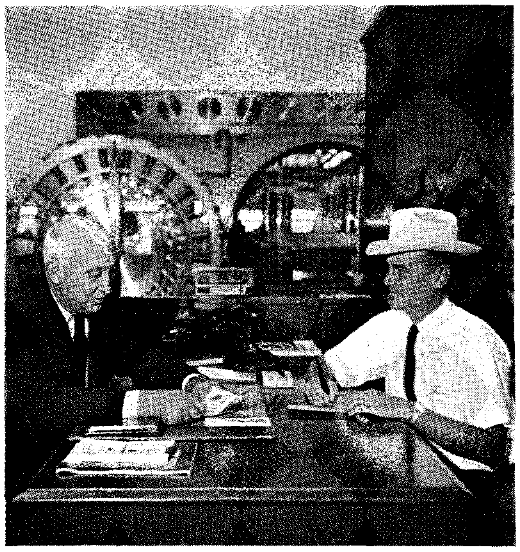
The Robert D. Highs, of Medina, Ohio, found many fascinating items to buy in the Sampaguita Crafts Center. They also found their Citibank Travelers Checks most welcome as payment . . . just as they had been for their every travel need.



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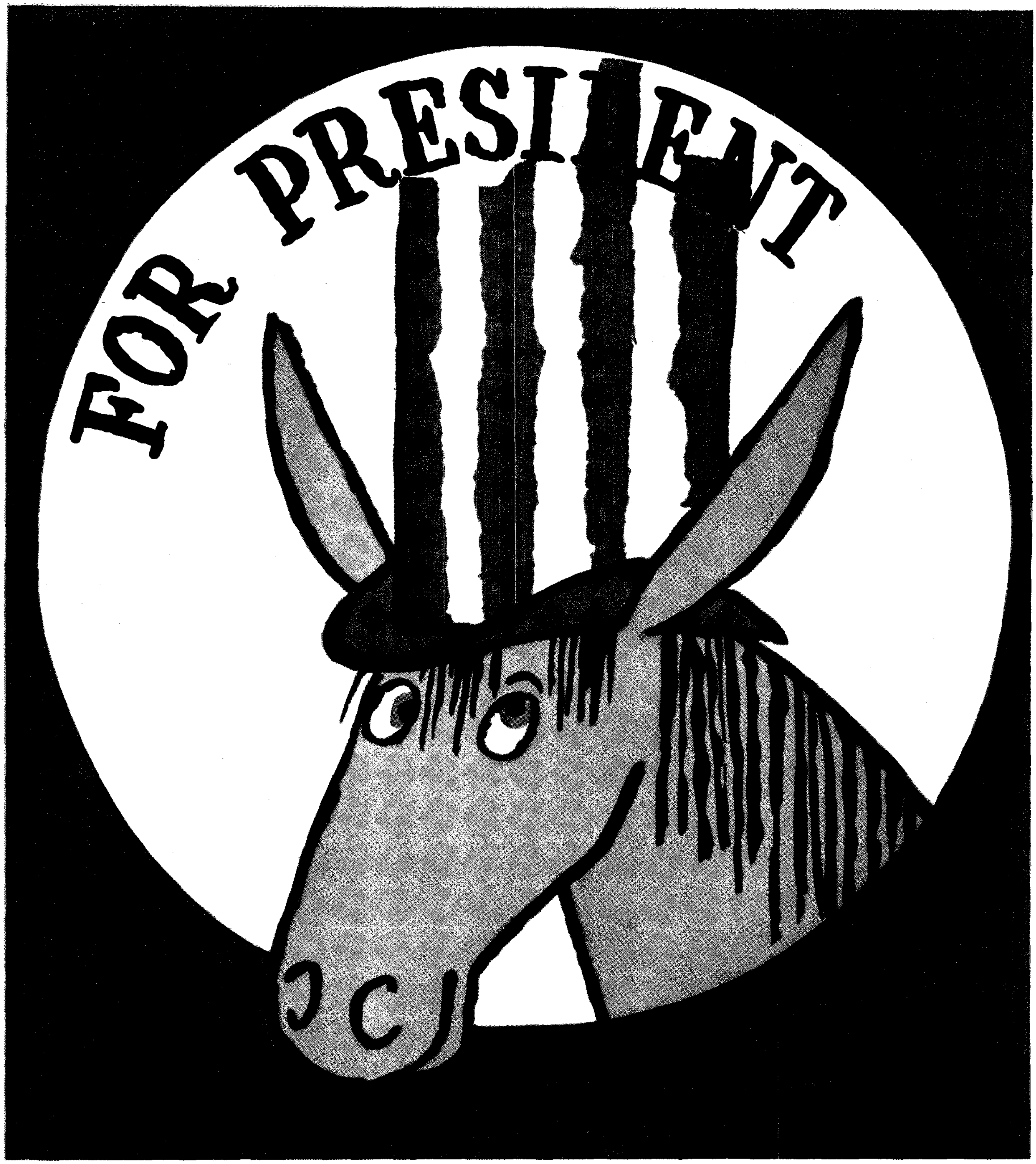
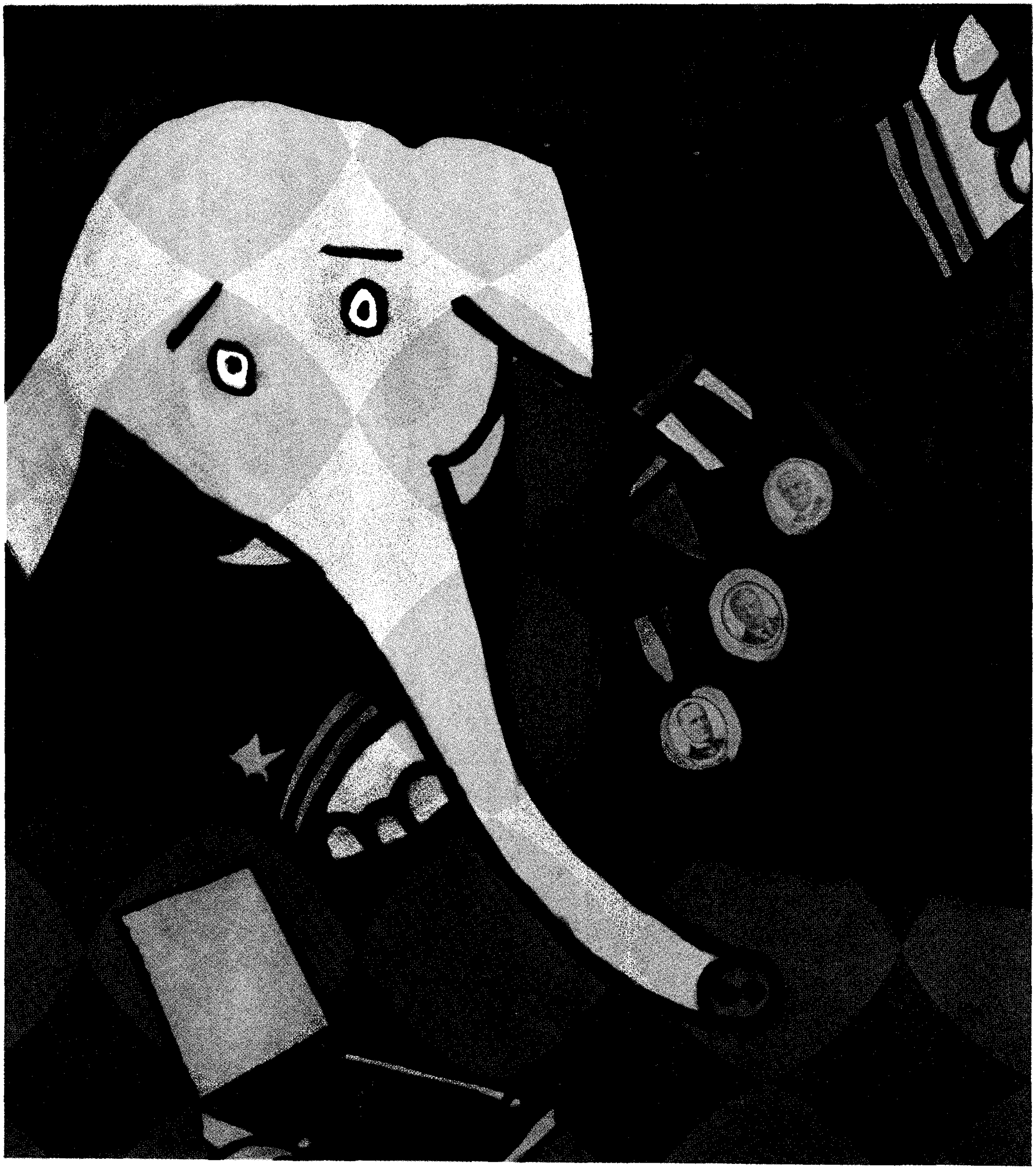


Holiday invites you to join the party

Now is the autumn of our great contest, to paraphrase a poet who enjoyed writing about Richard III, Caesar and other political leaders.

Politics are a little more orderly today, but this is the season when candidates point with pride or view with alarm, while the rest of us suffer in silence or cheer our heroes. It is the time when our native exuberance boils up and out and into the ballot box and then recedes until the next election.

At *Holiday* we endorse this excitement, for personal participation is a way of life for our 1,000,000 families. In any community, including yours, the *Holiday* households contain the active people, the leadership group. They will differ in politics, but their common

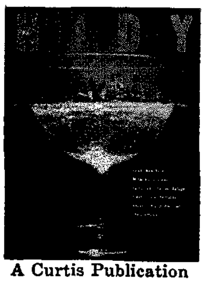


interests are reflected in the magazine they share. They travel more, buy more, entertain more. They like to explore new products and new services, as well as new places. And they are the better-educated, upper-income people who consistently seek the best in the market place or in Washington.

For these people, *Holiday* provides a wide view of the world, which helps them to vote intelligently for the party of their choice. It does this with wit and style, complementing those who read it. And *Holiday* guides their party line in entertaining, too, recommending good food, wine, and other joys of the good life in both its editorial and advertising pages.

We invite you to join the party.

HOLIDAY: FOR PEOPLE ON THE GO



A Curtis Publication

Pictured hiding its price under all that luxury is a '65 Chevrolet Impala Sport Sedan.

Beautiful Shape for '65–CHEVROLET
Everything over, under and around you will be beautifully different

The roof, front, back, side, height, length, room, trim, windows, dash, upholstery, frame, suspension, color—everything's new, finer, more luxurious everywhere you look.

What this new Chevrolet amounts to is almost a new kind of land travel!

Chevrolet for '65 meets the road with Wide-Stance wheel design and silkier Jet-smooth ride. Carries you along on a new frame that's as silent as it is strong. Baffles bumps with an ease that must make other cars jealous.

Step into an Impala Sport Coupe or Sedan and find door-to-door carpeting, luxuriously upholstered seats designed to be lived in, an instrument panel that lives up to its simulated wood-grain trim. With more shoulder room. More front leg and foot room with smaller floor tunnels. And the added luxury of curved glass side windows.

For '65, you set it all in motion with Sixes and V8's ranging from a 140-hp Turbo-Thrift Six to a 400-hp Turbo-Fire V8 available at your order.

Then link this action to your fingertips in one of these four ways — Powerglide, Overdrive or 4-speed Synchro-Mesh shift, if you request it, or standard 3-speed Synchro-Mesh. We should also mention a best seller list of luxury and convenience equipment that's yours for the ordering.

All that's left is the looks. But why try telling you what you can see so clearly for yourself? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

Monza Sport Sedan—one of 7 new models in the Corsa, Monza and Corvair 500 series for '65.

Beautiful Shape for '65—CORVAIR

If this one doesn't knock you right off your chair, we can't imagine what would

It took one of the most complete and dramatic changes ever made in any car to bring you this new beauty with the international look. Here, briefly, are some of the wonderful things we've done to this 1965 Corvair.

First, there's new hardtop styling on every Corvair Sport Coupe and Sport Sedan—even the lowest priced ones.

And all are longer and lower than Corvairs of old, yet with curved side windows to give you more shoulder room inside.

The steering is quicker. The ride is steadier with its new 4-wheel independent suspension. The wheels, both front and rear, are spread farther apart to keep them as cemented to the road as the pavement itself. The brakes are bigger.

There's an interior in Monza models that reminds you of those you've seen in some frighteningly expensive sports cars. Bucket seats, door-to-door deep-twist carpeting, businesslike control panel with all dials grouped into a cockpit-like cluster.

There's a whole brand-new series of Corvairs for '65 called *Corsa* with special trim, special instrumentation and very special performance. The standard rear engine is 140 hp or there's a new 180-hp Turbo-Charged version that you can add instead.

We can't help but feel that the '65 Corvair is the new sporty American car Europeans will be clamoring to import. So hurry and see one now at your Chevrolet dealer's. Then try to give up the idea of buying one. Just try. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

Please Turn the Page For More That's New

CHEVROLET
CHEVELLE

New Malibu Super Sport Coupe in Regal Red, one of 13 new Chevelle colors for '65.

Beautiful Shape for '65–CHEVELLE

New ride, new style and an engine that makes any driver feel young

On one hand, the '65 Chevelle makes you feel settled and wise and rich with its smooth new ride and plushness all about. But then on the other hand, there's a frisky power story!

There are enough changes in this '65 Chevelle to make it look and act like another whole new car from Chevrolet.

The front's been restyled. So has the back. The interiors are done up in some of the richest looking vinyls and fabrics around.

The ride is amazing. We've patterned Chevelle's Full Coil suspension after those in cars costing far more.

And if you'd like to hear how quietly it rides with its softer springs and extra body insulation, just put your fingers in your ears and listen.

As for that frisky power, you get it in either of two V8's you can add, ranging all the way up to 300 horsepower.

That makes five engines for Chevelle now, including the standard 120-hp Hi-Thrift Six (which doesn't exactly poke along).

And the list of special options and accessories you can order goes on and on.

Four-speed manual shift. Automatic Powerglide. A luxurious vinyl roof cover for the Sport Coupes. A new AM-FM Stereo radio that makes you think the musicians themselves came with the car.

Twelve Chevelle models in four series to choose from for '65 – and all available with big V8's! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

'65 Chevy II Nova 4-Dr. Sedan—who says an economy car can't be fun?

Beautiful Shape for '65–CHEVY II
Look who just turned into the most powerful tightwad in town

Now you can even have a 300-hp V8 in your new 1965 Chevy II. There are new interiors and new styling, too. Chevy II never hid its economy and practicality so well!

Guess what? Quiet, practical little Chevy II just grew fangs.

For the first time ever, you can now ask to have a big 250-hp or 300-hp V8 engine put under the hood of your next Chevy II Sedan or Sport Coupe. You can also order a new 150-hp Six for all models.

The standard engines this year are the 195-hp V8 (hardly a slouch) or the 120-hp Six, depending upon the model you choose, along with your choice of a 4-cylinder gas-saver on the Chevy II 100 Sedans.

That's six Chevy II engines altogether and to put it mildly, the meek just inherited the road.

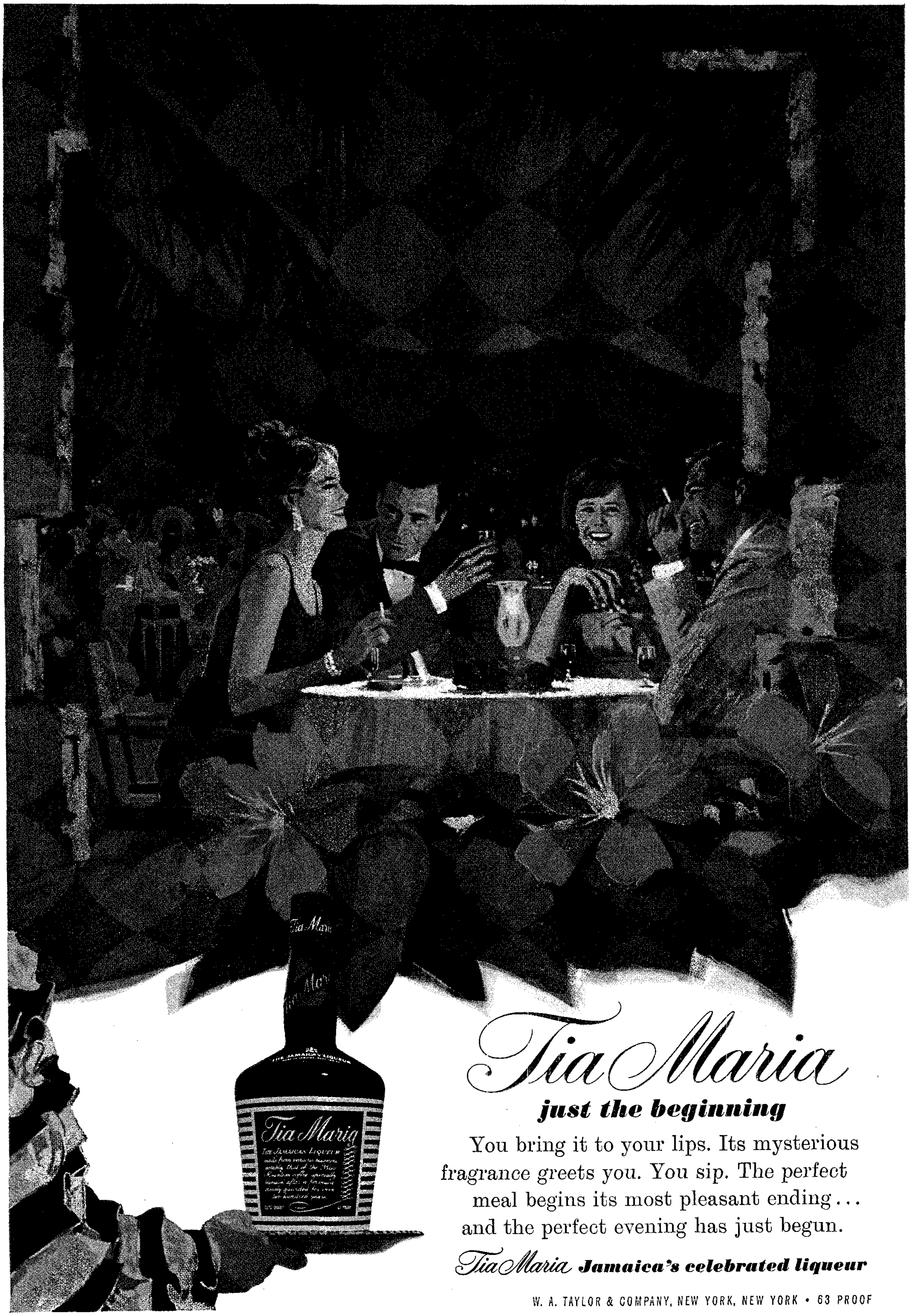
As for the rest of the car, well, it's new in front; new in back; and as you've probably noticed already, the sedans have a sleek new roof line on top.

Inside's new, too. Richer fabrics. Plusher vinyls. Dressed-up instrument panel. Scuffproof cowl side panels. Standard color-keyed seat belts. And you can surround all that with living-room-toned music by adding an AM-FM Stereo radio.

And Stereo or not, five or six people never had it so comfortable. Chevy II is *not* tight with room.

This all of course leads us to Chevy II economy. No Chevy II story would be complete without a word on *that!* The word is miserly. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET


Tia Maria
The Jamaica Liqueur
Tia Maria
The Jamaica Liqueur

Tia Maria

just the beginning

You bring it to your lips. Its mysterious fragrance greets you. You sip. The perfect meal begins its most pleasant ending... and the perfect evening has just begun.

Tia Maria **Jamaica's celebrated liqueur**

W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK • 63 PROOF

he is headed for serious matters like safaris, but many things there are adapted to a less strenuous and even a feminine life as well. One is shooting jackets, particularly the squire jacket in Glen-plaid wool, with those suède patches in front of the shoulders (for switch shooting). Some in Loden cloth have the classic cardigan necklines and, even though they are beltless, are reminders of the Norfolk jacket. The *comme-il-faut* safari jacket, in suède, with four flapped pockets and a belt, is $125, and knee-length skirts to match are definite availabilities. Sheepskin waistcoats, the leather side out, are equipped with small horn buttons; $40. A. & F. are experts at culottes (planned and erected on the premises) with an overlap in front to imply a skirt, which is highly desirable on the golf course. The management likes them especially in its own safari cloth. A fine new gadget purloined from man is that F.D.R. fishing hat with a low crown and a small stitched brim, made now in safari cloth, with green cotton lining the brim; $6. Irish fisherman-knit sweaters are not exactly news, but the bulky lovelies here look noble in their off-white wools with vertical panels in variegated nubbly knits. Pullovers are $40, say, and, naturally, cardigans are present, too—at $45.

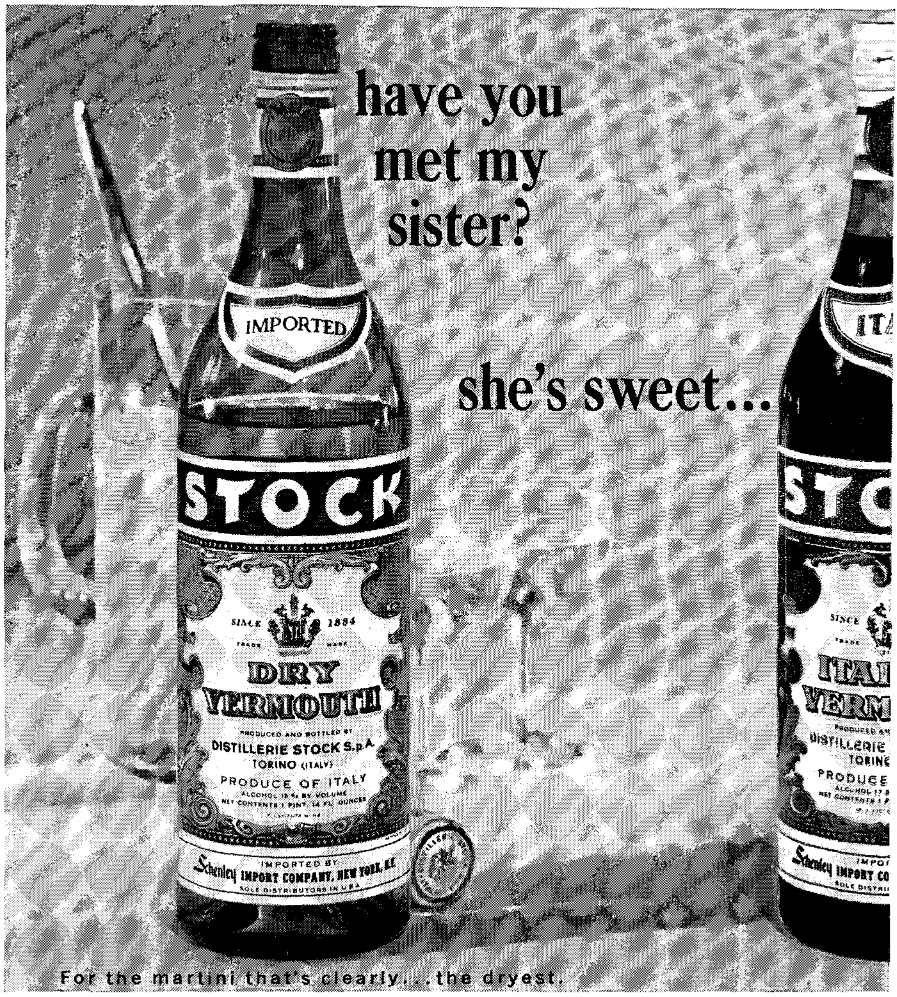
AT Altman's, there are a brace of rainy weather outfits that are well worth attention. One, by MacKenna, is of khaki cotton poplin. Its tunic jacket has two flapped pockets, and three single-breasted buttons go down the front; $25. Matching tapered pants are $10. The other noteworthy outfit is by Jack Winter, set forth in a stretch fabric in beige or deep emerald. The top has a scoop neck yelling to be filled in by a sweater; $13. Pants to match (tapered, and ending in a strap under the instep) are the same price. Then comes Nan Herzlinger's deep-country suit—a zipped-up battle jacket (lined with foulard and elasticized at waist and wrists), a blouse of tan silk string knit, a six-gored skirt; $125. Both skirt and jacket are of corduroy.

BENDEL'S Cachet Shop has nurtured some really luxurious raincoats, one of which is a Spanish concept, by Cortefiel, with a James Bond trench-coat look; $65. The red cashmere lining zips in and out. Another rain-shedder, cut like a man's topcoat, is of tan twill lined with kit fox, and eight double-breasted buttons mark the front; $195. I don't understand rain suits

This is one of the most elegant European hotels. It has the ultimate in French cuisine. Luxurious Louis XVI rooms and suites. Magnificent Italian marble floors. Tapestries woven in 18th century France. And the most understanding Belgian concierge. It's at 61st and Park.

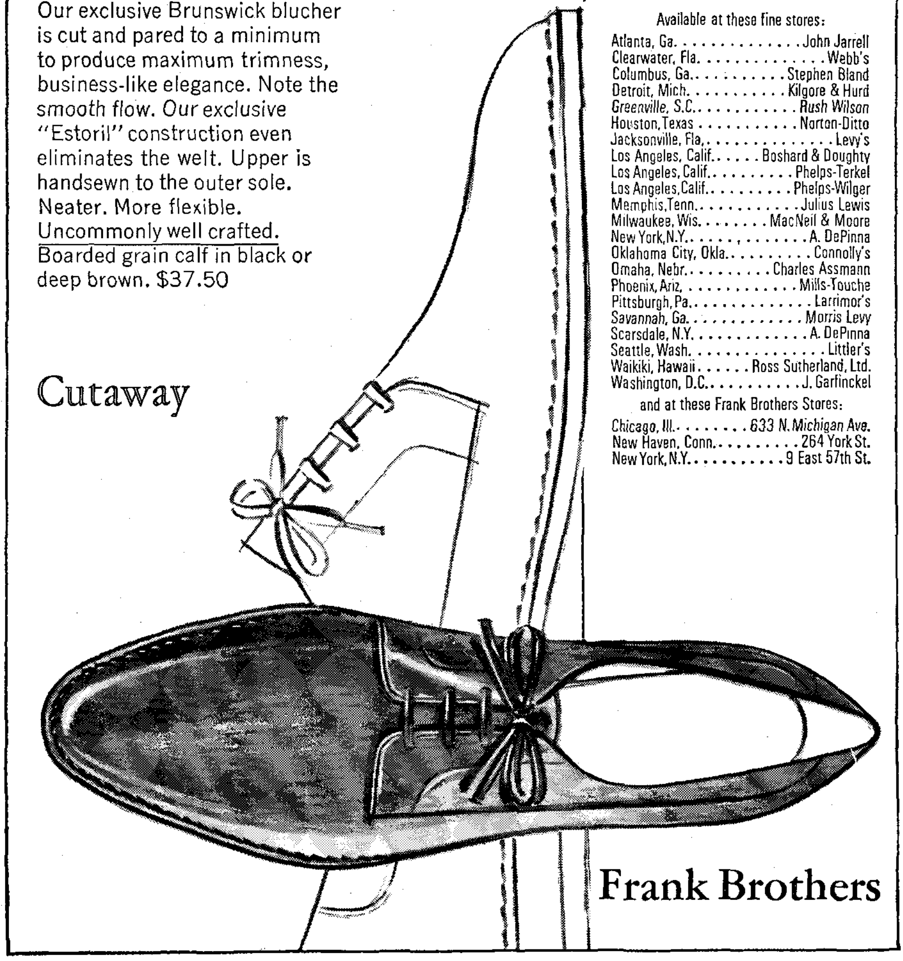
The Regency Hotel

61ST STREET AND PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, NEW YORK. PLAZA 9-4100. EDMOND A. RIEDER, MANAGING DIRECTOR.



Our exclusive Brunswick blucher is cut and pared to a minimum to produce maximum trimness, business-like elegance. Note the smooth flow. Our exclusive "Estoril" construction even eliminates the welt. Upper is handsewn to the outer sole. Neater. More flexible. Uncommonly well crafted. Boarded grain calf in black or deep brown. $37.50

Cutaway



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Frank Brothers

(where do you *sit* when you come indoors?), but Bendel has a nice one in beige poplin, the skirt wrapping over to one side and the short box jacket having a hood, a zipper up to the chin, a sash tie, and a white fleece lining; $70.

AROUND Bergdorf Goodman, the big, bold, top-heavy look prevails through the ministrations of all manner of devices. The sports floor has blouson dresses, and my very favorite is a Charles Cooper in fleecy camel-hued wool, the top deeply bloused indeed and the skirt with so deep an inverted pleat in front that it resembles culottes; $190. Among the sweaters are some weighty marvels by Geist & Geist (I've already told you about G. & G. slacks) that are all heavy cable stitching, combining Princeton colors, or Kelly and pale blue (University of Outer Mongolia), or whatever; they're V-necked, for a change, and $30. If tops must be slender, B. G. has lots of simple up-and-down-ribbed sweaters with turtlenecks or undershirt necklines, and in plain colors. For below these, Stella Sloat has concocted (and Bergdorf is the sole possessor) some fat, gathered skirts of Anglo wool (it's fuzzy) on plain waistbands, and in the most vociferous color mixtures; $45. And—this defies classification—in Italy the establishment has unearthed a long, *long* tunic sweater of gray wool with a crew neck, a tie belt, and a page-boy air. Stockings to match, mid-thigh length, go with it. The thing practically demands boots, leather jackets, and other blustering accessories. The sweater is vertically ribbed (the ribs over an inch across), and there are several mixtures, in which white, greens, yellows, and so on are implicated; $125. This tunic sort of thing is an at-home-in-the-country look that I favor, but again I snort that leotards are far preferable to stockings as underpinnings.

BLOOMINGDALE'S third floor overflows with blessings, such as a dance dress by Junior Sophisticates of black-and-white hound's-tooth *tweed* (uh-huh), with faceted jet occurring in the black spots and tiny rhinestones in the white spaces. This has string straps, a princesse middle, and a circular swing; $90. My reaction to this is simple: Ooooh! Eloise Curtis has presented the shop with a dress for both North and South in white corduroy, the ribs horizontal on the dress and vertical on the sleeves. There's a low front belt, and black crocheted edging ripples about the round collar; $55, and in

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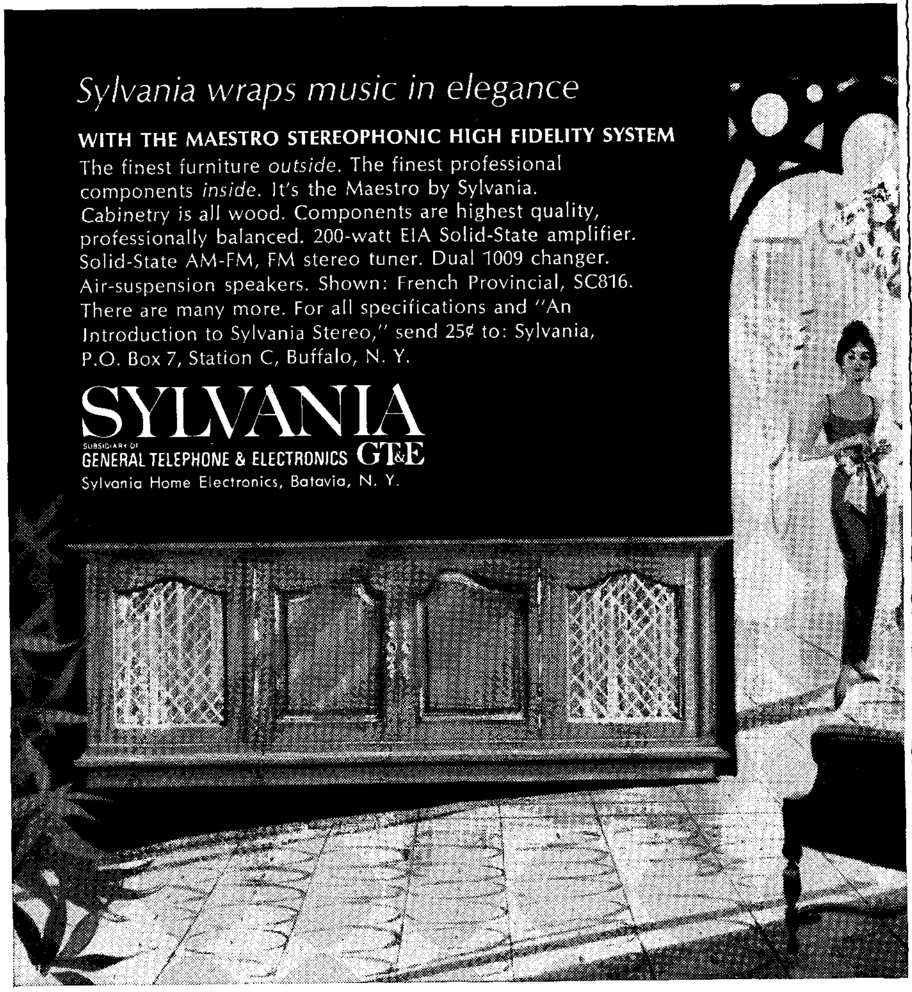

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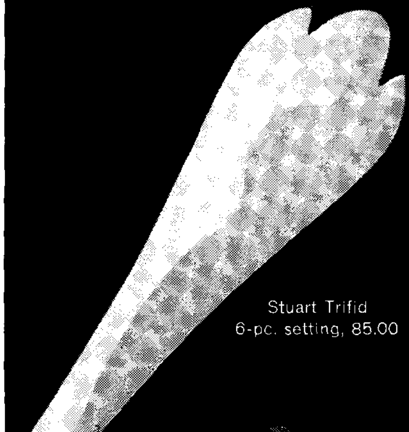
junior sizes. Nan Herzlinger is Mary's little lamb; now she has followed me to Bloomingdale's Sutton Place Shop. Her contribution here is a dress of beige corduroy with wide cowl-turtle folds around the neck, and long, cuffed sleeves, and four large patch pockets; $70. And I can't possibly leave the place without talking about Roger Van Ess's beguiler of a poncho-cape suit in a big blanket plaid. The cape, attached to the jacket, is hip length in back; in front, it hangs like a vast U down the front, but it is slashed up high on each side. It's $79.95.

BONWIT TELLER's Country Place (fourth floor) has Bonnie Cashin's suit of camel's hair piped with mustard wool. A boy's jacket and a caramel jersey pullover are part of it; $145. A coat to match, with small toggle fastenings on the dark-brown suède band up the front, has a slight tent flare; $110. A real fat cat among fat toppers is Bonwit's raccoon job by Deebs—a sleeveless vest, imperceptibly zipped up the front, with very nubbly knit black sleeves that snap in; $185. In the sports department (fifth floor), there are slacks and toppers to overwhelm the imagination, but I have recovered enough to mention one or two, such as Mr. Dino's hip-length overblouses with long sleeves and oval necks; $23. The wherewithal is a white acetate knit that is smooth and firm, and sharp hand-screened (rare in the U.S.A.) Pucci-like patterns, such as medallions in greens and blues, appear on it. Ramos furnishes year-round slacks ($28) of spun rayon with a Helanca stretch in plenty of solid colors; each waistband is faced with the striped silk shirting you find in his impeccable mannishly tailored shirts. And a Mr. Samuel Roberts is responsible for a rich-brown wide-waled corduroy jacket of Norfolk persuasion. The white fleece lining emerges at the edges in shaggy-dog fashion; it's $65, and straight slacks to match are on hand. Then come Ulla's tapered jersey slacks (nylon-backed) in pale colors—primrose, ice blue, and the like—at $16; big turtlenecked jersey tops to match are $14.

OHRBACH, that glorified bargain counter, has two advantageous offerings with career girls in mind, and I hope that they do not all vanish before you arrive. One is a rubber-lined olive-drab poplin raincoat with a hood, at $2.99; the other is a windbreaker of black plastic patent leather, hooded and zipped up the front, at $1.99. In


Stuart Trifid
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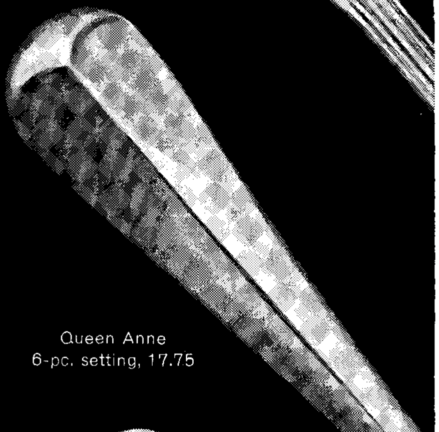
Queen Anne
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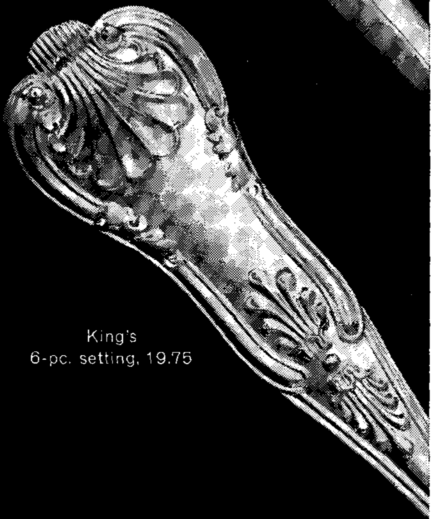
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the sportswear boutique (fourth floor) are suède separates in dark brown, beige, and dark green—skirts at $33.99, buttoned-down-collar shirts at $46.99, straight pants at $42.99, and so forth. Among the coats on the fifth floor is a rain-resistant one of poplin, completely reversible (sleeves and all) to raccoon. With a rain hat of poplin, this is $229, plus federal tax. And the traditional double-breasted trenchcoat is $34.95. Ridged wool sweaters with floppy turtlenecks are to be had for $8.95. A turn through the Ohrbach accessories: lacy leotards in brown or black stretch nylon, at $1.99; handsome knee-high suède boots (in dark brown or olive drab) with suède-covered one-and-a-half-inch heels and a buckled self band around the top, at $25; and (in a city spewing out the worst possible shoes for tweedy country wear) suède ankle-high shoes with brown leather on the lower edges, thick, corrugated soles, sheepskin linings, and a zipper up the back, at $13.99.

THE Sports Separates department on the third floor of Saks Fifth Avenue is full of special efforts from all over, lots of them by Micia of Italy, such as very long sweater tops, some on an evening-hostess basis. In this category is a hairy black knit affair with small bright-yellow Xs knitted in and a big plain yellow yoke, extending over the upper arms, that is covered with black plastic wedding rings, as well as an affair in a white diamond knit with an irregular lattice of black jet making a deep yoke. This one is $160. Then comes a lovable knee-length suède skirt (the hue of the sample I viewed is a canteloupe sort of yellow) by Bonnie Cashin, for $65. A deep inverted pleat accomplishes a divided-skirt look. The jersey top to match is elasticized at the waistline, and trim suède detail goes around the neckline. For no matter what climate of ours, Tricot of Rome has done short-sleeved hip-length sweaters of smooth jersey knit with a band of color curving down either side of the front to separate a second color (in the center) from a third one (at the flanks). White middle, royal bands, and fuchsia is one idea, but there are all sorts of combos; $45. Among the suits, in another part of the Saks forest, are special things, whipped up by John Weitz, that combine camel's-hair and soft-gray hues. Heavy ribbed flannel twill that is either gray or camel makes straight pants with fly fronts ($45 and $55), and there are skirts with box pleats starting at hip level, and trim

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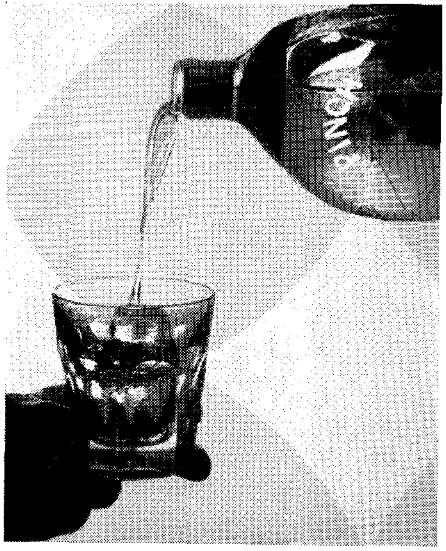

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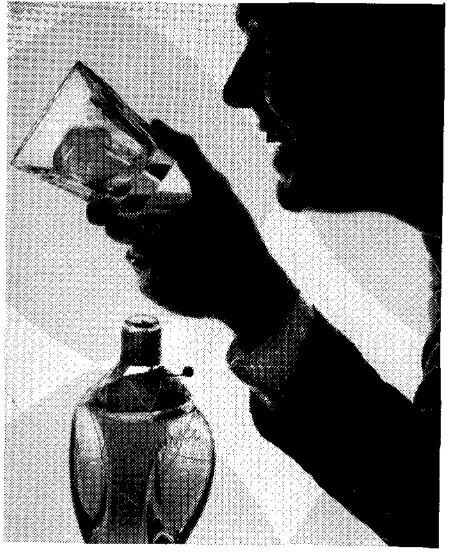

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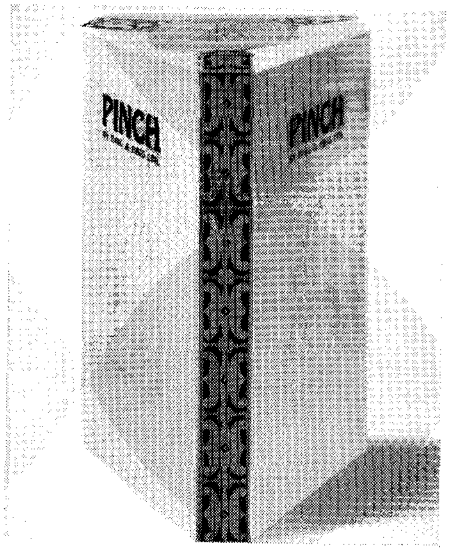
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jackets with wide lapels and a low-set square of buttons, to mix or match, and so forth and so on.

As for country footwear, I must become a common scold, whether I am discussing our American shoemakers and bootmakers or the Italian ones. Unless you like Belgian Shoes, which has made some good, hardy, tromping efforts to accompany Norell's masterly pants suits and his little jersey dresses with long stockings to match (are the Belgian moccasins for lounging in general too well known to be mentioned again?), I can only suggest that you ferret out good old-fashioned oxfords and ghillies with flat heels to go with most of your slacks and country tweeds. For we are being offered shoes with all of inch-and-a-half heels, sometimes curvy and sometimes squat, and this is sacrilege. As for patent leather with cut-steel buckles, supposedly to wear with *any* country clothes, I am—and not for the first time in my life—speechless. And as for boots, there are all sorts of good ones around, boasting names both exotic and New York, but you'll find that the best of them have United States Rubber antecedents. The rock salt and the chemicals used in sloshing off our streets wash off these, for one thing, so stains aren't permanent; besides, the boots look mighty good. U.S. Rubber is a nice common stock to own, I hear, but I hadn't until now thought of it as being uncommonly able in the fashion world.

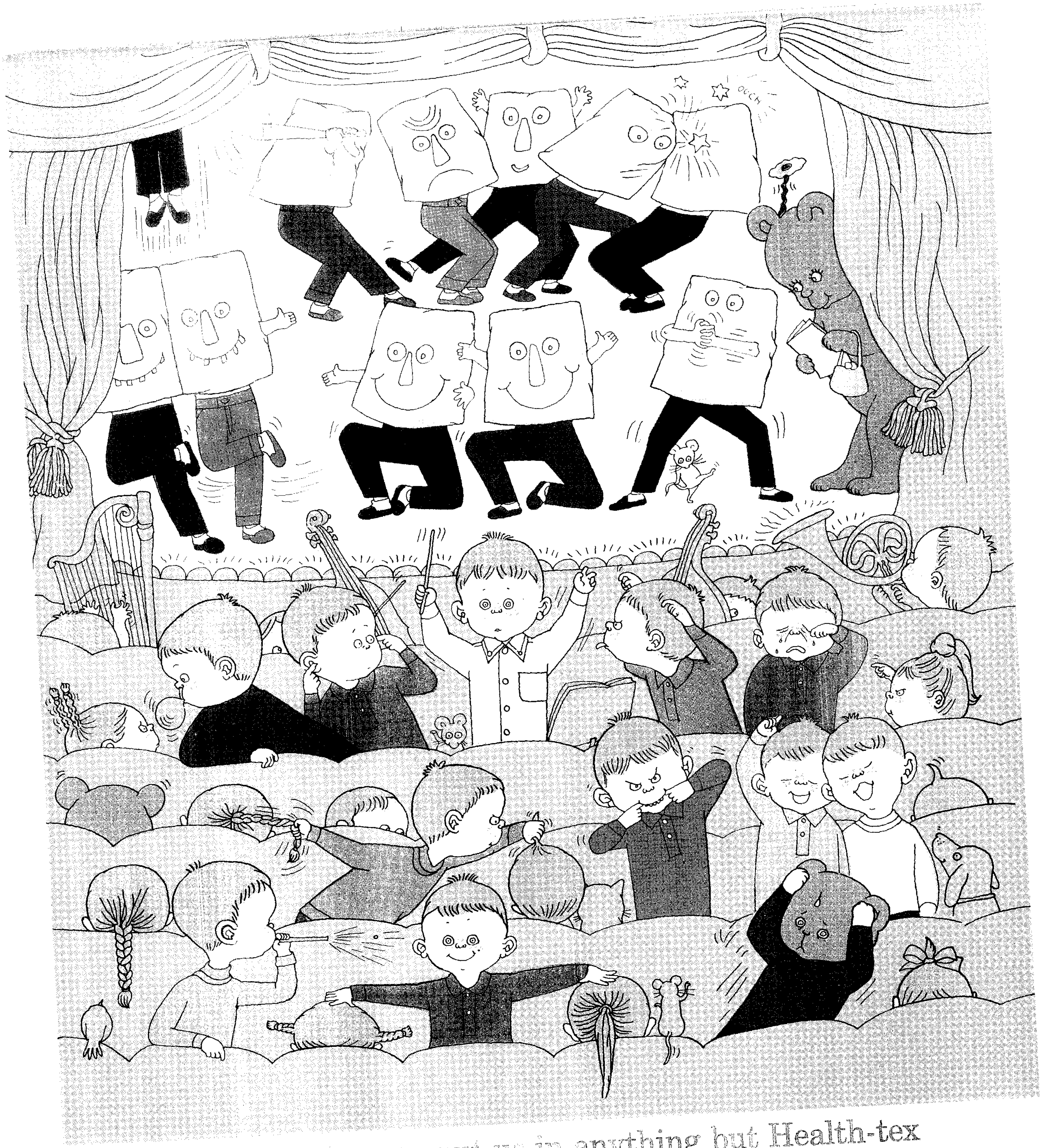
—Lois Long

•

WHICH PAGE OF "THE COMPLETE GERMAN SHEPHERD," BY MILO G. DENLINGER, D'YA READ?

Von Stephanitz wrote an ostensibly learned book, which was translated into English and published in 1923 under the title "The German Shepherd Dog in Word and Picture," and was widely circulated. It was an impressive tome of more than 700 pages and purported to tell all. It was in fact a congeries of valid information and misinformation, outmoded scientific theories, and personal and racial prejudices. It was verbose and turgid as only a German book can be. —*Page 27.*

. . . that great work [of von Stephanitz's], "The German Shepherd Dog in Word and Picture," which appeared in eight editions. In his searching and comprehensive way he included everything that related to the German Shepherd Dog: from the origin and relationship of shepherd and herding dogs through species and uses. . . . The work, replete with numerous illustrations, and written in an exceptionally striking style, is of importance not only to Shepherd Dog fanciers but is of great value to all dog lovers. It has received on all sides the honorable title of the "canine bible." —*Page 54.*



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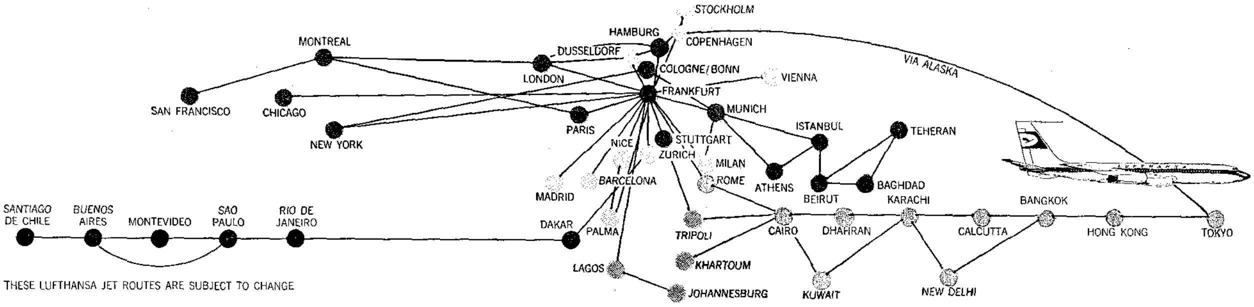
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THESE LUFTHANSA JET ROUTES ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE

FOOTBALL

Crisis

THE depletion of our natural resources, a persistent concomitant of an economy as free-handed as ours, continues, and it may be that after a while longer there will not be enough football players to go around—in civilian life, at least. Even before graduation time arrives, a few of the choice ones have a way of seeping into professional life, such as the National Football League; classwork, still a persistent concomitant of life on a certain number of our campuses, has a way of removing other choice specimens; others insist upon falling on fields of combat the minute they report for pre-season practice. The military mind, taught to think ahead to all possibilities, one of which must be the heavy-duty schedules of football matches Army has contracted for a year or two or three from now, has already thought the thing through, and the class entering West Point this fall was the largest ever in peacetime; when the new, high-rise accretions to the Academy have been finished, the armed undergraduate force there will have increased from yesteryear's twenty-five hundred to four thousand, filling the new buildings and, it can be presumed, the football team to repletion. This is not to say that Army always has—or always will have—its own way; last week, perusing the rosters of the Ivy League freshman football crews, I came upon (in the first one I picked up) the names of three performers to whom, they tell me, the Academy had extended a most hearty invitation to come on over and play.

What Army has to offer the customers this year has its shortcomings—particularly the absence, because of damage, of Seymour and Cook, which has rather diluted the backfield—and the team may be in for a very bad time against titanic Texas this Saturday, but it is a reasonable facsimile of what can be expected of Army in the even more Big Time seasons to come. It has already overcome The Citadel, 34–0, which seemed only fair, and Boston College, 19–13. This is a Boston College that, after some years of indolence, has become ambitious again—ambitious enough to beat Syracuse at the beginning of this season. The notable thing about Army's overhauling of Boston College is that it had to trust to Cosen-

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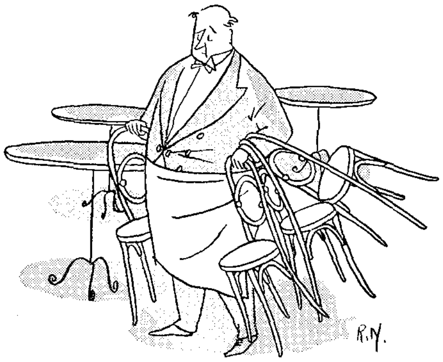
tino, a third-string quarterback, a good part of the afternoon, after Stichweh, the leading man of last year's meeting between Army and Navy, was withdrawn because of a faulty ankle. The shortcomings will to an extent be made up for this fall by Barofsky, a new backfield hand, of the sort who can run seventy-one yards for a touchdown against The Citadel and ninety-three against Boston College. One reason for the general confidence in Army, which looks to be the best football team in the immediate vicinity, has to do with its head coach, Paul Dietzel. Because of an uncontrollable reverence for the past, I have to compare all coaches with the lamented Charlie Caldwell, of Princeton, who still casts a shadow much too large for almost anyone in his chosen profession, a man who knew that the world is flat—exactly a hundred yards long and bounded at each end by goalposts. Dietzel, who has some Caldwell attributes, appears to be much less of a martinet and much more compassionate toward his wounded than some of his predecessors at the Point. He carries a far bigger stick than Caldwell ever had—after all, there can be no comparison between Army football and Ivy League football—but he does seem to walk softly, if firmly. In any event, the stick will get bigger. To date, there is no datum on what C.B.S. will offer to buy in.

TO turn from the sublime, let us now consider the Ivy League, represented in our town (and quite decently, at the moment) by Columbia. Columbia's greatest natural resource is Roberts, who can run a team and carry and pass a ball with what amounts in his league to excellence, and he was good enough on Saturday to put down Colgate, 21–14. Niglio, an awesome running back now apparently recovered from last year's violent attack of classwork, has returned to the Yale squad. I have as yet no eyewitness account of his activities, but I do know that what looks like a good Yale team had little trouble (21–6) managing the



University of Connecticut. Cornell no longer has Wood, who last year was practically the whole first-string Cornell team (he looks much smaller, and out of context, in a Giant uniform, which is his working garb this fall), and Cornell had to come from behind to tie minute Buffalo, 9–9. Johnson, who would have been Princeton's best blocking back this year if a scholastic problem had not caught him by the toe, has perforce retired, and Princeton's blocking against Rutgers, which (by dint of the greatest good luck) it beat, 10–7, was conspicuous by his absence. (Rutgers, which already has runners and passers but not the best of quarterbacking, can become a real hot potato any Saturday now.) Dartmouth beat New Hampshire by a count not to be mentioned in polite society, but New Hampshire is hardly proof that Dartmouth can survive the graduation of Kelly and Spangenberg. Brown has a passer in Dunda, which we all knew a season ago, and Pennsylvania has a passer in Molloy, which we were all fairly certain of a year ago, and they won their matches last week. But throwing arms are becoming unfashionable in the Ivy League, and it is likely that the spirit of simon-pure amateurism, which for years now has been one of the intangible assets of this confederation, will for the next pair of months be all too tangible. —*J. W. L.*

•

EXCLAMATIONS WE DOUBT EVER GOT EXCLAIMED

[*From an entry on "The Living Philosophy of Luther Burbank," by Frederick W. Clampelt, in a book catalogue*]

He is the one life known to me that was incomparably in tune with the Infinite. It was the most natural thing in the world for him to exclaim: "I love sunshine, the blue sky, trees, flowers, mountains, green meadows, running brooks, the ocean waves softly rippling along the sandy beach or pounding the rocky cliffs with their thunder and roar, the birds of the field, waterfalls, the rainbow, the dawn, the noonday and the evening sunset—but children above them all."

•

At a meeting today, the Pennsylvania board of directors discussed, but reached no decision, on divestiture of stock in the Norfolk and Western Railway.

Under an order of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the PRR must notify the commission by Sept. 18, whether it will accept the requirement of complete divestiture of its N.&W. holdings as a condition to consummation of the N.&W.-Nickel Plate-Wabash consolidation into living sea creatures.—*New Brunswick (N.J.) Daily Home News.*

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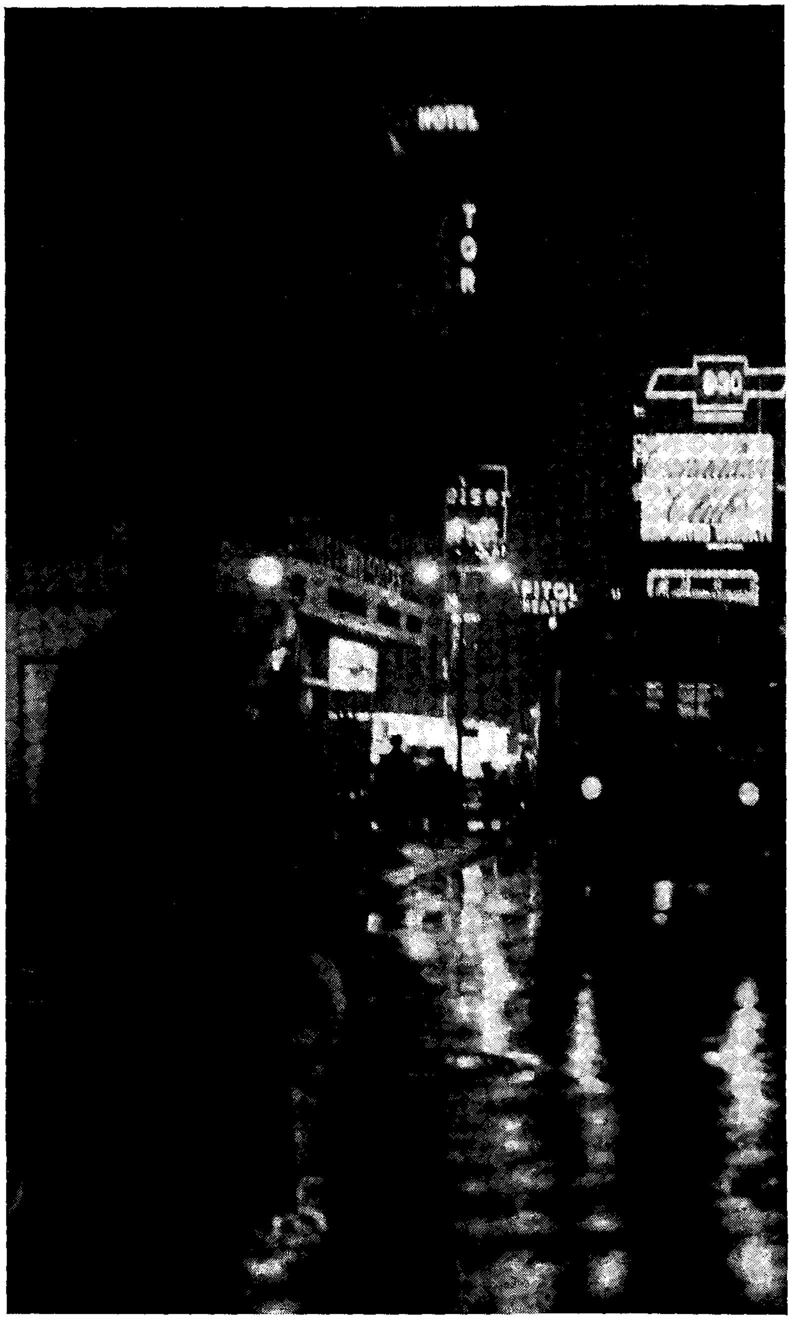
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Tots and Tarts

I WENT to see Walt Disney's "Mary Poppins" with an old party of twenty-five, and this was a mistake. My companion had been brought up on the famous P. L. Travers stories far back toward the very middle of the century, and I should have realized that her recollection of them was likely to be, though pleasurable, dim. She thought that Mr. Disney had taken pains to be accurate, and it was certainly reassuring to see Miss Travers herself listed among the credits as a consultant, but whenever I asked my friend to vouch for the validity of a particular character or scene she would whisper, "That must have been the way it was, but it just doesn't *feel* right." Well, the picture didn't feel right to me, either, in part because I am even older than twenty-five (when the first of the *Mary Poppins* books started coming out, I was in college, riffling through the "Principia Mathematica" for possible errors and totally unaware that a new folk heroine had arrived among the juveniles) and in part because Mr. Disney has long been the victim of his own incomparable technical facility and enormous bankroll, and here, as in several of his other pictures, he has made everything too good to be true. St. Paul's, in London, is one of the three or four biggest churches in Christendom, but Mr. Disney's property men and artists have managed to create a St. Paul's at least twice its size. (If Mr. Disney were an architectural historian, he would no doubt find it hard to resist escalating Christopher Wren into Christopher Eagle.) If only Mr. Disney and his fantastically adroit associates would bear in mind the comment that Ortega y Gasset made on first encountering the newfangled women's fashion of pleated skirts: "The things that could be more and are contented to be less!"

"Mary Poppins" is a musical, and its stars—Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke—sing a lot, dance a little, and consent with remarkable grace to the many mechanical tricks that are played on them, including the presence on the same screen of a whole arkful of ani-

When you wish you had a Wales.



The raincoat that's taking the country by storm (pun intended). The raincoat that keeps you dry and dashing in a drizzle or a downpour. One wonderful Wales has split shoulder and fly front and is tailored of rugged Dacron*polyester and cotton twill. In greystone, black or olive, $29.95. With zip-in alpaca liner, $45 at Sterns, New York City & branches; Hecht Co., Washington, D.C. & branches; Brills, Milwaukee, and other fine stores wherever there's weather.

*DuPont's Reg. T.M.

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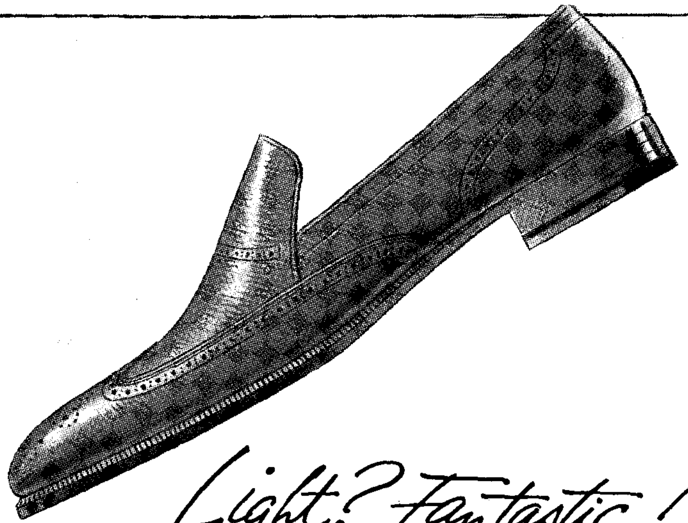
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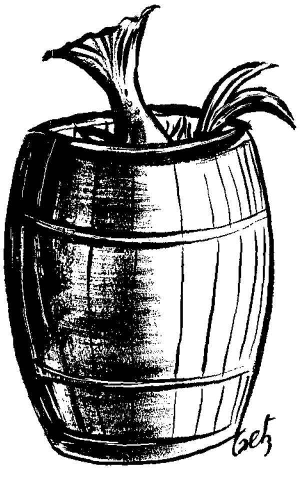
mated-cartoon animals. Why Mr. Disney has chosen to mingle two utterly dissimilar and antagonistic mediums is his secret; Miss Andrews and Mr. Van Dyke wisely make no effort to out-act the talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles with whom they occasionally appear. Animals aside, parts are played by David Tomlinson, Glynis Johns, Reginald Owen, and Arthur Treacher. I'm under the impression that Miss Andrews' Miss Poppins is less acerbic than the original, and the wistful air with which she finally packs her magical bottomless carpetbag and abandons her little charges would seem to hint at a not too distant reunion. Should there be a sequel, I'd better go to it with a ten-year-old. No more forgetful senior citizens for me.

"Of Human Bondage," with Kim Novak and Laurence Harvey, is the third movie to be made from the sturdy old Maugham novel. The first, starring Leslie Howard and Bette Davis, caused a considerable stir in the thirties, but I fear that this one will slip into history as an expensive and little-regarded but not dishonorable mistake. It's a bad picture in a dogged and, after a while, appealing way, as if everyone concerned were doing his level best and were wretchedly aware that the level wasn't very high. Miss Novak and Mr. Harvey are on everyone's list of Ten Most Wooden Players, and Bryan Forbes, normally a fluent writer, has apparently tailored his script to their unyielding measurements. The picture ends in a graveyard, and it is a happy ending.

THE Second New York Film Festival has come and gone, and I judge it to have been even more successful than its predecessor, the *First* New York Film Festival. (To boast of being the first or second of any annual event strikes me as premature; I



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think of the sort of sign one may see over a shop on a side street—"John Spink & Son, Est. 1961.") Some of my colleagues are upset because not enough of the twenty-six movies shown turned out to be masterpieces, but I feel strongly that the showing of masterpieces has little to do with festivals. Everyone is rightly astonished if out of the thousands of novels published in the course of a year three or four turn out to be good ones; everyone should be at least equally astonished if out of the thousands of movies issued in the course of a year three or four turn out to be good ones. Not great ones, good ones. The real purpose of a festival is surely, and simply, to be festive—to give people the means of having a good time in the celebration of a common interest. The crowds at Lincoln Center were as merry as grigs (the last unmerry grig left town just before the Festival began), and even when a picture irritated audiences to the point of booing it, the boos were obviously good-natured. A large number of foreign directors and producers and actors were on hand and mingled freely with their admirers and detractors. I congratulate Richard Roud and Amos Vogel on their management of the Festival. Where else would I have had the chance to shake hands three times with the beautiful Harriet Andersson?

—BRENDAN GILL

•

CHICAGO—Absenteeism, medical bills, and production losses caused by the common cold cost the United States about five billion dollars a year. You probably contribute your share by catchin gtwo colds a year.—*Santa Barbara News-Press.*

Would you stand a little farther away, please?

•

Dine at the sign of the Black Bull off George Street near Wynyard in Abercrombie Lane next to the Bulletin Building near Bridge Street.

Look for the sign of the black bull. —*South Pacific, a magazine published by TEAL Airline.*

Right now we're looking for a pad and pencil.

•

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The Lincoln Continental tradition has inspired everything you can see, feel, or touch in the 1965 Mercury.

For 1965, Mercury becomes a remarkably different automobile.

As you will see on the next two pages, this car is not a "face lift." Nor an ordinary "change-over." It's an entirely new Mercury.

Introductions of automobiles this new don't happen very often. But Ford Motor Company is proud to have brought you a number of them. The Thunderbird, for example. The Lincoln Continental. And, most recently, the Mustang.

NEW CONCEPT

Our concept for the 1965 Mercury is new and very simple. It's this. That many more car buyers now want a car that is just a step away in luxury from the high-price field, rather than a small step up from the low-price field.

With this in mind, we asked our Lincoln-Mercury Division to draw heavily on its experience with the Lincoln Continental.

The result is a truly magnificent Mercury. In every important respect, it accurately reflects the Lincoln Continental tradition, the Lincoln Continental way of doing things.

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As you can see on the following pages, the 1965 Mercury is beautifully balanced and proportioned. Sleek and graceful. Notice the long, low thrust of the hood, the full-width grille, the unique pillar lights on the front fenders.

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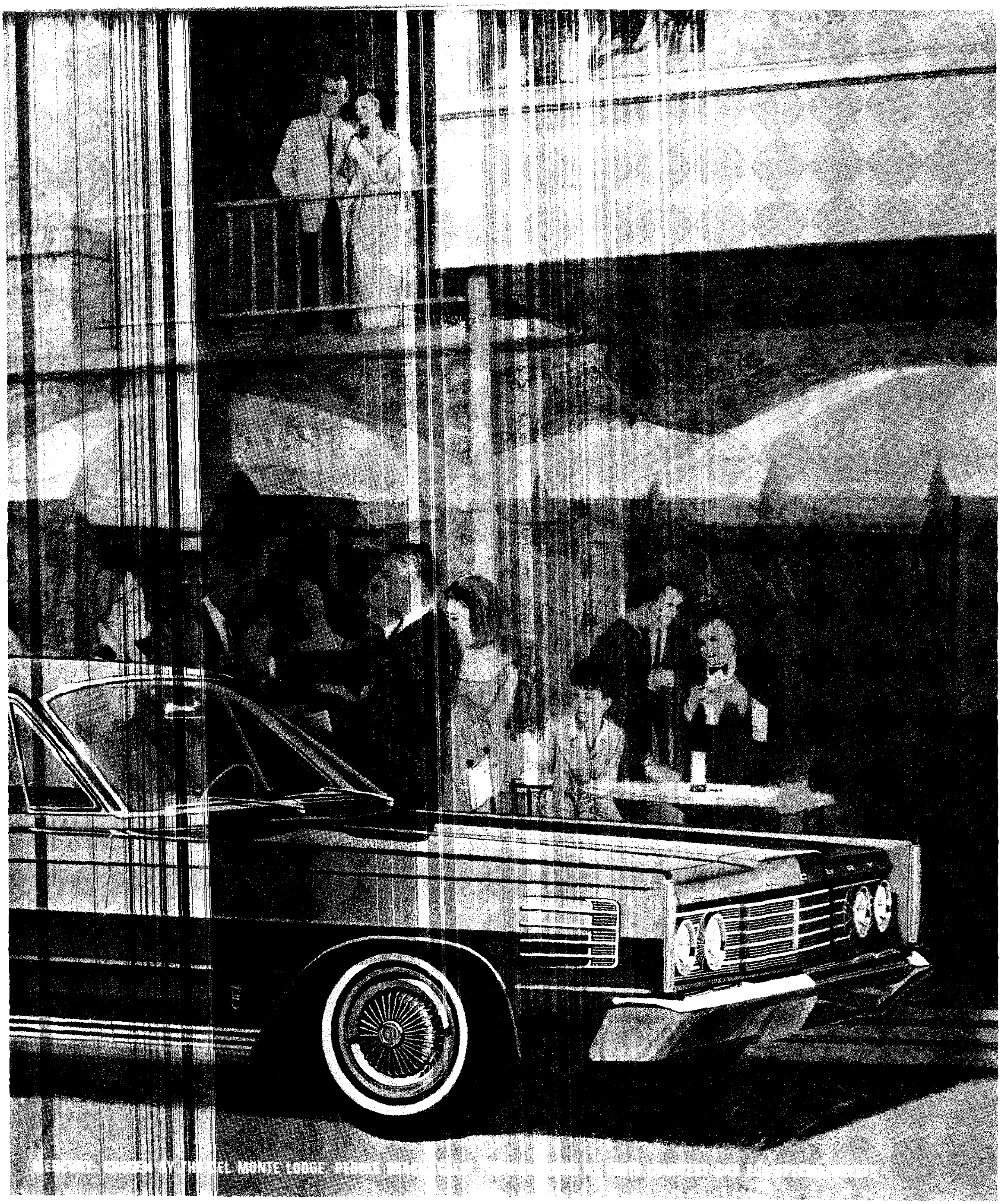
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We predict that many people seeing a '65 Mercury for the first time will wonder: "What car is that?" Mercury is *that* new. The look is new. Completely. (Notice the long, low proportions of the hood, the full-width grille and the unique pillar lights on the front fenders.) Inside, Mercury has far more comfort. The idea behind all this newness is to bring you the finest, best-riding, most luxurious car in its field—a car that reflects completely the Lincoln Continental way of doing things. When you first drive this Mercury, try to act nonchalant. Just try.

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R. S. Williams, Esq. contemplates his newest classic—the Shakespeare Bard

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In sum, then, the Shakespeare Bard is the equal—some even say the superior—of fine imports once available from Cuba.

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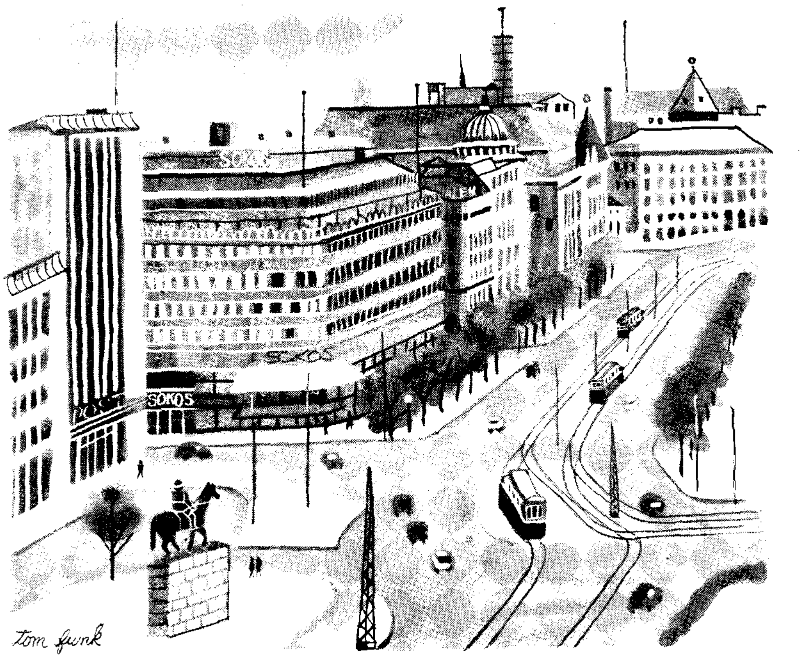
LETTER FROM FINLAND



WHAT makes life interesting, if seldom relaxing, for the citizens of this tough little republic, lying on the lonely rim of Europe, is Russia—Finland's nearest neighbor, greatest concern, and oldest antagonist. All told, Finland has fought forty-two wars against Russia, and has lost every one. Finns usually smile when they mention this imposingly one-sided score, but not out of chagrin. On the contrary, considering the odds, they are very proud of the record. It proves, they feel, that they have plenty of *sisu*—a Finnish word that has no exact English equivalent. "If somebody knocks you down, and you know if you get up he'll knock you down again but you get up anyway, that's *sisu*," a Finnish acquaintance explained to me. "Probably the closest English word is 'guts.' But *sisu* doesn't mean only courage. It also means stamina and endurance and a long memory for suffering a wrong. Anyway, we'd be in bad shape without it." Even with it, Finland is not at present in enviable shape, economically or politically, but *sisu* has enabled it, alone among the European countries bordering Russia, to remain independent—an achievement that Walter Lippmann has called "a political miracle." Since independence is what all the fighting has been for, the Finns believe that while they may have lost all the battles, they have, up to now, won the war.

Though the Finns cannot agree among themselves on many things—they are a nation of four and a half million uncompromising individualists, who require no fewer than ten political parties through which to express their discordant views—they seem to have come to the unanimous conclusion that the only way to retain their independence is to forget about getting even with the Russians and, instead, to make a point of getting along with them. Perhaps nobody in Finland personifies more dramatically the change in his country's relations with Russia than the President of Finland, Urho K. Kekkonen. He is now sixty-four. He was only seventeen during Finland's Civil War, right after the First World War, but he nevertheless enlisted under Marshal Mannerheim and fought the Bolsheviks. In 1921, at the University of Helsinki, he was the leader of the most militant of the anti-Russian student societies. Then, as a member of the government, he vigorously supported the 1939-40 Winter War against Russia, and also served as head of a commission charged with resettling some four hundred and twenty-five thousand Finnish citizens made homeless by Russian seizure of their lands. Today, he gets along famously with Premier Khrushchev. At least once during each of the past five years, President Kekkonen has called on Khrushchev in Moscow (probably setting a record for head-of-state visiting in modern times), and Khrushchev has more than once remarked in public on the close personal friendship he enjoys with President Kekkonen. They are reported to laugh at each other's jokes, they go hunting together, and they demonstrate, according to Finnish standards, a very clubby relationship by taking the sauna, or Finnish steam bath, together. Kekkonen has presented Khrushchev with a sauna, and they used it last April, when Kekkonen made his most recent visit to Moscow, this time to join in celebrating Khrushchev's seventieth birthday. That visit was in the nature of returning a friendly gesture, since Khrushchev had earlier come to Helsinki to help celebrate Kekkonen's sixtieth birthday. Some Finns may wonder whether all of Kekkonen's Moscow trips are necessary, but the majority approve of them. They have been "of great significance" in "promoting mutual understanding and neighborly relations between our two countries," one of Helsinki's seven daily newspapers remarked editorially when the two leaders met in November, 1963. The editorial also said, "The fact that the Soviet Premier is willing, despite all the pressure on him, to take time to meet our Head of State is a proof of personal attention and esteem." When any of the Finns, who are as proud a race as the world has seen, begin thinking about being socially acceptable to the Russians, it is clear that the new wave in Finnish-Russian relations has rolled pretty far.

If it is quite impossible to discover anybody here who does not support Kekkonen's policy of neutrality, there is no lack of people who criticize the way he puts it into practice. Not even his bitterest political opponent has ever suggested that Kekkonen is either pro-Russian or pro-Communist, but many Finns complain that he tends to agree too readily to Russian demands, as when he obliged the Soviets by refusing to let three Social Democrats of whom Moscow disapproved participate in a coalition government. His critics further complain that he uses the country's foreign policy for political purposes by equating any criticism of his government with outright or implied criticism of its neutrality policy. Kekkonen's opponents point out that traditionally the President of Finland is supposed to be above politics, and they say that Kekkonen has violated this unwritten law and thus weakened the authority of the office. Whatever effect his actions may have had on the Presidency as an institution, they unquestionably assay high in political content. They could scarcely do otherwise, because it would be about as easy for Kekkonen to remain above politics as it would have been for Franklin D. Roosevelt, with whom Kekkonen has been compared in respect to his adroit political maneuvering, his resourcefulness in keeping his party in power, and his talent for arousing extraordinarily strong emotions among the electorate. Also like Roosevelt, Kekkonen has never seriously prac-

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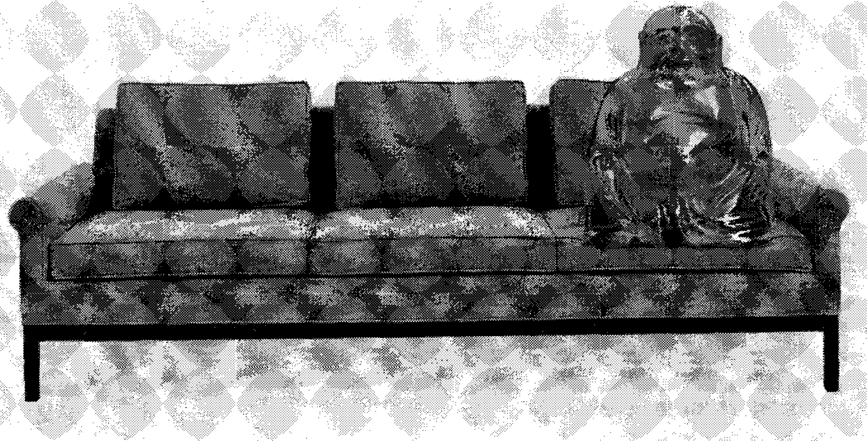

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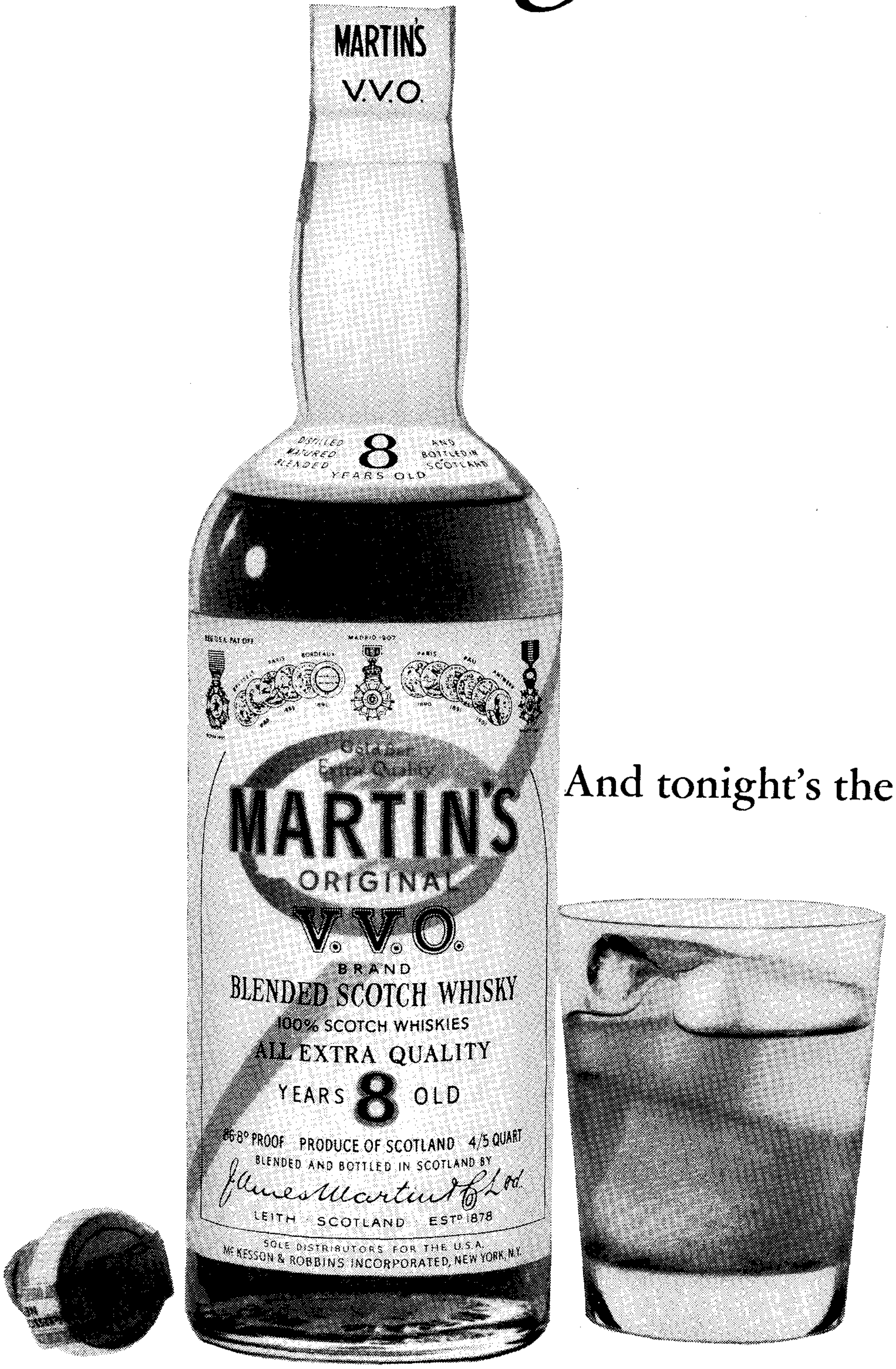
METROPOLITAN

ticed a profession other than politics. In 1936, he graduated as a Doctor of Jurisprudence from the University of Helsinki, was elected to Parliament as a member of the Agrarian Party, and was named Minister of Justice in a coalition Cabinet—all in the same year. He subsequently held several other Cabinet posts, and served five times as Prime Minister before his election, in 1956, to the Presidency. (He was reëlected for another six-year term in 1962.) As President, he succeeded a noted diplomat and statesman, J. K. Paasikivi, who had been called from retirement to guide Finland through the perilous postwar years, and who engineered its survival by adopting a foreign policy of strict neutrality—which meant, among other things, that Finland received no Marshall Plan aid or other help from the West. The Paasikivi Line, as the policy came to be known, also required that Finland honor to the letter the terms of its peace treaty with Russia, which had been negotiated under Stalin and was harsh to the point of persecution. The most onerous of its provisions exacted the payment of a huge war indemnity, which was paid off in full and on time. When Kekkonen assumed the Presidency, he inherited the Paasikivi Line, which he had always supported, and he has continued to follow it. Most impartial observers believe that he has followed it skillfully and sensibly, and that his accomplishment need be qualified only by the fact that it was achieved during a period when Russian foreign policy was better served by having Finland remain a model of peaceful coexistence than becoming another People's Republic.

Though Kekkonen infuriates some of his countrymen by indulging in politics, he hews to the Finnish Presidential tradition by maintaining a generally aloof existence and, when he appears in public, conducting himself with a kind of monarchic dignity. He shakes few hands, kisses no babies, holds no press conferences, and seldom grants interviews. However, he occasionally receives visitors for what his aides call conversations. These are held in a comfortable but unpretentious seaside villa, about twenty minutes by car from the center of Helsinki, where Kekkonen lives with his wife, who writes romantic novels, and where he does most of his work. (They have two grown sons, both of whom are following careers in public affairs.) He uses the Presidential Palace, which faces the waterfront in the central part of the city, only for large-scale entertaining and state occa-

Martin's spent 8 years getting ready for tonight.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And tonight's the night.

sions. Visitors who have called upon Kekkonen at his villa have found that he is punctual to the minute in keeping appointments and that he likes to conduct conversations while sitting in a corner of the living room near a window that commands a view of the sea. President Kekkonen is six feet tall, trim, big-boned, and bald. He wears glasses, dresses conservatively, favoring black suits with hairline chalk stripes, white shirts with starched collars and French cuffs, and pearl-gray silk ties, and he stands ramrod straight. He looks fit, and is. The son of a forestry worker, he was a noted sportsman in years past, and in winter he still skis an average of ten miles every morning. Last winter, he made a skiing trip with a party of friends through Lapland, during which they covered a hundred and thirty-five miles in five days and slept in tents. Although he is said to be a basically unapproachable person, unbending only in the company of his outdoor companions, he can be good-humored with strangers and show considerable personal charm. Unlike most of his countrymen, he doesn't take easily to foreign languages, and though he understands English and can speak it moderately well, he prefers to converse with English-speaking visitors through an interpreter.

Whenever the conversation is turned to domestic affairs, visitors generally notice that President Kekkonen's interest tends to flag. This reaction, which no Finn would find surprising, is just another indication that the only real issue in Finnish political life is foreign policy—specifically, relations with Moscow. It is this fact that accounts for Kekkonen's extraordinary power. "People can actually hate him and still vote for him," the director of a large manufacturing concern in Helsinki told me. "I am not one of those people, but I am a Conservative and Mr. Kekkonen is an Agrarian, and that puts us far apart politically. But I voted for him. Today, there is no other choice. Mr. Kekkonen is our only statesman. He is an asset in dealing with the Russians. He has their confidence. The most important thing is that he can get along with Khrushchev. Khrushchev is his friend. Let's admit it. Let's get it out in the open. Mr. Kekkonen is security for our independence."

Despite Finland's scrupulous neutrality, it is very hard to find a neutral Finn. "We can choose our friends but not our neighbors," a Finnish acquaintance who spent four years as a bomber pilot fighting the Russians told me one

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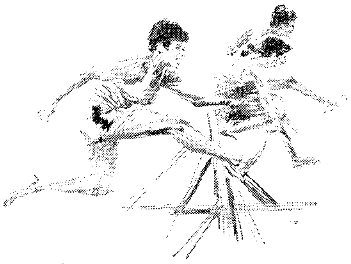
Land of the Rising Hurdlers

Tokyo's magnificent National Stadium, site of the track-and-field events in this month's Summer Olympics, is said to hold about 80,000 spectators. Except for those now crowding into what is already the world's most populous city, however, the point is academic; for most Americans will be watching the Olympics competition from home—and seeing it exclusively on the NBC Television Network.

Panoramic Preview

By way of readying television audiences for the panoply and drama of the forthcoming Tokyo competition, NBC-TV will present this Sunday—October 4, 4:00 to 5:00 pm—"La Grande Olympiade," a superb color film report of the 1960 Summer Olympics in Rome.

The network's showing of *this* year's contests will occupy 19 telecasts (week-night wrap-ups plus full-hour and two-hour specials) for a total of 13-and-a-half hours. Each of the exclusive tapings—from Oct. 11 through Oct. 25—will reach NBC viewers within eight hours after the action itself. Far speedier than that will be the live transmission — via the Syncom III satellite—of opening day ceremonies on Saturday, Oct. 10. Under favorable conditions, all the action in this two-hour spectacle (starting at 1 am EDT) will reach viewers instantaneously.



Serving as NBC-TV's commentators at the Tokyo games will be Jim Simpson, Bud Palmer, Bill Henry, and Olympic decathlon champion (1960) Rafer Johnson. All will be working under producer Jim Kitchell, who's made three trips to Japan in preparation for the telecasts and now considers himself thoroughly Oriented.

In obtaining exclusive U.S. television rights to this XVIII Olympiad, NBC has again shown its determination to give its audience a front-row seat for the most important and most exciting events in athletics. Two week-ends ago, we carried the first of the NCAA college football contests to be seen on our 14-date schedule. Next Wednesday, Oct. 7—the date is contingent on punctual finishes of the two pennant races — we'll be televising the World Series for the 18th consecutive year (the sixth straight time in color). Also in the offing: golfdom's National Open competition and basketball's National Invitation Tournament.

Olympian Feat

But, for the internationally sports minded, the season's most stirring event would have to be this month's Olympics. Already busy in Tokyo are almost a hundred NBC Television personnel from the States. Arranging a trans-Pacific transportation schedule for that many people was, in itself, deserving of some sort of trophy. Fortunately, the staffers didn't have to take any television cameras with them. Cameras to Japan? Why, it would be like carrying hair to Liverpool.

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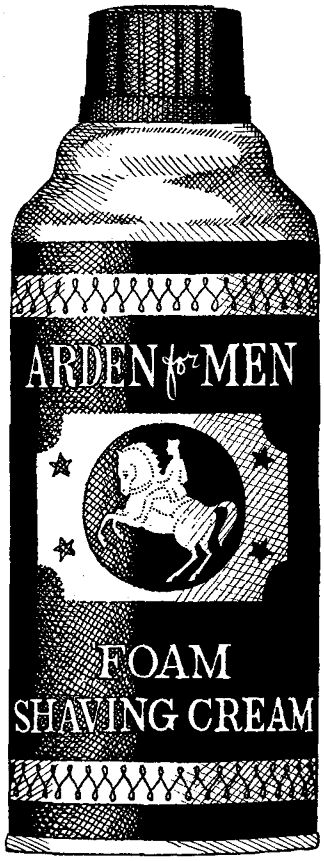

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day over lunch. "The Russians are there, and we have to get along with them, but that doesn't mean we have to like them." He went on to say that in the two wars that his country has waged against Russia in his lifetime the Finns suffered nearly a hundred thousand casualties, or approximately one of every four men under arms. In addition, because Finland was forced to cede a tenth of its territory to Russia, one Finn out of every eleven was made a refugee. "You don't make friends overnight with a neighbor like that," my luncheon companion said. "There are many things besides our war losses that stand between us and the Russians. The most important is that we are not Communists. We are democrats."

UNLIKE other countries that emerged out of the First World War, Finland was one in which the democratic tradition was solidly rooted. For more than six hundred years (from 1155 to 1809), Finland was part of Sweden, and, as a result, patterned its laws, church, and administrative system after Sweden's. Finland was also represented in the Swedish Parliament and took part in the election of the Swedish kings. Swedish is still the mother tongue of about seven and a half per cent of the Finnish population—descendants of Swedes who long ago settled in the coastal districts of Finland—and Swedish is taught in Finnish schools from the first grade. During the centuries that Finland was united with Sweden, it was involved in the nearly interminable wars between the Swedish and Russian Empires, and in 1809, following Sweden's final defeat, Finland was surrendered to Czar Alexander I, who made it an autonomous grand duchy. For close to a century thereafter, the Finns enjoyed what amounted to genuine self-government. The country had its own constitution, parliament, Cabinet, and civil service, and also its own laws, courts, police, army, currency, and postal system. In 1906, the Finnish Parliament adopted universal suffrage, thus making Finland the first country in Europe and the second in the world (New Zealand was the first) to give women full political rights. The unusual era of good feeling between Finland and Russia came to an end at the turn of the century, when Czar Nicholas II set out to Russify what had been the royal family's pet duchy. The Finns responded with a program of civil disobedience, which in 1917, after the Czar's government had been overthrown by the Bolshevik Revolution, led to a Finnish declaration of inde-

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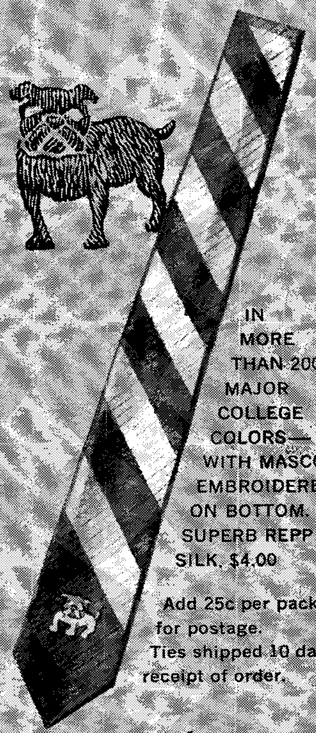

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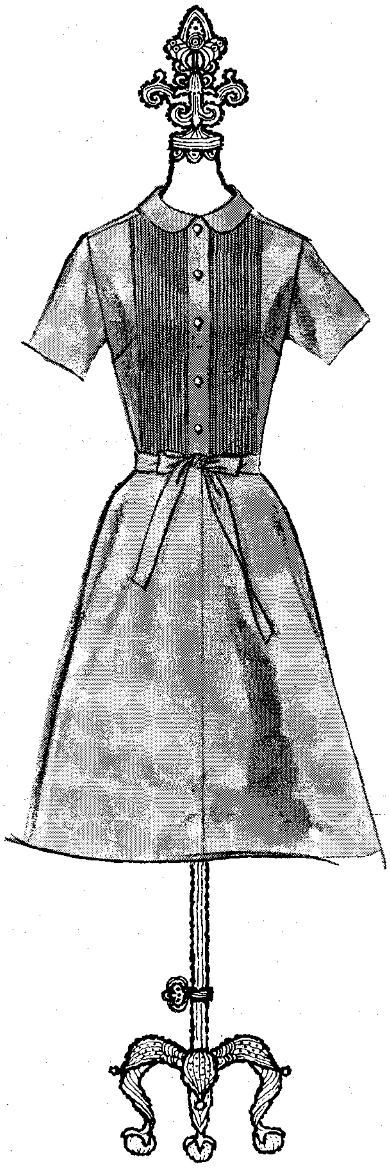

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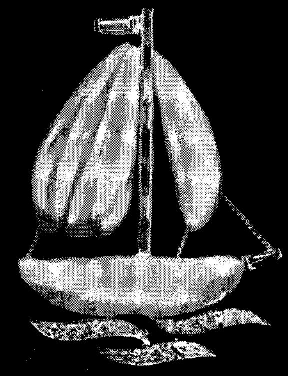
pendence. Never a people to do anything the easy way, the Finns were unable to make their sovereignty secure without engaging in a bitter civil war, waged between the Reds, who were aided by Russia, and the Whites, who were aided by Germany. In the spring of 1918, the Reds were defeated, and soon afterward Finland began its career as a full-fledged democracy.

Nowadays, the government's neutrality deters the Finns from publicly showing where their ideological sympathies lie, yet they do manage from time to time to make their position clear. For example, last year, when Lyndon B. Johnson came here on a visit as Vice-President, the Finns gave him a welcome somewhat like that accorded a national hero. They staged a ticker-tape parade (the first ever seen in Finland), they practically mobbed him on his official appearances, and they stood by the hundred outside the Marski Hotel, where he was staying, and sent up loud cheers whenever he arrived or departed or waved from his window. The Finns also find ways of showing what they are against. A couple of years ago, they were obliged, in the interests of neutrality, to play host to a Communist-inspired youth festival, but when its sponsors tried to rent poster and billboard space to ballyhoo the event, they found that every inch of space had already been contracted for by various Finnish business concerns. They ran into another coincidence, too. By decree, the Finnish government designates four Sundays each year as Prayer Sundays; the decree provides that from six o'clock Saturday evening until six o'clock Sunday evening all public entertainment throughout the country—theatres, cinemas, *dancing, the playing of music*—is forbidden. It so happened that the youth festival got under way on a Saturday preceding a Prayer Sunday. Finnish police were stationed at all the hotels and other places where the festival delegates were staying to prevent any violation of the ban, and the festival got off to a rather subdued start. Its proceedings were later enlivened when Finnish students organized anti-festival demonstrations, which had to be quelled by the police. A Finnish friend of mine, speaking of the way the neutrality policy works out in practice, said, "It's a smiling fight, with a blow beneath the belt whenever possible."

Besides contending with the Russians next door, the Finns are obliged to deal with the Communists at home. The latter problem, as the Finns see it, is the easier one, in spite of the fact that



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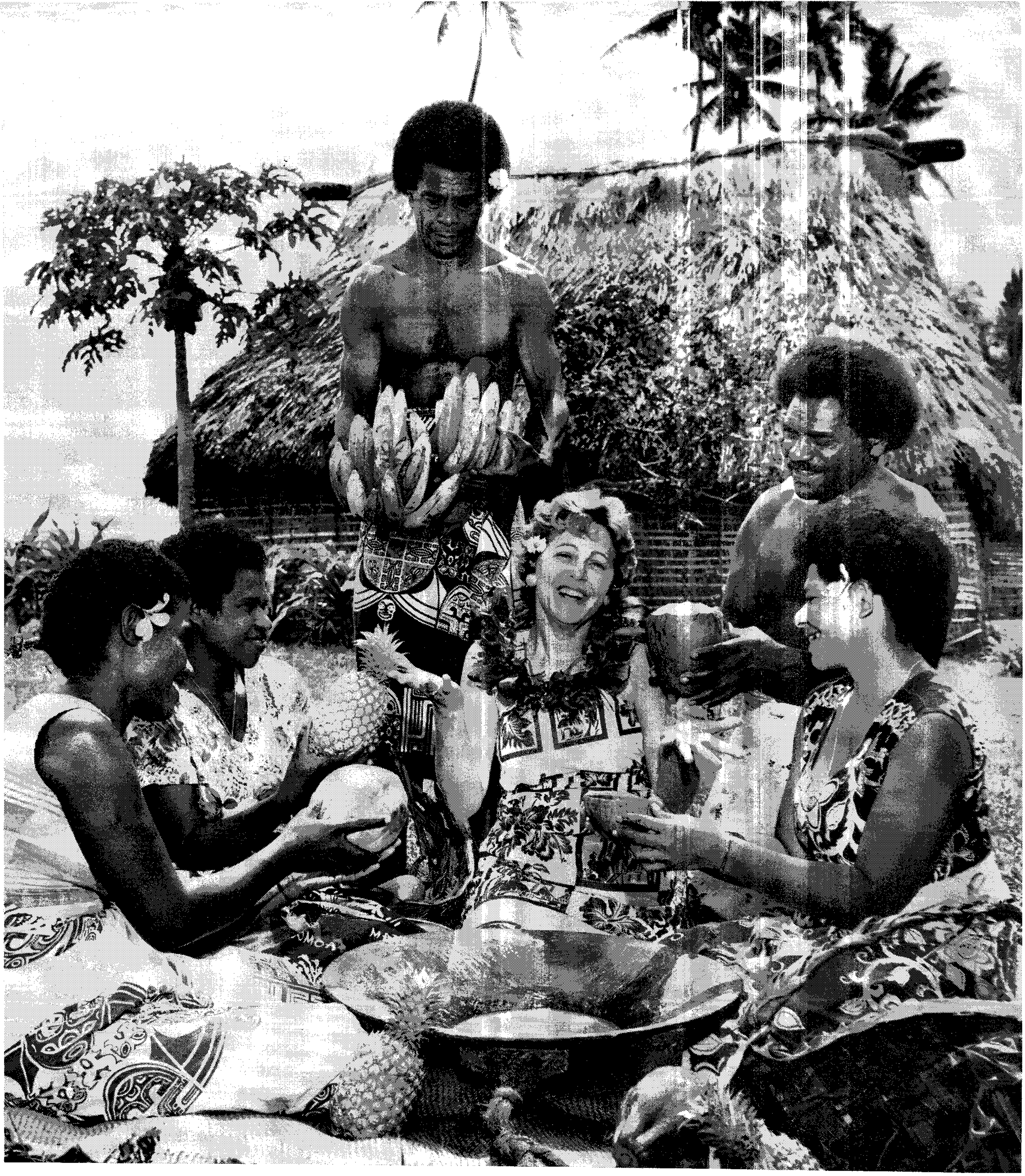

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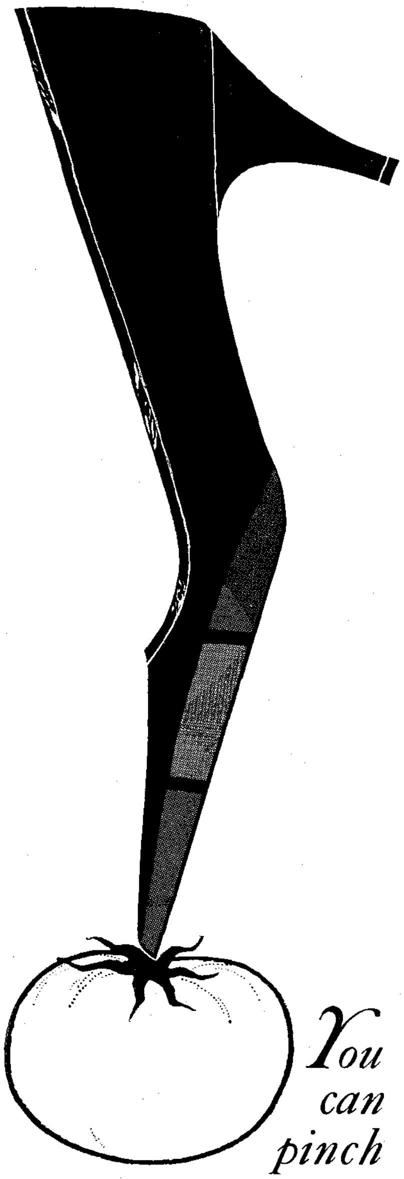

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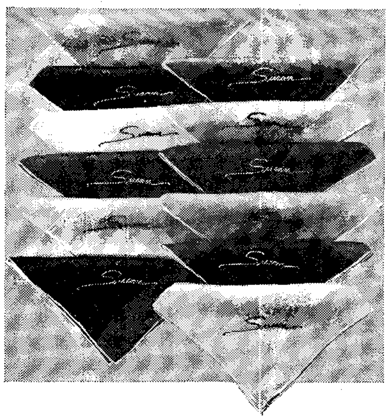
in all Western Europe only Italy has a higher proportion of Communists in its parliament. Forty-seven of the two hundred seats in the Finnish Parliament are held by Communists. (They call themselves members of the People's Democratic League.) They are outnumbered only by the Agrarians, who hold fifty-three seats. In every Finnish parliamentary election since 1945, the Communists have received no less than twenty-two per cent of the vote. None of the Finns I talked to found this alarming. "The fact that the Communists have more than twenty per cent of the vote isn't as dangerous as it looks from the outside," Dr. J. O. Soderhjelm, a prominent industrialist who has served as Minister of Justice and has held several other Cabinet posts, told me. "Most Finnish Communists are very good Finns. Probably not more than ten or twenty per cent are Moscow-schooled. The Communists here don't behave like a revolutionary party. They operate within the parliamentary framework. Of course, they always put forward the most radical solutions to social problems, but they are as good patriots as we are. In the last two wars against Russia, they fought as well as any of our soldiers. There was no Fifth Column in Finland."

Finnish Communism, politicians and sociologists here generally agree, is a home-grown variety that has little connection with the official ideology of the Soviet Union. "The vast majority of Finns who vote Communist would be shocked out of their boots if they thought they were giving aid and comfort to the Russians," a political specialist attached to the United States Embassy in Helsinki told me. "Party workers never use the word 'Communist' out in the field. They pass themselves off as itinerant workers or canvassers, and they talk about the need for better schools, roads, working conditions, and the like—all of which, they say, only the People's Democrats can provide. This line goes over, as the election figures show. Communist Party membership in Finland is usually estimated at around fifty thousand, but the Communists get ten times that many votes." The Finnish brand of Communism, it appears, stems from a national tradition of left-wing radicalism and gathers its main support not from the intellectually interested but from the economically disgruntled. Forestry workers vote People's Democratic as a protest against seasonal unemployment, small farmers as a protest against agricultural subsidies that they think are too low, industrial



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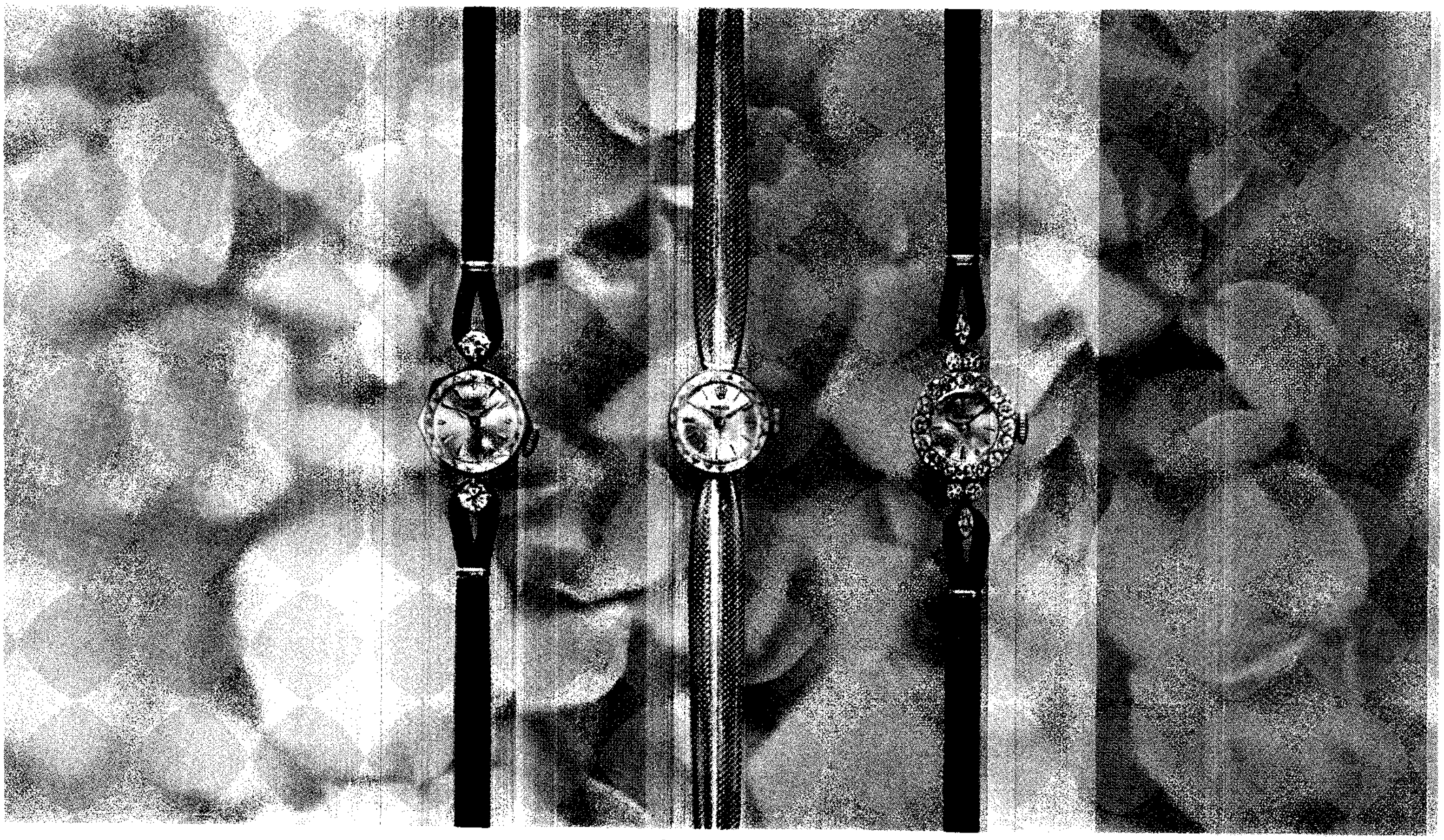

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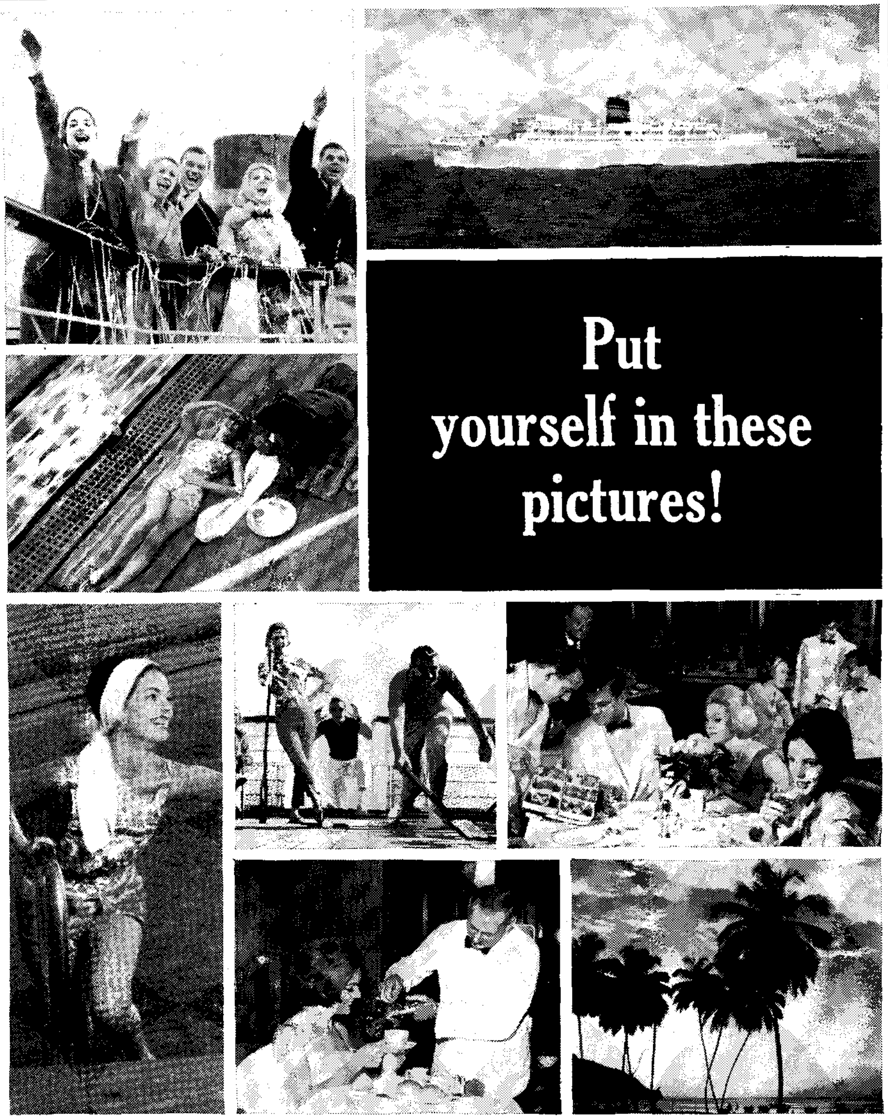
workers as a protest against farm subsidies that they think are too high, and so on. In addition, I was told, the memory of the Finnish Civil War, which was fought with extreme cruelty, accounts for some Communist votes; members of quite a few now well-to-do families habitually cast a People's Democratic ballot because of a father or grandfather who was killed by the Whites. Even stranger—or perhaps more quintessentially Finnish—are the cases of Finns who vote Communist even though they formerly lived in areas that were forcibly ceded to Russia, and left their homes because they abhorred the Soviet system.

Though the Communists are now accepted, or at least tolerated, in Finnish political life, this has not always been so. The Party has been outlawed three times, most recently from 1930 to 1944. It came back strong after the Russian victory over Finland during the Second World War, and from 1945 to 1948 the Communists participated in a three-party coalition that governed the country. In the spring of 1948, according to some Finnish historians, Stalin planned a Czechoslovakian-type coup in Finland, but it was foiled at the last minute when patriotism got the best of the Communist Minister of the Interior, Yrjö Leino, whose henchmen had infiltrated the Security Police. Leino tipped off the Commander-in-Chief of the Finnish Army, and the Security Police were promptly disarmed. The Communists were dropped from the coalition soon afterward, and since then, by general agreement of all the other parties, no Communist has held a Cabinet post or any other important government office. The Communists' influence is therefore exerted indirectly, but it is nonetheless substantial. Since no party in Finland is strong enough to form a majority government, the country has to make do with a coalition, and, owing to the multiplicity of parties, the Communists can often maneuver their huge bloc of votes to keep a coalition from being formed or from staying in power. They have in this way contributed to the series of short-lived governments that has plagued Finland since the war. The Communists did not invent this technique, however. Frequent changing of governments is an old Finnish custom. Since achieving independence, Finland has had a new government on the average of once a year. (It is no wonder that the Prime Minister seldom feels it worthwhile to move into the official residence provided him by the state.) The present government, which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was installed in a caretaker capacity when all efforts to form even a coalition failed, is the third to hold office in less than a year.

This rather dishevelled state of political affairs, though apparently unavoidable among a people as fiercely individualistic as the Finns, has inevitably had an adverse effect on the Finnish economy. After the Second World War, Finland embarked on an enormous program of industrial expansion, which culminated in a four-year boom, ending in 1961, that saw the national income increase at an annual average of slightly more than seven per cent. Though the economy has continued to expand, the rate of growth has since dropped off to about three per cent. The slackened pace has resulted primarily from a decline in exports by the woodworking industry, which accounts for about a third of the country's industrial production and four-fifths of its exports. While building up its economy, Finland also greatly expanded its social services; they were, *in fact*, extended further and faster than normally prudent budgetary practice would permit. However, the soaring expenditure for the social-service program was covered until recently by the strong annual increase in the gross national product, but ever since the decline of its economic growth rate Finland has had to contend with a practically continuous crisis in public finance, which cannot easily be eliminated until a stronger and more durable government can be formed. Meanwhile, according to the director-general of the Bank of Finland, a plain-spoken man named Klaus Waris, the Finnish economy is basically healthy. All Finland has to do to put its fiscal house in order, Waris said recently, is to stop living beyond its means.

The Finns' tendency to live, financially and otherwise, with a certain confident recklessness has always been one of their most conspicuous and, to many people, most attractive national characteristics. In addition, it is the trait that most noticeably sets them apart from their Nordic neighbors. "The Finnish temperament is different because, in the first place, we have had all these wars," a professor at the University of Helsinki who has also taught in Sweden and Norway told me. "We have seen that human life is not guaranteed, so we think perhaps it is better to take things with a more humorous attitude. We are not pessimists, but we do not have many illusions. There is a little more of the Slavic element in us than there is in the Scandinavians, especially the Swedes. We are not so

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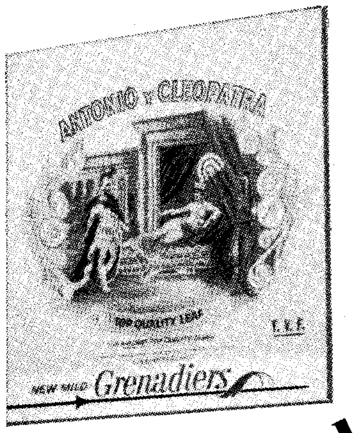
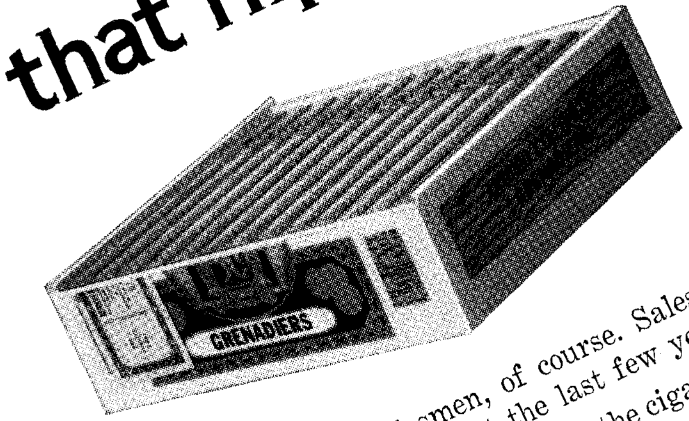


Antonio y Cleopatra... the cigar that flipped its lid!



To the delight of our salesmen, of course. Sales have increased by many millions of cigars in just the last few years.

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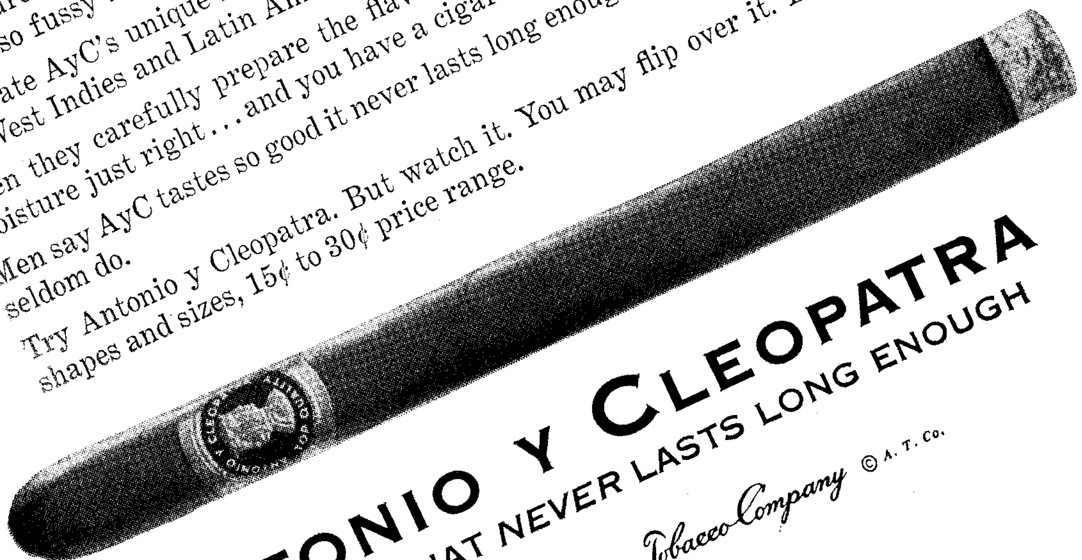

ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA

THE CIGAR THAT NEVER LASTS LONG ENOUGH

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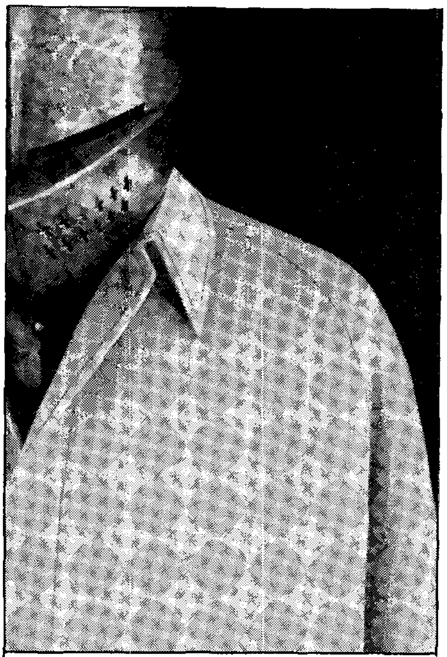
Germanic. The Germans are economical. They take their own sandwiches to the opera. We may not be as rich as the Germans or the Swedes, but we have an interest in living well."

ALL things considered, though, it is Sweden that the Finns feel is most like their own country. In both area and population, Finland is the smaller, but it nevertheless ranks in area as the sixth-largest country in Europe, spreading over as much space as all of the New England states, New York, New Jersey, and Maryland combined. Forests cover seventy per cent of Finland, and lakes—some eighty thousand of them—and rivers take up ten per cent more. According to United Nations statistics, Finland and Sweden are both among the ten countries with the highest standards of living; however, Finland's per-capita income—the equivalent of nine hundred and forty-nine dollars—is just about half that of Sweden. One doesn't see people who are ill-clothed, ill-housed, or ill-fed in either country, owing to the advanced social-welfare program in each, but any air of affluence, which is striking in Sweden, where I spent some time before coming here, is absent in Finland. The contrast is evident in Helsinki but even sharper in the country, as I learned during an automobile trip I made with a Finnish journalist friend named Arvo to the town of Imatra, which is a hundred and thirty miles northeast of Helsinki and about as close as one can get to the Russian border. In fact, for six miles Imatra and the Soviet Union have a common boundary. "The border is fortified and guarded on the Russian side, but everything is very quiet," Arvo told me before we set out. "About all you can see is trees, and their trees don't look any different from ours. That's natural enough. The trees you see across the border *were* ours before the war." As it turned out, all I did see while standing in the rain and peering into Russia from a desolate spot on the outskirts of Imatra was trees, the tops of three smokestacks that belonged, Arvo said, to paper mills, and a wooden watchtower. I also called on the mayor of Imatra and asked him in what ways life in his community was affected by its proximity to Russia. He couldn't think of any.

In the course of discovering that all was quiet on the eastern front, however, I did have a chance to see some of the Finnish countryside, which is reminiscent of Minnesota and Wisconsin and, to a certain extent, Maine. There



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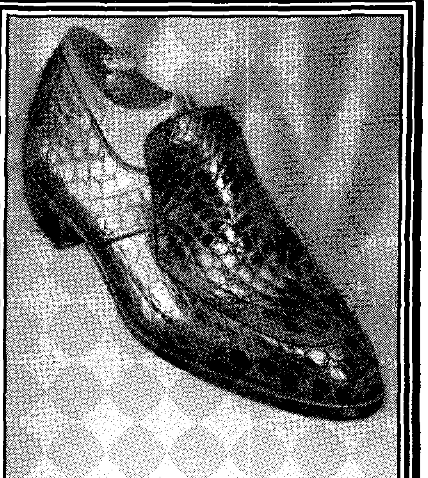

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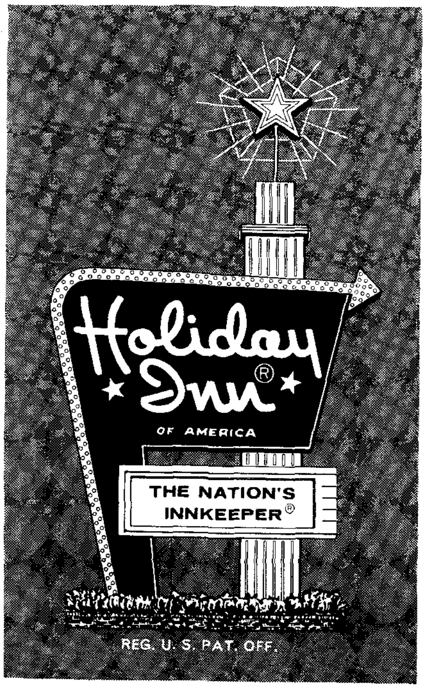

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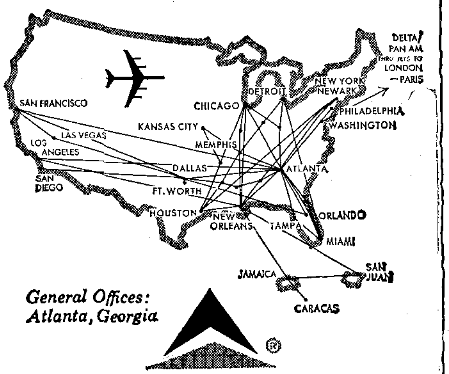

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are the familiar forests—pine, spruce, and birch—the lakes, the outcroppings of rock, and the moss-covered boulders. The most noticeable difference is the small amount of land under cultivation. Only thirteen per cent of Finland's land area is arable. The farms that one does see are small—the average is twenty-two acres—and have plainly been hacked out of the wilderness by backbreaking effort. Moreover, they generally have a meagre yield, and the majority of the farmers have to try to make ends meet by taking on additional employment, such as working as lumberjacks during the winter. There are other signs that life on the land is not easy. Relatively few country people own automobiles. Traffic on the highway between Helsinki and Imatra, a two-lane, asphalt-covered road, appears to be made up principally of trucks and buses and, as far as private transportation is concerned, of motorcycles, often with sidecars, and bicycles, which are ridden by men and women of all ages. We passed dozens of women on bicycles with a small child in a seat on the rear fender, and some with a child both fore and aft. We also regularly passed scores of people who were making their way on foot alongside the highway. Many of the men wore leather boots reaching to their knees, and the women had kerchiefs on their heads. In Helsinki, I had seen women raking leaves in the city parks, and, on a couple of occasions, old women sweeping the streets. Driving through the country, I saw women working beside men on construction projects and in highway-repair crews. Women were also in evidence as mail carriers; wearing blue coats with brass buttons and blue visored caps, they made their rounds on bicycles. Outside a garage in one of the larger towns, I saw a woman in a heavy rubber apron and high rubber boots washing a large bus with a hose and a long-handled brush. I said something to Arvo about the heavy work done by women in Finland. "They've been emancipated," he said with a smile, and then added that in Finland women are found in practically every occupation, from architect to veterinarian, and have what amounts to a monopoly on some. Almost all of the dentists and barbers in Finland are women, and so are the trolley conductors and the help who wait on table in restaurants. A waiter is a rare sight. Women are also active in Finnish politics. Twenty-eight are members of the present Parliament, and since 1926, when the first woman was appointed to

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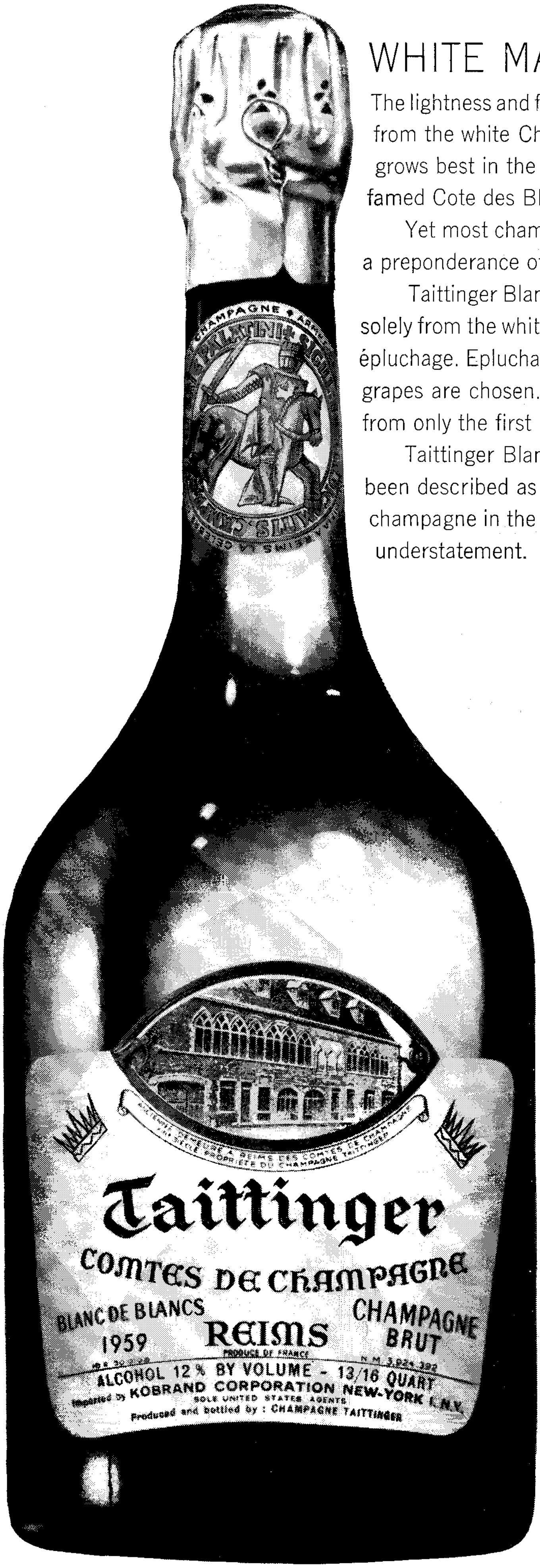
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Jan. 13	8-days	$285 up
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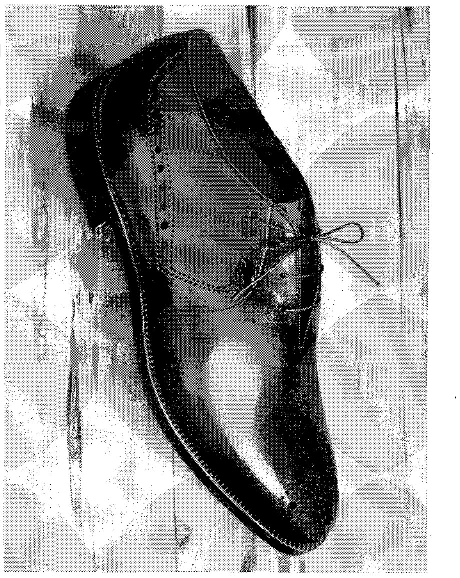
a Cabinet post, it has been customary for every Cabinet to contain a couple of female Ministers. Great as the political progress of Finnish women may have been, the ones I saw in the country seemed to be leading a pretty rugged existence, though no more so than the men. Not once during my trip did I see anyone leaning on a shovel or otherwise idling, and observing the generally harsh aspect of the rural life, I was reminded of a comment by a Swedish friend of mine. "They don't get the bread so easy in Finland," she said.

LIKE most cities built on the sea, Helsinki, which is forty minutes by plane from Stockholm, has a cosmopolitan air and a special kind of vitality. With a population of just under half a million, it belongs to that group of cities one thinks of as being manageable. It is a handsome city, too, and a good one to walk in. Its harbor is a jewel—enormous, beautifully irregular, studded with islands, and fascinating in its ceaseless activity. Looming up near the waterfront is the Orthodox Church, its roof glistening with golden onion-shaped domes. Another reminder of the city's Russian heritage is the name of the main shopping thoroughfare—Alexander Street. If you take a taxi, the chances are about even that you'll ride in a Russian-made Volga—a four-cylinder automobile designed along ultra-utilitarian lines. About fifteen per cent of Finland's foreign trade is with the Soviet Union, but since nine-tenths of Finland's imports from Russia consist of raw materials, one sees few signs of the exchange. In fact, the only Russian-made goods that I saw anywhere in Finland were the Volga and a much smaller Russian automobile called the Moskvitch. Both sell in Finland for about half as much as Western cars of comparable size, and can be bought on credit terms that are almost twice as easy. The great majority of Finns nevertheless buy Western makes.

A visitor to Helsinki is more frequently reminded of Finland's heritage from Sweden, since it is standard practice to print street signs, menus, and such in both Finnish and Swedish. The larger hotels and commercial establishments include English in their repertoire. Finland is one country where a visitor needn't feel self-conscious if he is unable to speak the native tongue. The Finns don't expect him even to try, since they are aware that they are the only people in the world who speak their language, or anything resembling it. Like most visitors, I found that I



fashion step forward—One of Freeman's finest "Bootmaker Guild 800's" in an imported Barracuda grain leather styled with bold strokes. Oversize perforations. High rise brogue. Receded toe. In antique bronze or black. . **35.00**

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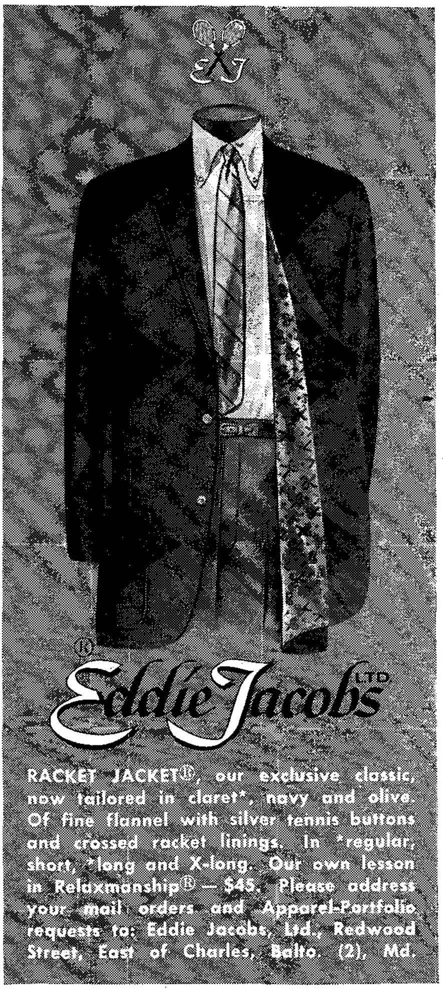
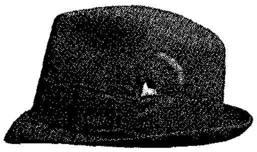


RACKET JACKET®, our exclusive classic, now tailored in claret*, navy and olive. Of fine flannel with silver tennis buttons and crossed racket linings. In *regular, short, *long and X-long. Our own lesson in Relaxmanship® — $45. Please address your mail orders and Apparel-Portfolio requests to: Eddie Jacobs, Ltd., Redwood Street, East of Charles, Balto. (2), Md.



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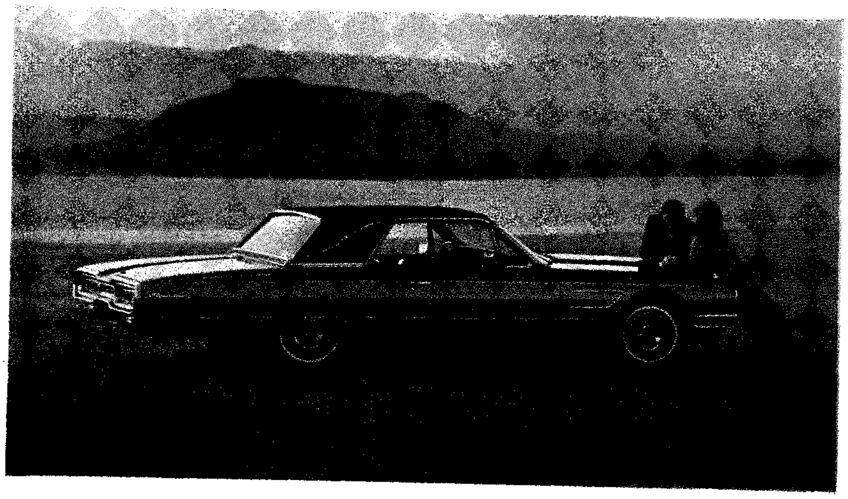
Enter this new world of luxury—Thunderbird 1965. Unique. Thoughtful. This is where automotive trends are set . . . here on the flight deck. And, this year, Thunderbird is again the innovator. Start with the Sequential Taillight Turn Signal . . . three lights in each taillight that flash, in sequence, in the direction of your turn. It is Thunderbird's alone . . . and it is standard. In fact, there are many Thunderbird extras you don't pay extra for: front-wheel disc brakes, power steering, Swing-Away steering wheel, radio, heater, Silent-Flo ventilating system, retractable seat belts and more. Other fine touches: optional warning lights to tell you when a door is ajar, fuel is low. But the most exciting part of Thunderbird is the way the car moves and rides and corners. Here is road travel so hushed, so smooth, that it approaches the feeling of flight. Other cars you drive . . . this one you Thunderbird. Discover all the landmarks of Thunderbird's Private World for 1965 at your Ford Dealer's.



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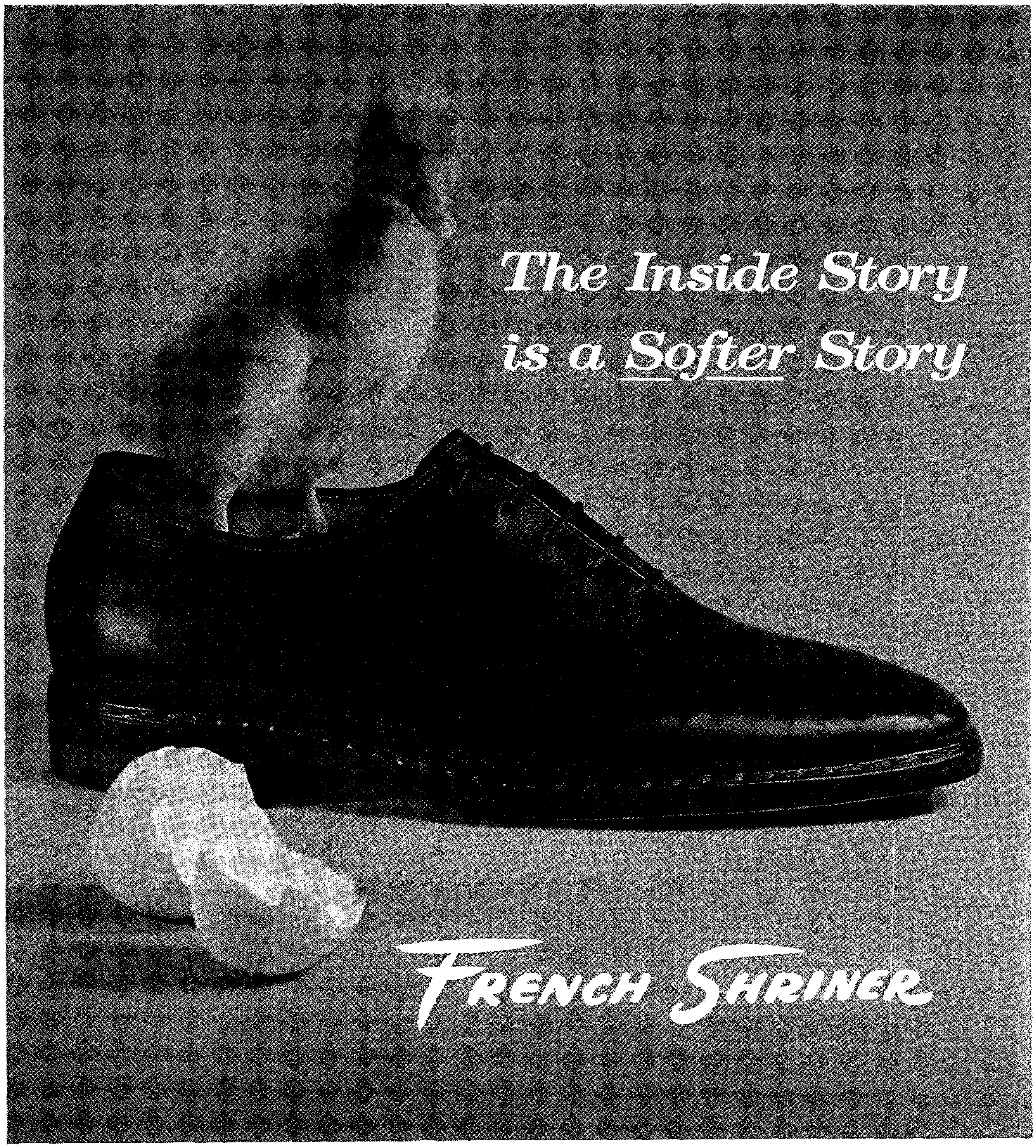
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FRENCH SHRINER • 443 ALBANY STREET • BOSTON • MASSACHUSETTS was unable to extend my grasp of the language beyond a few simple words, such as *kiitos* (thank you), *pankki* (bank), *baari* (bar), and *kuppi kahvia* (cup of coffee). It was possible to catch on to these, I realized, because they are not pure Finnish (*kiitos* excepted) but, rather, among the few Germanic or Romance loanwords that have entered the language through Swedish. Finnish has no relation to the Indo-European languages, like Swedish, or to the Slavonic ones, like Russian. It belongs to the Finno-Ugric group of languages, which is so exclusive that it has only two other members—Estonian and Hungarian—and none of the members can understand either of the others. The language has no gender, so the same word stands for both "he" and "she," and whereas English has two noun cases and ancient Greek five, Finnish has fifteen. Though someone who speaks only English has no trouble making his way around Finland, I found it necessary to have an interpreter when I was talking with a few government officials. In these cases, it always seemed to me that it took considerably longer to express a thought in Finnish than it does in English. At any rate, it requires more letters. For example, a sign that reads "*Tupakanpoltto Kielletty*" means "No Smoking." The breakfast menu left in my hotel room carried the following intelligence, in the customary linguistic order:

Kaikki Palvelu Huoneisiin Tilataan Puhelimitse 33.

All Rumsservice Beställes per Telefon 33.

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Another pleasant aspect of Helsinki is the absence of a serious traffic problem—a blessing that its citizens may continue to enjoy for quite a while. The city is growing but not exploding. "When people say that Helsinki is

Judith Shahn

the looks you like

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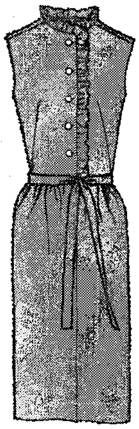

faith and begorra...

Two with an appropriate bright-eyed-colleen impertinence, fresh as daybreak. Here, the softly-shaped sheath, ruffled with great bravado *around and down. A dress to tell marvelous* lies in. Self sash, covered buttons. Pink, Powder, Yellow, or Navy Irish linen. 5 to 15. At nicer stores.

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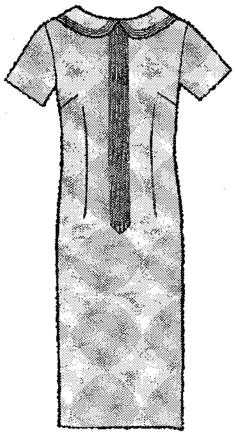

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Take it cruising . . . it loves cruising. Sashes would spoil its blarney, so we're not giving you a sash. Contrasting stitching marks the wide-set collar and the strap placket down the front. Imported Irish linen in Green/Blue, Blue/White, Coral/White. 5 to 15. Write for your nearest LADYBUG® shopkeeper.

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booming, they mean that we're getting between twenty and twenty-five thousand new inhabitants a year," a Finnish acquaintance remarked. "A small country has small statistics." Many of the new inhabitants live in one of a dozen and a half so-called satellite towns that have recently been built in the environs of Helsinki; each provides housing for between eight and fifteen thousand people, together with schools, shopping and recreation centers, and other necessary facilities. The competition for commissions to design these miniature communities has been very keen among Finnish architects, including those with international reputations, and the results demonstrate the extraordinary Finnish talent for modern architecture. Perhaps the most important factor in these architectural triumphs, aside from a virtuosity in the use of a wide range of materials and the blending of many different kinds of structures—from one-family prefabricated wooden houses to stark white concrete apartment houses twelve stories high—has been the unswerving adherence to the practice of first choosing a very generous-sized site of great natural beauty, which is not hard to find around Helsinki, and then insisting that the buildings erected on it take a secondary position to the preservation of the natural surroundings. A friend of mine who lives in a satellite town says that one of its great attractions is that in winter he can walk out of his back door, put on his skis, and start right off on a trip over miles of open country.

Skiing weather, I learned to my surprise, doesn't generally come to the vicinity of Helsinki until the middle of January. In fact, Helsinki seldom has a white Christmas. Though Finland lies between the same degrees of latitude as most of Alaska, the Finnish climate is so strongly affected by the Gulf Stream that the average winter temperature in most of the country is about the same as it is in our Great Lakes region. In January, it is actually warmer, as a rule, in Helsinki than it is in Chicago. The Finnish winter, however, is long and gloomy, and during six months of the year most people go to work and come home in the dark. Summer is a short season, cool and very bright. During July, Helsinki has more than eighteen hours of daylight, and this is one of the things that Americans living here find it hard to get used to. Another is the cost of living. The administrative officer of the American Embassy here told me that Helsinki is the highest-priced capital in

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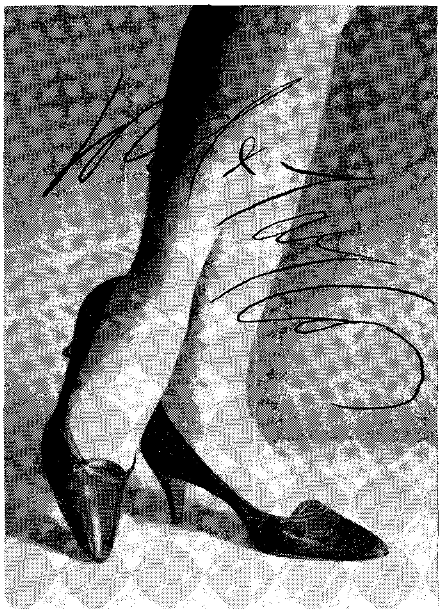

On toes of lizard

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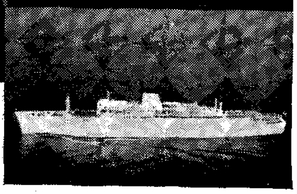
And all suburban stores



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Europe. According to United States government figures, it costs an American couple seven hundred and twenty dollars more per year to live in Helsinki than to live in Washington. (American government employees stationed in Finland receive a cost-of-living bonus based on this difference.) In Helsinki, I was told, a boneless roast costs a dollar and a quarter a pound, Maxwell House coffee two dollars and six cents a pound, and spinach, which comes from Italy, sixty-four cents a pound. Lettuce and tomatoes are available ten months of the year, but average a dollar and a half a pound; in winter, one buys lettuce by the leaf. Figures such as these, a Finnish friend pointed out, are somewhat misleading, because Finns wouldn't think of spending money the way Americans do on fresh vegetables and other imported foodstuffs. The staples of the Finnish diet, in which fish and potatoes figure prominently, are relatively inexpensive. "In figuring the Finnish cost of living, you must also remember that we receive a great many social services that cost us nothing or practically nothing," he said. "For example, a Finnish woman can have a baby in a public hospital for less than fifteen dollars." As I learned, that is about what it would cost her and her husband to celebrate the event by dining out in a good restaurant in Helsinki.

The Finns' reputation for the consumption of alcohol is legendary, even among their hard-drinking Nordic neighbors, and the Finns themselves, in the presence of foreigners, often shake their heads and say they are "terrible drinkers." Statistically, they seem to be exaggerating, for the per-capita consumption of alcohol in Finland is no higher than in any of the other Nordic countries, and less than half what it is in the United States. Like the United States, Finland experimented unsuccessfully with prohibition, and abolished it in 1932. The government has since tried to exert some control over the country's drinking habits by making the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic beverages a state monopoly, known locally as Alko, and adjusting prices in an effort to discourage the consumption of hard liquor in favor of beer and wine. Thus, a bottle of satisfactory Beaujolais retails for the equivalent of a dollar and twenty cents, while a bottle of Scotch costs ten dollars. Despite Alko's missionary work, the Finns' favorite drink is cognac, of which, on a per-capita basis, they are the world's leading consumers. Their preference for hard liquor and their habit of gulping it probably account for

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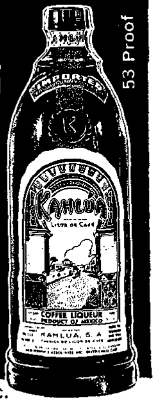

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Workers busily engaged in completing the seawall in San Francisco Bay, 1881. They are testing the strength of Meiggs Wharf, part of the site of Golden Gateway. Yerba Buena (Goat Island) is in the background.

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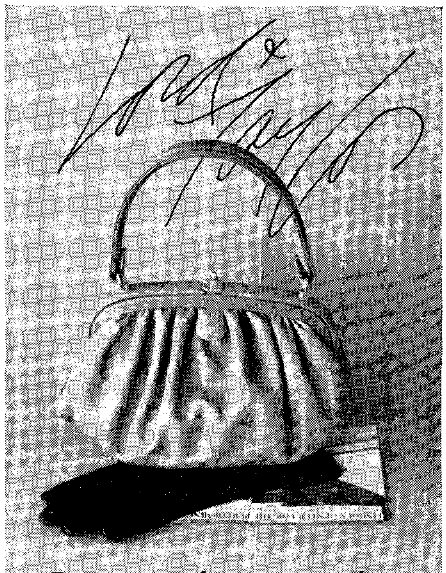
the fact that drunks are by no means an uncommon sight on the streets of Helsinki. Last December 27th, one of Helsinki's leading newspapers reported on page 1, with evident municipal pride, that "only one hundred and fifteen drunkards were taken care of by the Helsinki police during the Christmas holidays." Anyone who is picked up for having drunk too much is kept in jail overnight and then, if he hasn't been troublesome, is released without a fine, I was told by the chief of police of Finland, a big, broad-shouldered man named Fjalar Jarva, whose face has the appealing openness of Bert Lahr's. "Many Finns have very strange drinking habits," Chief Jarva said. "A skilled worker may not take a drink all week, and then on Saturday night he will buy a bottle of cognac and finish it at one sitting. It doesn't make sense, but Finns prefer to drink their alcohol all at once."

Though the police are lenient with citizens who have merely overindulged, the law is very hard on anybody who gets behind the wheel of an automobile after drinking. A Finn who is caught driving after having had even one drink automatically loses his driver's license for two years (for the second offense, he is liable to lose it for life) and, in addition, may be sentenced to do time in a work camp for a term that varies from a few weeks, for committing a minor infraction of the law after taking alcohol, to eight years, for causing a fatal accident. In recent months, drunken drivers have been sentenced to work camps that are engaged in enlarging the Helsinki airport. This has created a popular euphemism that I first heard when a Finnish friend said of a discredited local politician, "He has his troubles, you know. He has been three times building the airport." To avoid having to help in that effort, Finnish couples usually take turns abstaining at social functions to which they have driven in their own cars. In spite of the stiff penalties, the number of Finns convicted of drunken driving increases every year—the inevitable result, according to Chief Jarva, of the steadily increasing number of cars on the road. Last year, there were more than five thousand such offenders, all of them men. As far as Chief Jarva can remember, no Finnish woman has ever been found guilty of driving while under the influence of alcohol.

A WHILE ago, I made a quick trip to Rovaniemi, the administrative center of Finnish Lapland, which was



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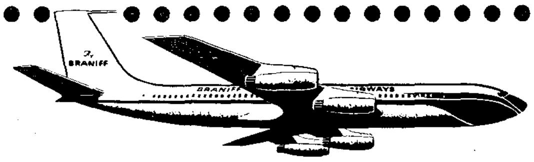

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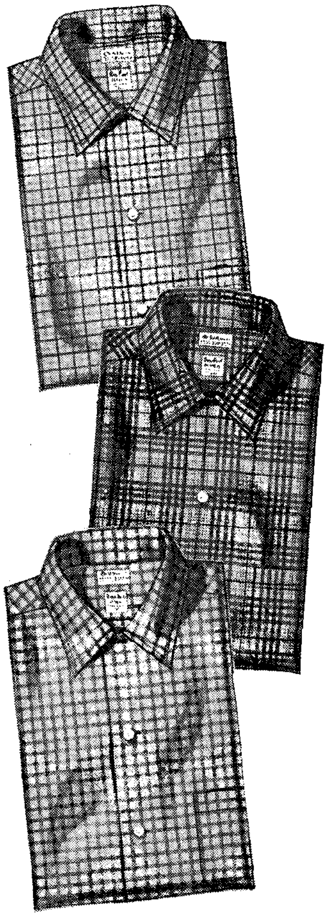

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levelled by the Germans—mainly out of revenge—toward the end of the Second World War and has since risen from the ruins. I had learned about Rovaniemi from a bright, personable, forty-year-old Foreign Office man named Martti, who kindly arranged his affairs so that he could accompany me on the journey. It was no hardship, he later told me, since the north is the part of the country that he (like a great many other Finns I have met) loves best. We flew to Rovaniemi, which lies four miles below the Arctic Circle (its airport is two miles above it), in a Convair belonging to Finnair, the state-owned airline that is one of the few national airlines—if not the only one—that habitually show a profit. From three thousand feet, the countryside looked like a vast blue-and-green wilderness. Here and there among the lakes and forests, one saw a cleared area—a rectangular field of green or tan—and, even less frequently, a brown, twisting ribbon indicating a road, but signs of human life were few indeed. As I was reflecting that here was a place where one could still get away from it all, I happened to remember some conversations about tourism that I had had with Finns in and out of the government. Finland, I had learned, is one of the European countries that have been least affected by the postwar spread of tourism; as President Kekkonen remarked in a speech, his countrymen spend twice as much money travelling abroad as tourists spend in Finland. From government people I had often heard something like "Oh, yes, tourism is very important—we're working very hard to expand it," but their manner was so uniformly polite and perfunctory that I began to suspect that their hearts were not really in what they were saying. The suspicion seemed to be confirmed when I talked with Finns who were in a position to speak their minds, such as an architect who lives and works in Helsinki but spends most of his leisure in a secluded villa he owns on a lake about an hour's drive north of the city. "Almost everybody I know has some kind of villa, large or small, in the country," he said. "You know, we are only four and a half million in this country. Once people discover what a paradise our lakes and islands are, we'll be overrun, just like the rest of Europe. Maybe it's selfish, but we want to keep this peace and beauty to ourselves a while longer."

After the stewardess, a tall and immaculately groomed blonde, had served tea and rolls, I asked Martti some questions about Rovaniemi, and he told

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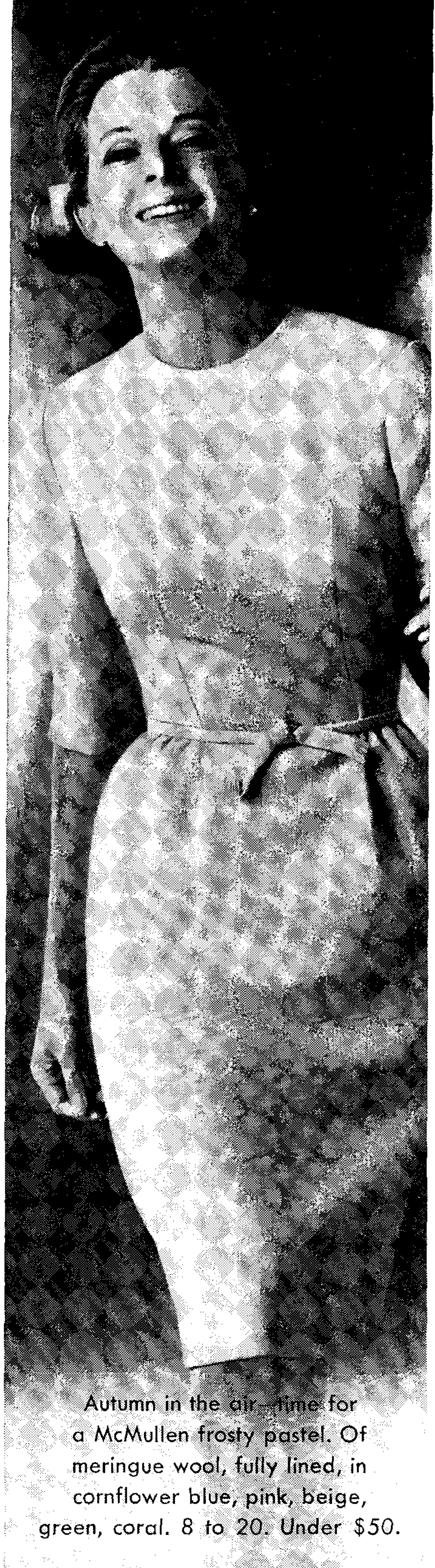

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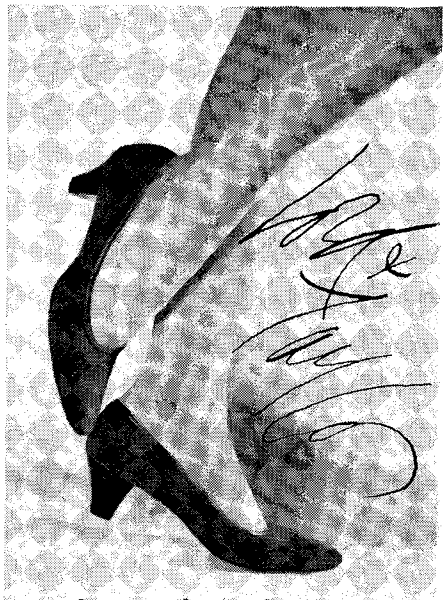
me, among other things, what lay behind the Germans' sacking of the city. It went back, he said, to the signing of the German-Soviet pact in the fall of 1939, which gave Stalin a free hand in the eastern Baltic and led him to make stiff territorial demands on Finland. The Finnish government refused to knuckle under, the Soviet Army invaded Finland, and thus began the Winter War, in which the Finns held off the Russians for a hundred days. When the Finns' heroic struggle ended, Stalin took all the territory that he had originally demanded and more. Following this defeat, the Finns tried to develop a defensive alliance with Norway and Sweden, but were forced to abandon the effort when Stalin objected. Then, looking for security in another direction, the Finns turned to Germany. In September, 1940, they granted German troops the right to transit through Finland to and from occupied Norway. Sweden had earlier granted a similar permission, and had been able to maintain its neutrality. There was a difference, though, because the Finnish government had also tacitly agreed to the establishment of a German base in Lapland. After Germany invaded Russia, in June, 1941, Finland also went to war again against Russia, and quickly regained all the territory that had been lost as a result of the Winter War. In this conflict, which the Finns call the Continuation War, they were, of course, fighting on the same side as Germany. "As we looked at it, we had simply resumed fighting our old enemy in order to recover land that belonged to us," Martti said. "We were simply co-belligerents with Germany. We did everything we could to keep our war against Russia separate. However, the fine distinctions of our case were not much appreciated in the West at that time."

Though the policy of co-belligerency was perhaps "too sophisticated" to inspire much support among the Allies, Martti continued, the separate character of the Finnish-Russian conflict was recognized by the United States, which refrained from declaring war against Finland, and the concept was also accepted, by implication, by the Soviet government, which dropped its demand for unconditional surrender after its troops, in the fall of 1944, had again overwhelmed the Finnish forces. The armistice agreement that brought the Continuation War to an end required Finland—besides ceding territory and paying reparations—to expel the German troops from its territory. The Germans then had two hundred thousand



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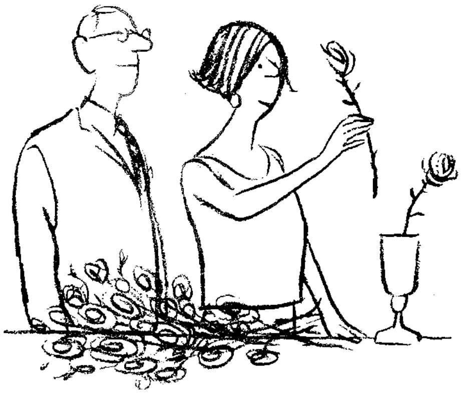
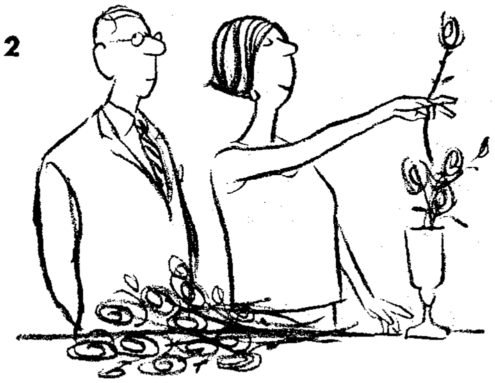
1



Tom showed me an essay he wrote for school—"What the Presidential Election Means to Me."

Fascinating, I'll bet.

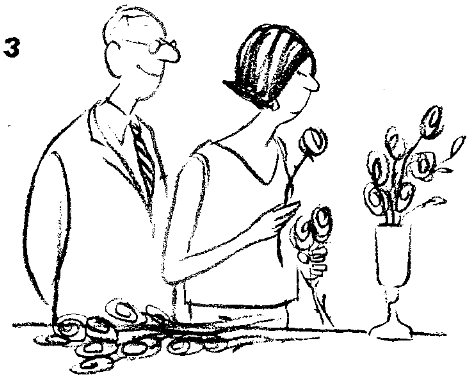
2



He says that during the campaign period there is an "increased amount of bickering" between me and your brother.

You must admit you always bring up politics whenever Myron drops in for a social evening.

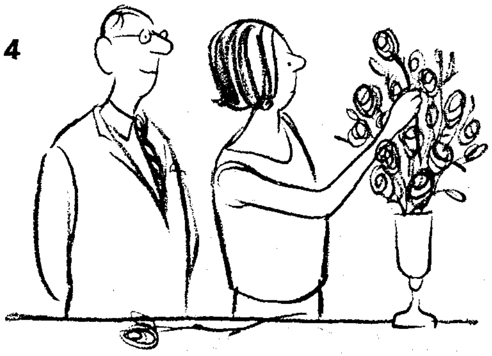
3



He also points out that there's "a good deal of quibbling" between you and my mother.

Eavesdropper.

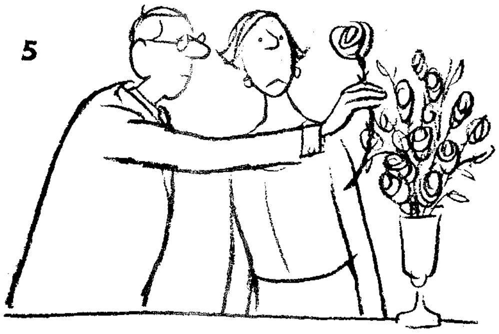
4



He concludes by saying that we should all exercise our right to vote because it guarantees a continuation of our form of government as well as a secure future for all of us.

Sometimes I worry about our future.

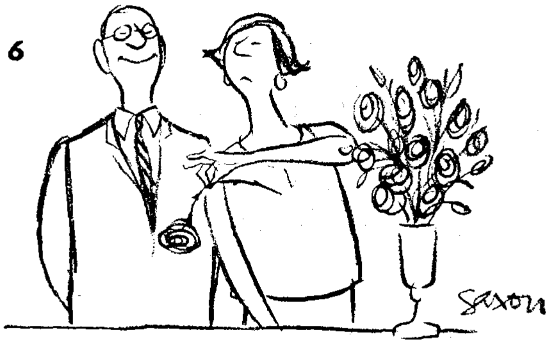
5



Well, we do our part. We vote. We pressure our friends. We complain about taxes.

I mean our personal future.

6



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I just wish you wouldn't keep calling Myron "politically immature."

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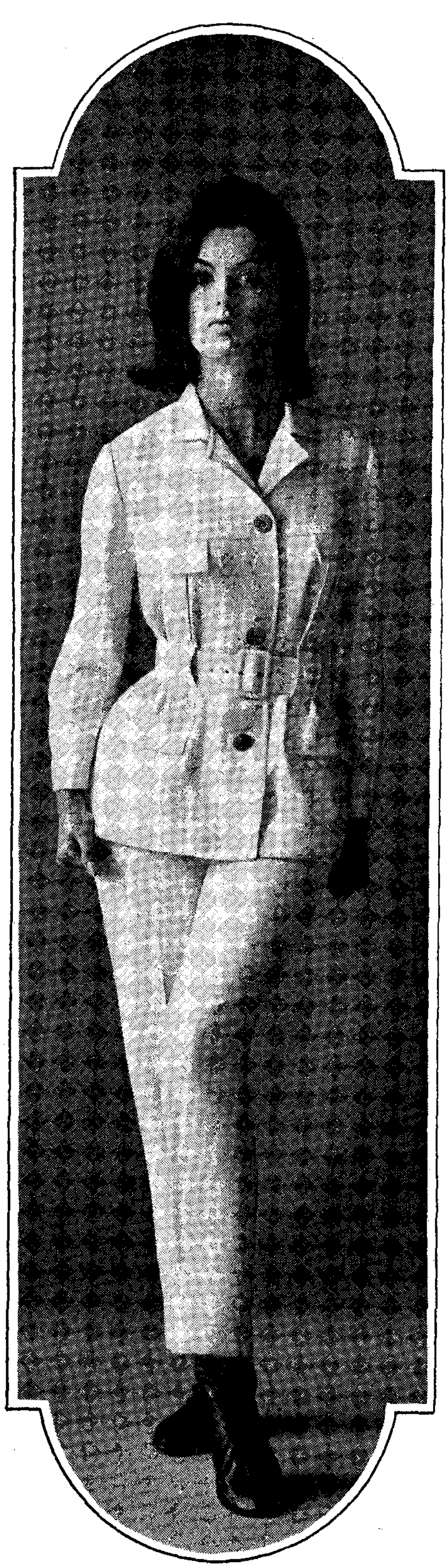

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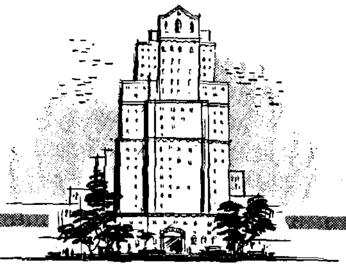
men in Lapland. It took a full-scale war, lasting eight months and ending in April, 1945, to drive them northward across the border into German-occupied Norway. During their retreat, the Germans laid waste the whole of Lapland, beginning with Rovaniemi. They not only burned all the buildings to the ground and sowed hundreds of land mines throughout the area but also destroyed the bridges giving access to the city, poisoned the wells, and cut down the flagpoles. "It was Hitler's revenge because we ended our war with Russia," Martti said. "He also wanted to make Finland an object lesson to any country that might have been thinking of doing the same."

On its approach to the Rovaniemi airport, our plane flew low over the city, and I caught a glimpse of an array of houses with bright red and green roofs, a river spanned by two bridges, and two ski jumps. "They outgrew the one they built right after the war, so they built a new one," Martti said. "It's three hundred feet long—the longest concrete ski jump in the country." After landing, we found a taxi—a new English Ford—and headed for town. As we sped over a gravel road just wide enough for two cars to pass, the driver turned on the radio, and we listened to "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Against this musical background, I learned that Lapland, through which we were rocketing, covers a third of Finland and has a twentieth of the population. The number of human beings in Lapland is approximately the same as the number of reindeer—about two hundred thousand of each. Some forty thousand of the animals are killed annually for food, and since they bring between twenty and thirty dollars a head, quite a few Lapps who have big herds are very well off.

Though I had long since concluded that I need not expand my knowledge of the Lapps, gleaned from any number of travelogues, Martti bade the driver stop at a souvenir shop that is situated exactly on the Arctic Circle and specializes in Lapp artifacts. The woman in charge of the shop told us that there was a stockade nearby where a Lapp family fed part of its herd, and then, glancing at her watch, she said that we were in luck, because it was just about feeding time. Sure enough, as we walked outside we saw the Lapp family—father, mother, and three children—all dressed in the colorful local costume, getting out of a new Mercedes-Benz sedan and heading for the pens. Resuming our trip, we drove on



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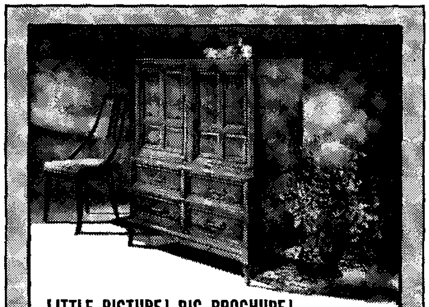

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Television is a strangely penetrating medium. It can catch a man in an unguarded moment and show him as he is, not as he would like to be. Watch some of the programs listed below—what you see may change your mind. Or it may not. But one thing is certain. If you watch television in October, you won't go uninformed about the men or the electoral process itself. And in between the politics, you'll find lots of other interesting things to watch.

Among the political programs

The Polls and the Candidates
How public opinion polls effect campaigns.
Sunday, October 4 (12:30-1 PM)

Campaign and the Candidates
Sunday, October 4 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Politics '64
Candidate's eye-view; Analysis of the Negro vote; Politics at the basic level; Polls and computers.
Wednesdays, October 7, 14, 21, 28 (10:30-11 PM)

Campaign and the Candidates
Tuesday, October 13 and 27 (10-11 PM)

Akron and the Next President
The campaign in a highly-contested city.
Wednesday, October 21 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Smear: The Game of Dirty Politics
History of smear in American politics.
Sunday, October 25 (6-6:30 PM)

Other programs of special interest

Think Pretty
Musical about the recording business.
Fred Astaire and Barrie Chase.
Friday, October 2 (8:30-9:30 PM)

Treasure Island
Mr. Magoo as Long John Silver.
Saturday, October 3 (8-8:30 PM)

Flying Through the Air
Practice and theory of flight.
Sunday, October 4 (11:30-12 noon)

World War I
Doomed Dynasties; Atrocity 1914; U-Boat Warfare; Verdun the Inferno.
Tuesdays, October 6, 13, 20, 27 (8-8:30 PM)

1964 Summer Olympic Games
Opening ceremonies, live via satellite.
Saturday morning, October 10 (1-3 AM)
Other events through October 25.

Explorers Before Columbus
History of expeditions to American shores.
Sunday, October 11 (11:30-12 noon)

Go-Between
Drama about candidate whose young son is kidnapped before Election Day.
Thursday, October 15 (10-11 PM)

Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me
Poetic commentary, with masked actors, tracing concept of monotheism.
Sunday, October 18 (1-1:30 PM)

The Fantasticks
Adaptation of off-Broadway musical, starring Ricardo Montalban, Bert Lahr, Stanley Holloway.
Sunday, October 18 (10-11 PM)

The Weird World of Witchcraft
Impact of witchcraft on society.
Sunday, October 25 (11:30-12 noon)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: That Was the Week That Was

Wednesdays: CBS Reports

Saturdays: Exploring/NCAA Football

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery '64/Face the Nation/Issues and Answers/AFL/NFL/Sunday/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

NOTE: Times, programs, titles, and costs are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

Write department N for free copy of the new bibliography, *Television in Government and Politics*.

Television Information Office
666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. This year a Madonna and Child by Fra Filippo Lippi, a golden Adoration of the Magi by a Flemish master, flowers by a French Impressionist, a Greek vase painting, a medieval enamel of Saint Michael and the dragon, a decoration of musical instruments from a Renaissance castle, a Rembrandt etching, a Colonial embroidery of birds in a cherry tree, and a Victorian skating party by Winslow Homer are among the more than fifty new designs. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of the Museum in limited editions and cost from 5 to 75 cents each. Mail the coupon below, together with 25 cents, for the forty-page catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents.

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through countryside that was boggy and quite deserted. On the outskirts of town, we passed a spacious public camping ground on the bank of a river. During the summer, I was told, the camp is filled with tourists, especially Germans. Many come to visit the Deutscher Soldatenfriedhof, a large tract of land twelve miles north of the city on which, after the war, the Germans erected a massive granite structure, complete with stained-glass windows and works of sculpture, that serves as a mausoleum and memorial to the Nazi soldiers killed in the Finnish campaign. "Another example of the famous German tact," Martti said.

We checked in at the Polar Hotel, a handsome four-story—and, needless to say, new—building in the center of town. At the Polar, one begins to get the flavor of Rovaniemi, which is a combination of a miniature metropolis and the TV version of Dodge City. The hotel has a uniformed doorman and all the latest mechanical equipment, such as automatic elevators, and the first objects that confront a guest entering the lobby are a stuffed brown bear and a stuffed wolverine. The cuisine is exceptional, the wine list is better and more intelligently composed than that of many French hotels of comparable size, and an Italian dance band provides music for dinner dancing nightly. To reach the dining room from the cocktail lounge, one passes a wall that is nearly covered with an enormous white polar-bear hide. Leaving the hotel to take a stroll, I noticed that the air was wonderfully fresh and invigorating. Except in summer, I was told later, it is faintly tinged with the pleasant odor of smoke from burning wood chips, which are used to supplement the oil heat in many residences. I also noticed that the streets are unpaved—they are surfaced with oiled gravel—and that there is very little sidewalk; in the downtown section, one side of the street may have a broad concrete sidewalk, while the other side has only packed earth to walk on. The streets are bustling with traffic. There is the customary legion of housewives on bicycles, and there are also quite a few cars, including a large number of Mercedes-Benzes, Volvos, and Opels. The cars may be dusty or muddy, but, like everything else in Rovaniemi, they are new. The store windows are filled with the latest-model electrical appliances, transistor radios, and tape recorders, and the newest record releases. Some shops display furniture and textiles designed by outstanding Finnish craftsmen, as well as

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French perfumes, English toiletries, and a variety of such imported luxury goods. Here and there between the shops are vacant lots, in which two or three cars may be haphazardly parked amid puddles of water. The open spaces are fast disappearing, though. Nearly everywhere you look, you see cranes lifting steel girders and other materials for the construction of apartment houses, office buildings, schools, and recreational facilities. Without exception, the new structures have an architectural excellence and a quality of gaiety that please both the eye and the mind.

The new city, I learned when I dropped in at the town hall and had a word with the deputy mayor, is being built according to a master plan developed by the noted Finnish architect Alvar Aalto, who has designed some of the municipal buildings, including the library, on which work was just beginning. Before the war, Rovaniemi had eight thousand inhabitants; it now has about twenty-five thousand. "Our maternity hospital produces about a thousand persons a year, so we have to keep right on building," the deputy mayor said. "This is an administrative center, so about a third of the working population consists of civil servants."

I asked a couple of questions about the war, and the deputy mayor answered them, but it was apparent that he was more interested in the present and the future than in the past. "It was a difficult time," he said. "Very difficult. Since then—in less than twenty years—we have tripled our population. Also, we already have more than three times as much dwelling space as we had before the war, and, of course, our housing today is much better than what we had then. Why should the people here have any hard feelings?"

He wasn't smiling, and I don't think he was being sardonic. I think he was just being Finnish.

—John Bainbridge

•

(Q) "Our 5-year-old daughter has taught herself to read. Will this hurt her when she starts to school?" Mrs. F. A.

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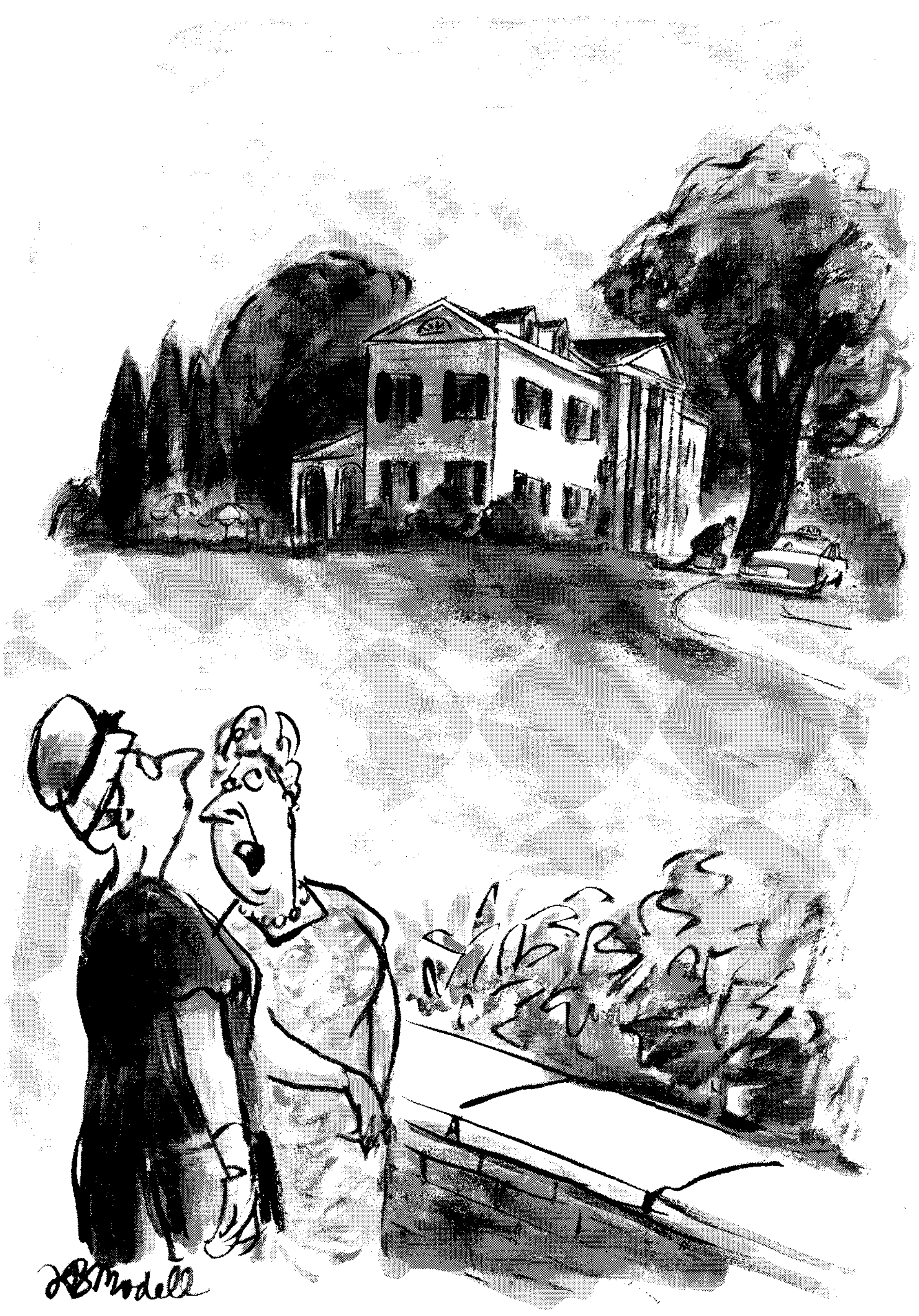

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WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME?

On that particular Sunday morning, Brian calls Ian around eleven o'clock and suggests that he, Ian, might like to stop in for a bite of lunch. As it happens, Pammy has just called Ian to ask him to take her to the Bronx Zoo that afternoon, so Ian and Brian decide to pick up Pammy together, and all three will go to Chinatown for a tea lunch instead.

Someone in the group—there are six, seven, eight of them—is always pleased to go somewhere or do something with someone else in the group. They are easy people, the lot of them, tied to no one, and their interests range from zoos to lectures on theosophy. Their ages range from late twenties to early thirties—a span of, say, eight or nine years—and their time is absolutely their own. They all, for instance, packed up and came to America because they felt like packing up and coming to America; life is as simple as that. You do something, you go somewhere, because you feel like doing something or going somewhere, because it presents an adventure. Whatever their own countries—England, Scotland, Northern Ireland—had to offer, it was just not quite enough. Strangeness, excitement, adventure in a foreign place are what they want. And then, too, there is the more concrete enticement of money. You get paid more in America than you would at home. Someone in the group is always arriving, someone always leaving. All of the young men (though few of the young women) have been to university. Armed with their degrees, their visaed passports, their smallpox-vaccination certificates, and their green alien cards, they have stormed Manhattan Island in search of adventure. Now, after four, five, six years, they are beginning to wonder if that adventure is over, if it is time to move on.

Ian says he will walk down Third Avenue to Brian's apartment and together they can go over to Pammy's. Ian walks everywhere. He walks to his office on lower Broadway—a distance of five miles, clocked on his Abercrombie & Fitch pedometer. "Righto!" he says into the receiver, and laughs. "No, I'm *not* walking off a hangover!" he says, and laughs again. As Ian speaks with Brian, he doodles squares and oblongs on a note pad that has printed on it "Don't forget to call Bardot about movie!" It is a joke pad; an American friend of Ian's gave it to him for Christmas. There were note

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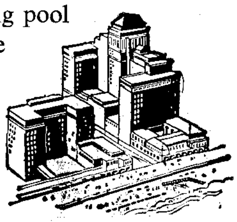

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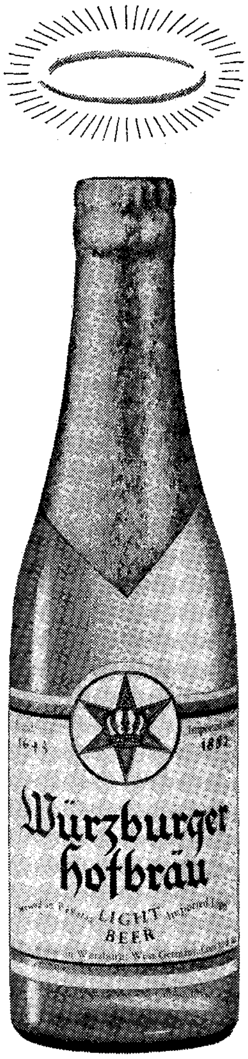

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pads for women, too, the American friend told Ian, and these had inscriptions like "Be home when Cary Grant calls!"—things like that. Ian is still puzzled by what he terms "American humor."

Pammy, when Ian calls her, says that she would adore a tea lunch more than anything else in the world, and that Ian and Brian must pop up and have a drink at her place first. Ian calls Brian back to tell him that, and then, a few minutes later, sets forth.

Outside, it is raining—a fact that Ian had not noticed—so he goes back inside and leaps up the five flights to his apartment to get his umbrella. It is a beautiful Malacca-handled umbrella with a wooden shaft, and he bought it at Fox's the last time he was in London—he gets to London at least once a year. Ian thinks the umbrella is very smart indeed. When he bought it, the salesman asked him solicitously if he wanted the wooden-shafted umbrella for an older man who would use it as a cane, too. When Ian said that he wanted it for himself, the salesman, shocked, said that nowadays the young gentlemen preferred the slimmer models with metal shafts. But Ian was firm.

He sets briskly out again. A rainy Sunday in New York is like a rainy Sunday anywhere, he thinks. Only in New York the streets are less crowded, because fewer people walk. As he strides down the twenty-five-odd blocks to Brian's apartment, off Gramercy Park, he wonders just what he would be doing in London on a rainy Sunday morning. He never really worked in London, or, in fact, in England—nothing more than an odd temporary summer job. He understands that in London it is not easy to get a good job and salaries are quite low. But perhaps it doesn't cost as much to live there, though prices in London have gone sky-high. Ian remembers when two sausages and a pint of bitter were one and six at the corner pub, and when the price of a cinema was one and thruppence. He remembers the prices of houses during the war. That big house outside of Amersham; it was going for—what was it? Two thousand pounds. Who wanted a big mansion and lots of acreage in 1941? Just recently, his mother wrote him, the mansion was sold for sixty thousand pounds. Yet in London people are shocked when he tells them that he pays a hundred and twenty-five dollars for a five-flight walkup apartment of two rooms in Manhattan. London is tantalizing, with its promise of pubs and green

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parks and window boxes massed with geraniums. Should he go back?

Ian's first real job was in America, in a training program for a company near Bowling Green. That is where he met Brian. The head of the company wanted to mix a few foreigners in with the annual tide that swept down from Harvard Business School, so he told the London office to recruit some young men from Oxford and Cambridge and Trinity College, Dublin. (It was believed that the newcomers would give an international flavor to the training program.) Neither Ian nor Brian works for the company near Bowling Green now, and neither do any of the others who came over with them. Most of them still work downtown, though, and they still drop into the Coachman Restaurant for a couple of beers after work. Then, when the crowds have thinned, a group of them will take the subway uptown and have dinner at Original Joe's, or at Kelly's Bar, or at Vasata or the Czechoslovak Praha, or some other reasonably priced restaurant that serves generous helpings of food.

If one could generalize about the group (which, of course, one cannot do with any accuracy), one might say that they deliberately avoid entangling themselves unnecessarily with people, places, things. Their apartments are austerely furnished and decorated. Their friendships are reserved, hesitant, and even aloof by American standards. Ian would never dream, for instance, of asking Brian if he slept around much. Remarks about one's private life are considered the height of bad taste.

They grew up during the war. They have a toughness, a resiliency, a firsthand knowledge of oatmeal sandwiches and dinners of cheese and potatoes. Over twenty years ago, this toughness carried them from bomb shelter to bomb shelter. Now it carries them into and out of situations that would terrify most people. At eighteen years of age, in the early nineteen-fifties, Ian was in the Army in Malaya—a lieutenant in charge of a group of tough soldiers, some of them with prison records, who called him "the boy" and taught him to pick locks. After that, he worked for a summer in a London garage, repainting cars that had been acquired in smash-and-grab raids. Then he got a scholarship to Queens' College, Cambridge, where he received his Master's degree in law. At thirty, Brian has already worked on a tea plantation in Ceylon and has sailed around the world on a freighter. One summer, he operated a movie projector in a small town

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in Canada. Another member of the group, a girl, was in a concentration camp in Java during the war. One young man was a child actor in Dublin, before he and his parents moved to India. At the ring of a telephone, at the exchange of a couple of sentences, any of them will pack up for foreign parts. They are, in a word, insouciant. But it is an insouciance born of early responsibility, not of indolence. They take their wandering seriously, for they know that their freedom cannot last forever.

BRIAN opens the door with a bottle of wine in his hand. "It's a Riesling," he tells Ian. "I've just taken it out of the fridge. Bought it yesterday at that shop on Astor Place. If it's good, I'll order a case or two. Chappie said they didn't get it in very often. It's cheap, too, for a Riesling."

Brian read philosophy at Oxford, and he likes to think of himself as a humanist, though he adds, "with a touch of hedonism thrown in for spice, you understand!" He tells funny stories about his parents—strict Protestants, who won't allow smoking or drinking or cardplaying in the house, though everyone knows that Brian's mother keeps a bottle of gin in the washing machine.

Brian pours the wine into stemmed glasses, and the two toast each other and sip the wine.

"Have a seat," Brian says, and they sit down on the room's two wicker chairs. They discuss the wine. It is good. First-rate. Not too fruity. A nice, smooth taste. They discuss the weather. Lousy. Terrible. "Have a look at the paper," Brian says, and hands Ian a section.

Ian opens the paper to the travel pages, where he sees an article on Britain. There are all sorts of festivities this year, on account of the Shakespeare quadricentennial. He thinks of his favorite play, "Richard III." "Now is the winter of our discontent/ Made glorious summer by this sun of York. . . ." If he were at home now, Ian thinks, they would have just returned from Mass, and would be sitting down to a big breakfast of fried eggs, fried bread, fried tomato, fried sausage, fried bacon. His father, a tall, thin man with pink, veined cheeks, would be spooning great heaps of marmalade onto his plate. His mother would be urging everyone to eat a little more, saying, "Have some more bacon, darling, do."

"No, thank you, Mummy."

"Oh, please, my darling, just a little piece."

When he was little, he had to eat a

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sausage for Our Dear Lord and one for Our Blessed Lady. Now he watches his eight-year-old brother being urged. "Go on, dear," his mother says. "Just another sausage for Our Dear Lord, please."

Quickly, his thoughts veer back to the article. This is Shakespeare's four-hundredth anniversary. Come to Britain. Visit Britain's stately homes.

Together, Brian and Ian finish the bottle of wine. Then they get their umbrellas and walk down the steps and over to Pammy's place. Pammy gives them each a big kiss, some sherry and some stale cheese biscuits, and some London gossip. The Martins are going to Spain for their holiday; everybody in London is wearing false eyelashes now; Mimi thinks she might be preggers; they're talking of tearing down that sweet, sweet pub near Cornwall Gardens; Henry is already homesick for New York, and he's only been back in London a fortnight. (It was Henry who wrote, it turned out.)

"Oh, I adore tea lunches," Pammy says. "You're just so sweet to think of me. Mummy never would let any of us go to Chinese restaurants; she used to say they put pusscats in the stew."

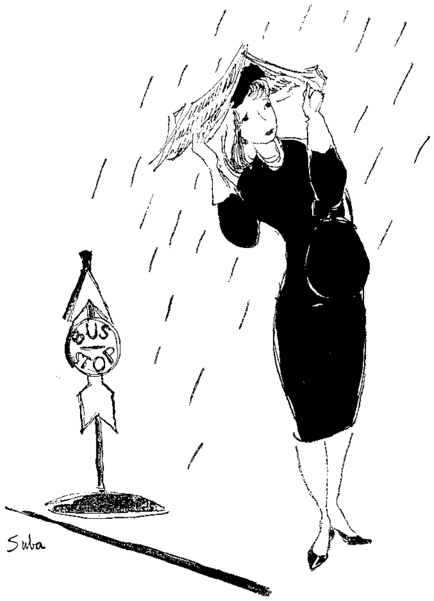
"Aow, wasn't she a shocker!" Brian says, imitating a Cockney accent.

They all laugh.

"Shall we take a taxi?" asks Ian.

"Second Avenue bus!" cries Pammy. "Don't you want to watch the bums?"

Pammy and Brian went to Oxford together. They had both got council scholarships, and they both came out with rather good seconds. Pammy worked for a time in London, but her landlady used to get annoyed when Pammy invited her men friends up to her dingy little bed-sitter. Then Brian



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wrote her that the secretaries in his office were getting nearly thirty pounds a week salary, and that New York was really very jolly. He had been invited to a débutante ball simply on the strength of his being Oxford and English; maybe Pammy could land a rich husband that way?

Now Pammy is a receptionist in a smart midtown advertising agency. She looks like a model, and this is one reason the agency hired her. She has huge almond eyes that take her a quarter of an hour to make up each morning, and sleek, shoulder-length straight hair the color of burnished chestnuts. The other reason the agency hired her was her clipped English accent; it sounds so sophisticated on the telephone. When the personnel director saw her smart tweed dress, her expensive-looking bag, and her French shoes, he offered her seventeen dollars and fifty cents more than the going weekly wage. After the interview, Pammy returned the bag to the department store and the shoes to her roommate's closet—she had a roommate then. The salary she gets in New York is fifteen dollars more than twice her London salary. She thinks her job "amusing," and she often gets taken out to lunch and dinner. But at present she is toying with the idea of buzzing off to San Francisco. That might be amusing, too.

ARM in arm, the three friends stroll across to Second Avenue. The rain has settled into a fine mist, and New York looks more than ever like London. Gray shapes are converted momentarily into umbrellas, lampposts, trash baskets, and then become gray once more. A bus careers down the avenue and stops with a great squealing of brakes.

"Goodness," says Pammy, and they scramble up the steps. Brian, the last to get in, pays for the three, balancing expertly with one leg in front of him and one leg behind him, the way he learned to do when he sailed around the world on the freighter. Meanwhile, Pammy and Ian have made their way over to three seats together toward the front of the bus. The smell of exhaled garlic and exhaust and stale air is almost as thick as the mist outside, but no one seems to mind. Pammy, Ian, and Brian sway on the green plastic banquettes, left and right, left and right, like the rest of the passengers. The bus dives down the avenue, squeals suddenly to a stop, then dives off again.

"There's that church where they have live animals at Christmastime," Brian says as Stuyvesant Square flashes

the village store

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past. The bus stops for a while at Fourteenth Street, then roars off to the lower East Side.

"There's Ratner's," Brian says. "Want a blueberry blintz?" Once, Ian and Brian had been taken to Ratner's by a Jewish friend, and the three of them had consumed untold quantities of blintzes and sour cream.

"We went up to Bill Fleming's apartment afterward," Ian says. "And we drank gallons of beer, and I've never been so sick—never!"

"And look over there," Brian continues. "That's where Liz used to buy her potato knishes."

"Mm-hmm," Pammy says. "I'd adore a potato knish right now, with bags and bags of salt and pepper."

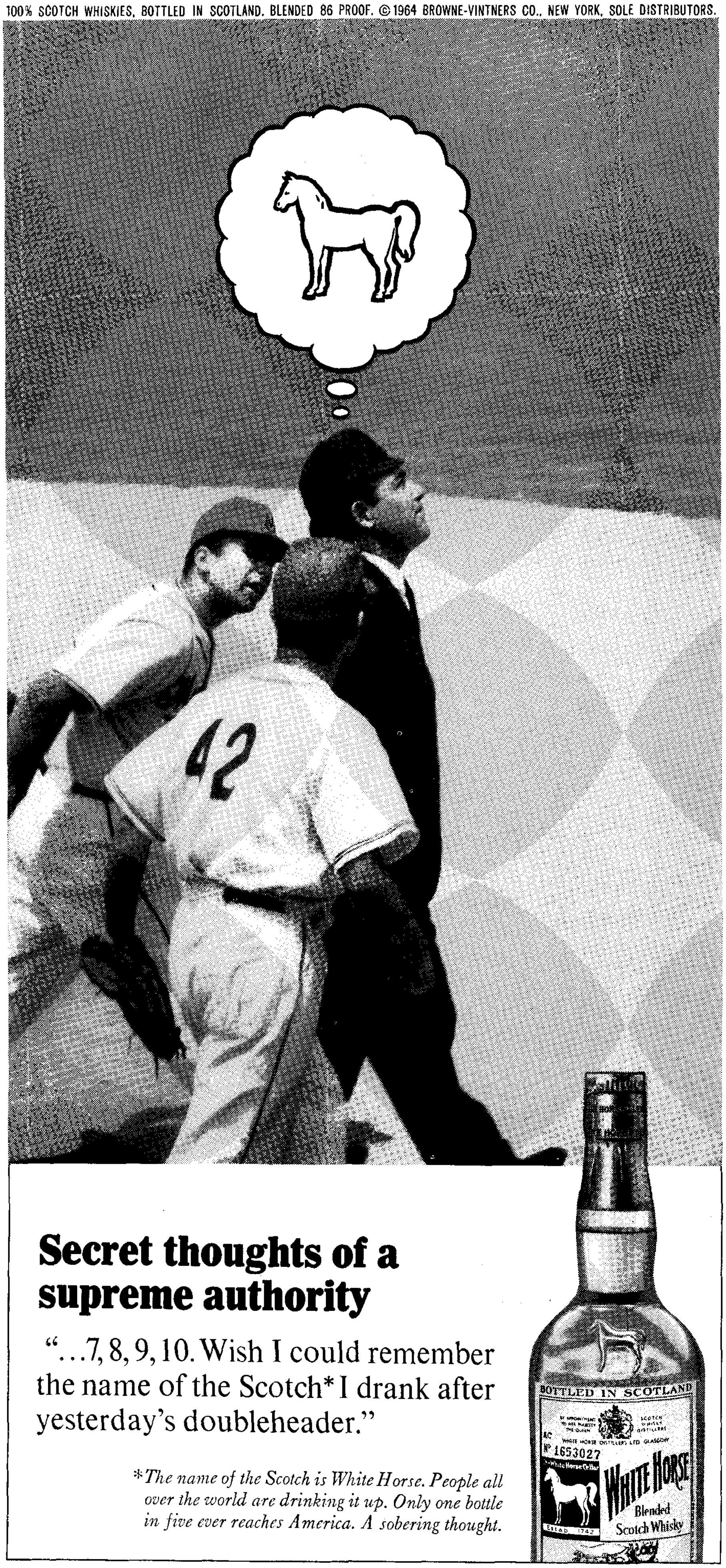
Liz is Brian's cousin—another English girl. She came to New York several years ago, and was a model, and a copywriter for a fashion magazine, and several other things, but nothing really worked out, so she packed up and went back to London, and on the strength of her New York experience she got a job as a buyer for a smart boutique in Knightsbridge. Now she has an apartment in Chelsea filled with big beige velours sofas and great urns of orange silk marigolds and a tiger-skin rug, and she gives parties where she serves Scotch salmon and gin to people that she considers amusing, and she flies to Paris for the collections and to Marrakech for the April Folklore Festival. "New York *terrified* me," Liz will say, in her languid, syrupy voice. "My dears, it simply *terrified* me."

Brian thinks of Liz, and laughs. "That voice of hers!" he says, admiringly. "Absolute treacle."

"Liz is so clever," Pammy says. She might be being sarcastic; it is difficult to tell. Women generally aren't too fond of Liz.

Now the bus turns right, into a sea of stalls and crowds and hawking venders and fat old women carrying shopping bags bulging with quilts and sausages.

Inside the bus, the smell of garlic has faded. The bus is not as full now. There is a cluster of Chinese men standing up near the front (though there are plenty of seats), and across the aisle from Pammy, Brian, and Ian a Chinese woman sits with her two children, a girl and a boy, one on either side of her. The little girl, who is probably two or three years old, is dressed in a lavender organdie dress and lots of petticoats and a pink sweater. She is being very good and still. On the other side sits a boy of perhaps six or seven. He is wearing a cowboy's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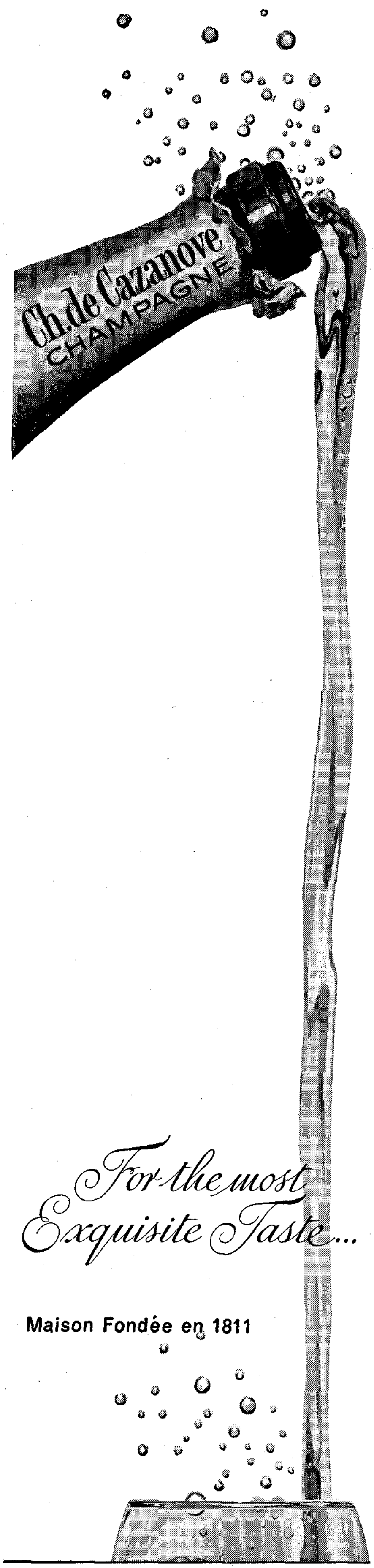
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costume—a fringed mock-suède jacket and blue dungarees—and he has a big holster and pistol slung around his small hips. The three of them are looking over at the group of Chinese men, and the woman nods and smiles at what they are saying. One of the men addresses the boy, obviously making a remark about his cowboy outfit, for he points at the gun and turns to the other men, and they all laugh at the boy. The boy, who has been holding his mother's hand, pulls his hand away and smiles and squirms with pleasure at being noticed as he replies in small shouts of Chinese.

Pammy says to Brian and Ian, "If I ever went back to England, the thing I'd miss most about New York, I think, would be Chinatown. Those vegetables! And that exquisite fresh ginger. And those precious children. Just look at them."

"What about San Francisco?" Ian asks. "I thought you were mad to go there. Now you're making plans to go home."

"Oh, no, I'm not," Pammy says. "I mean, not definitely. But every now and then I get homesick for England. I don't know why, but I think of England as such a quiet place. Here everyone shouts so. But I'll never forget walking down Regent Street one afternoon—it was just at the end of the war, but they still had air-raid warnings—and we'd just popped out of a shelter, my aunt and I, and I was wearing one of those Mickey Mouse gas masks that they gave to small children, or maybe it was Donald Duck, I can't remember, and all of a sudden my aunt said, 'Just *listen* to the silence,' and it was true. All over London, there wasn't a sound."

"Yes," Brian says. "I know what you mean. I've gotten that feeling in England, in the country. It's almost a *smell*, it's so powerful. Those big trees wrapped in ivy and mistletoe. And you can walk all over the countryside on the public footpaths and you'll not see a soul or hear a sound."

Suddenly (though he must have been standing there for some seconds) Pammy notices an old shabby man—a bum—bending down near the front of the bus. He is directly behind one of the Chinese men and he has lifted the man's coat, holding it well above his own head, almost fastidiously, so that the coat's red-and-brown plaid lining is exposed. He is groping in the man's back pockets. Pammy stares, fascinated; then she grabs Ian's arm, then Brian's arm, and points out the old man to them. There is nothing furtive in the

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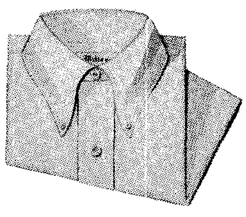

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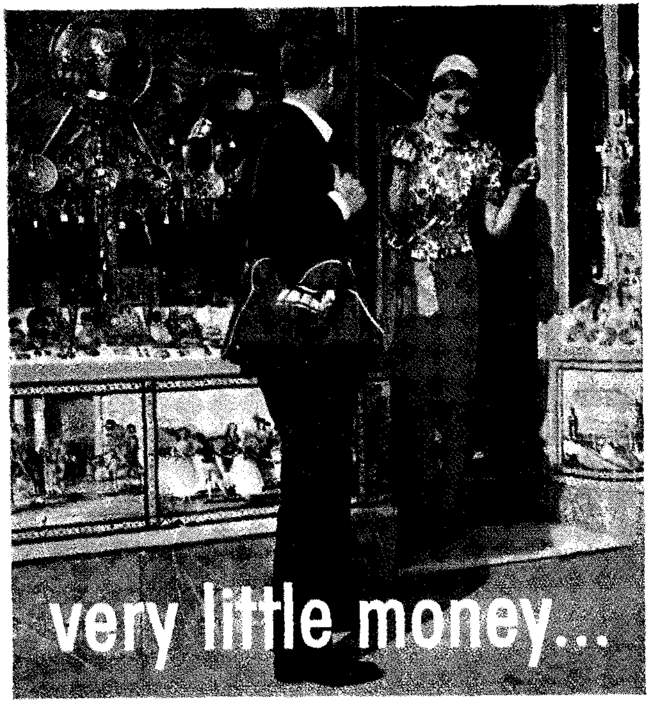
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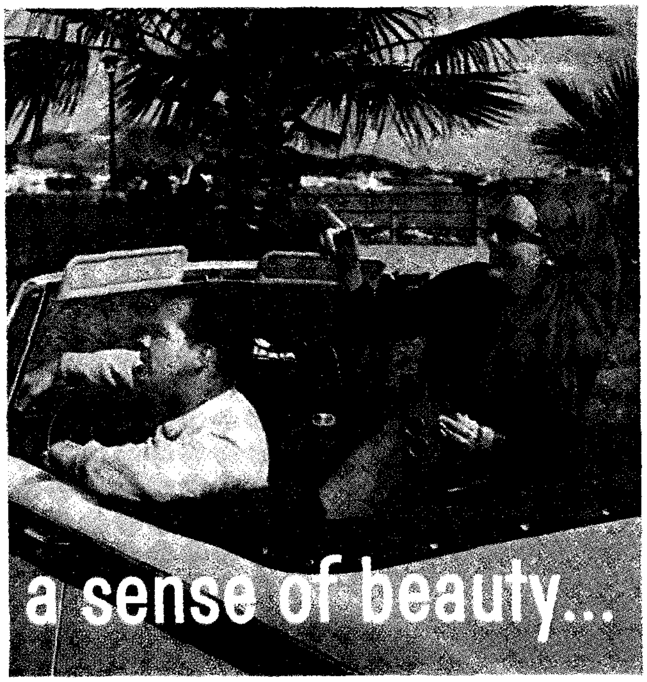
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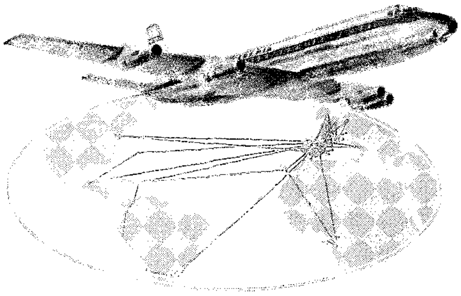

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Bonwit-Teller · Neiman-Marcus · The Halle Bros. Co. · and other fine stores old man's movements; he is simply and casually going through the Chinese man's pockets. No one makes a move to stop him; no one even indicates that he has seen him. He looks like a Victorian photographer, holding the coat over his head like a light shield. Pammy points to him and says in a loud voice, hoping to attract someone's attention, "Look at that old man! *Look at that old man!*"

Brian, who is nearest the front door and the group of Chinese, half gets up and leans across to tug at the Chinese man's sleeve. The man is deep in conversation with the other men; he has noticed nothing. "Wallet," Brian says to him, enunciating clearly. "Wallet. Have . . . you . . . got . . . your . . . wallet?" He points to the old man, who has dropped the coat and is trying to wriggle by on the side farthest from Brian and Ian and Pammy, toward the driver.

"Wallet," the Chinese man says, and nods. "Wallet," he says again, and he takes a flat wallet out of his breast pocket and waves it at them, smiling. "Wallet," he says again, as though he is giving them a lesson in English. Clearly, he has understood nothing of what is going on. Ian and Pammy and Brian smile and nod, and the Chinese does the same. Then the bus stops, and the Chinese turns and waves to the mother and her two children before getting off the bus. Two shabby old men also get off.

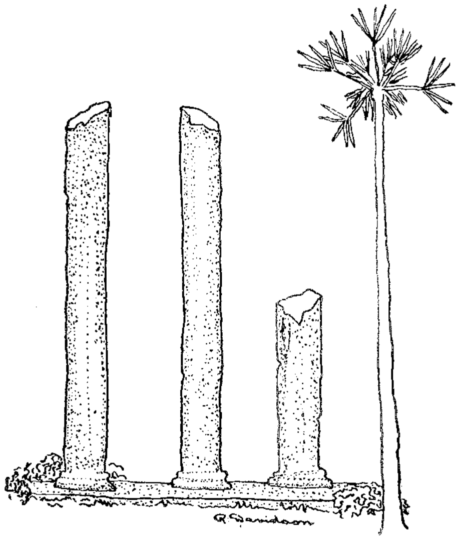
"Which one was it?" Pammy asks. "Which one was the pickpocket?"

They watch the two old men walk away from the bus stop.

"One of those," Brian says. "It must have been one of those."

"Yes, we *know*," says Ian. "But which one? Did you see his face?"

By now, the two old men have mingled with the lower East Side



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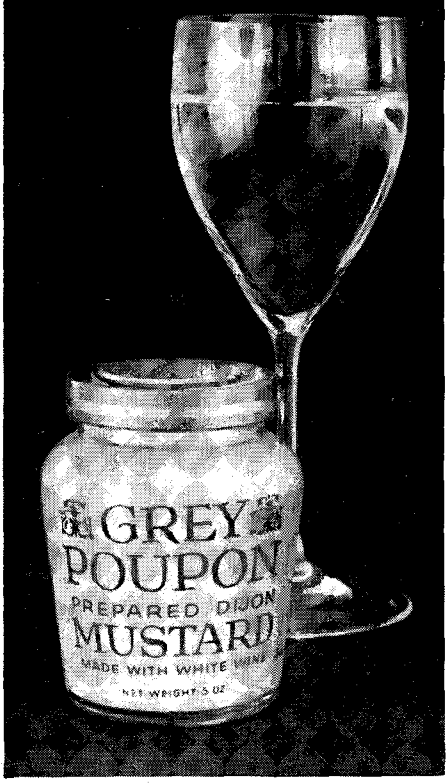

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crowds, and the bus has pulled away from the curb.

"I didn't see his face," Pammy says, disappointed.

"Neither did I," Brian says.

"I didn't, either," Ian says.

No one else has noticed the incident at all. Or if they have, they haven't given any sign. The rest of the passengers have been staring ahead the whole time, or looking out of the window, or reading newspapers.

"The cheek of that fellow!" says Ian. "On a crowded bus!"

"Amazing," Brian says. "Wasn't that amazing?" He shakes his head, disbelieving.

"Oh, here's our stop," Ian says, and they all clamber out. They walk up to the corner and cross Canal Street, then walk over to Pell Street.

"Well, what's it to be?" Ian asks. "The Nom Wah or Bo-Bo's for a tea lunch, or somewhere else?"

"What about Wo Ping's?" Brian asks. "A nice little platter of their roast duck, ummm—yah? That would really hit the spot. What say?"

"And some sea snails," Ian says, "in that good black sauce, with bags of garlic."

They go to Wo Ping's, and as they sit in the dark, fragrant restaurant, in a little booth, they speak again of the pickpocket.

"That bloody old crook," Brian says. "Can you imagine his cheek?"

"And no one noticed a thing," Ian says.

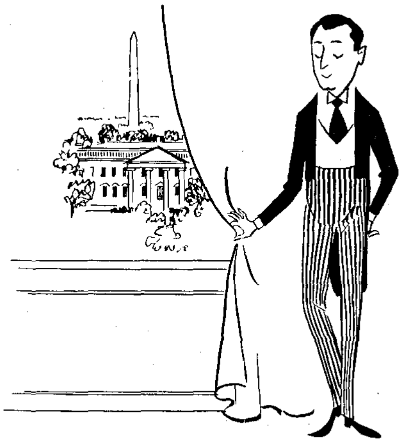
"No one *wanted* to notice a thing!" Pammy says. "People are like that here."

"Oh, that sort of thing happens in any big city," Brian says. "Any big city."

"Does it?" Pammy asks. Her eyes are narrow slits. "Would it?" She shakes her head. "No, in any other city people would notice. They'd do something. In London, they'd do something. Why, in Marseille, once, I saw a boy that had been stealing—some man had caught him with a wallet in his hands. They had tied him to a tree, and another man had taken off his belt. They were going to whip him. Just then the police arrived, and my parents dragged me away. Here in New York, when a crime happens, no one has seen a thing."

"John Banks was mugged on Sixtieth Street," Ian says. "On East Sixtieth Street, at ten o'clock at night. He says the street was jammed with people, and one minute he was walking along, and the next thing he knew he was just coming to, wedged in a little alley."

"Oh, well," Brian says. "That could



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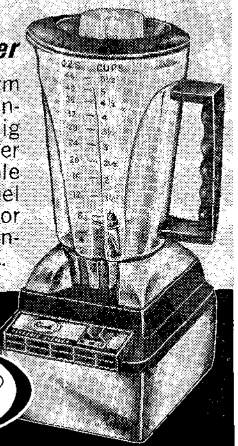

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happen anywhere, don't you think? We're all wondering if we should move on, that's all. We're restless. It's time we found a home. But we don't know where we want home to be, that's the trouble!"

"Oh, speaking of home," Ian says. "Do people get angry at you if you say anything about America? Last night, I said something—*something*, I can't even remember what. We were in a bar, a few of the fellows and myself, and some *guy* turned to me and shouted, 'Why don't you go home if you don't like it here?' "

"Oh, people say things," Brian says, and laughs.

"Well, that chap got me thinking about home," Ian continues. "I've been thinking about it quite seriously. I'm beginning to wonder if I'm right for New York, or if New York's right for me. Why should it be? No reason, especially. Maybe I'd be better off back home."

Pammy reaches over and takes Ian's hand. "Oh, Ian, you're just upset about that old pickpocket, aren't you, angel?"

"Well, maybe so," Ian says.

"Oh, we're all cross because we're hungry," Pammy says. "Now, what shall we say? Here comes the boy. An order of roast duck, and one of sea snails—yes, Ian? And what else? A pork dish, perhaps—what do you say?"

"That would be very nice," Ian says.

"Very nice indeed," Brian says, and they give their order to the waiter.

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•

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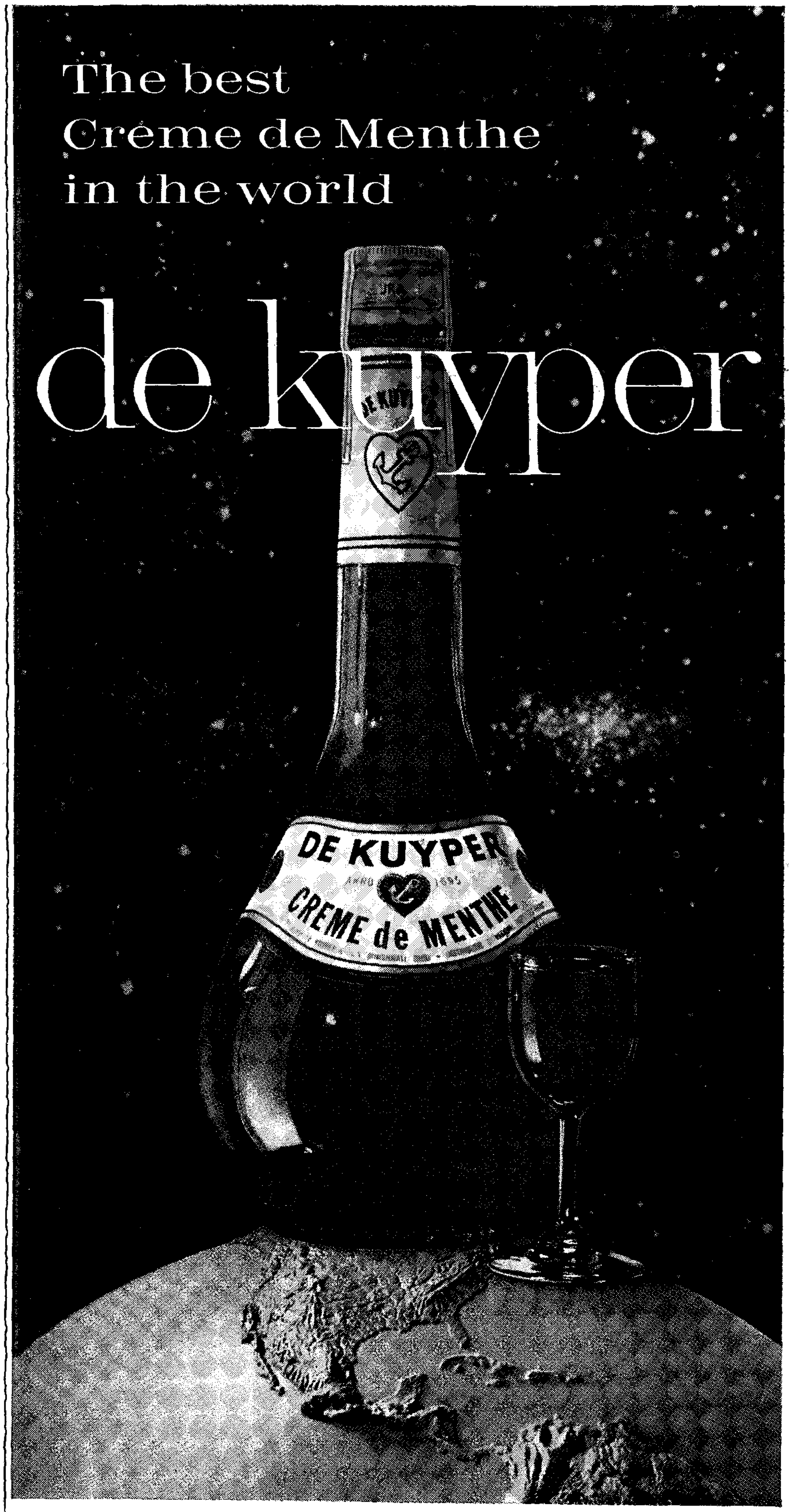

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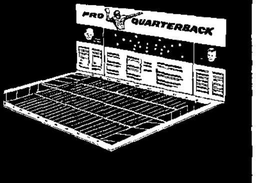

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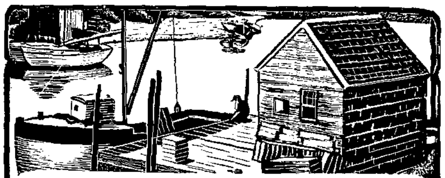

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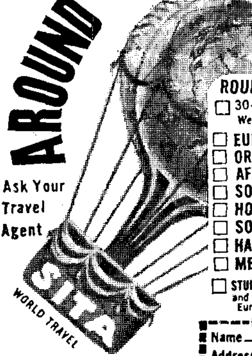

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these aspects of jazz to their highest denominations. He became an expert borrower and distiller of the best that was around him. He shaped the blues of the Southwest—where he spent seven years before forming his own band, in 1935—into a sporting, cheerful form that made all other blues sound mulish and backward. Even his slow blues, though often elegiac, were invariably relieved by the Oxford accents of Jimmy Rushing or the mocking obbligatos of Dickie Wells. He ingeniously thinned his stride piano by rationing the oom-pah left hand and reducing the right hand to widely spaced beginner's chords and single notes. He did this for lightening purposes and to allow his champion rhythm section (Freddie Green, Walter Page, Jo Jones) to shine through. It has, of course, never been equalled (its only serious rival worked together for just one night, at a concert in the Metropolitan Opera House, in 1944—Art Tatum, Al Casey, Oscar Pettiford, and Sidney Catlett—and it's a wonder the house still stands), and it diverted jazz rhythms into lighter-than-air channels that are still being explored. He had such a rhythm section, as well as soloists who were fresh, steady improvisers, because of his uncanny knack for hiring original musicians. His soloists, in addition to possessing extraordinarily varied styles, rarely repeated themselves and often surpassed themselves. Only Ellington and Fletcher Henderson made equally homogeneous collections out of such unmistakable iconoclasts. (This was not always so with Henderson, a laissez-faire man.) Basie's reed and brass sections found that pleasant middle ground between the slapdash (which they sometimes were) and the immaculate (which they never were). The results were suppleness and clarity. Beyond that, his sidemen handled their section parts with affection and even excitement; some of the riffs and melodic passages, particularly among the trombones, assumed a personal sololike quality. One never yawned between solos.

At least eight first-rate soloists passed through the Basie band in the late thirties. The most notable, because of the space they were given, were the tenor saxophonists Lester Young and Herschel Evans. Their styles were in most ways antithetical. Young had a dry Boston tone, he often played behind the beat, and he based his variations on melodic rather than harmonic ideas. His solos represented spare *new* melodies and were frequently witty. His relation to the band in a solo was that

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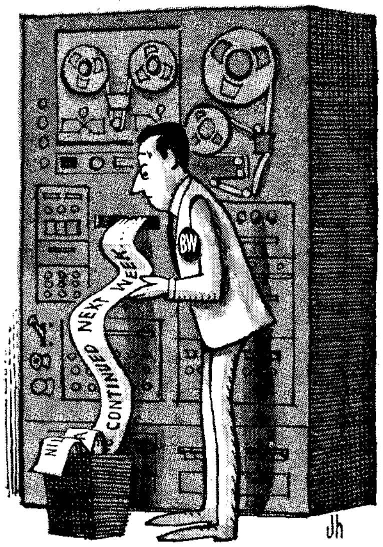

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Earlier this year, Business Week gave its readers a special report about astonishing new developments in computers. It was called "New Tool, New World," and the response has been one to Think about. To date, we've had 4,114 requests for 16,737 reprints.

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of a migrating bird to a tree: he circled, perched briefly, preened, and moved on; he enhanced the band, but it did not alter him. He was unique, and founded a new school of tenor-saxophone playing. Evans grew directly out of the Coleman Hawkins of 1934. He had a rich tone, a pronounced vibrato, hovered on or near the beat, and was unstinting with his emotions. For some reason, saxophonists of all kinds have tended to avoid blue notes, leaving those illegitimate split notes to trumpeters and trombonists. Evans used them continually, and they gave his style an urgency and appeal that were in striking contrast to Lester Young's casual aloofness. He seemed, especially in those fast numbers in which he was allowed a full chorus, to engage in hand-to-hand combat with the rest of the band; sometimes he disappeared in the sound of the accompanying sections, and sometimes he rode triumphantly over them. Evans also launched a new, though smaller, movement, among whose best-known members are Don Byas, Buddy Tate, and Lucky Thompson. He died in 1939, and no one has replaced him. Basie's brass soloists were equally imposing. Buck Clayton was liquid and lyrical, in the manner of Bill Coleman and the Louis Armstrong of the middle thirties, while the younger Harry Edison was staccato and pushing. Until the arrival of Benny Morton and Vic Dickenson, Dickie Wells *was* the trombone section. He had been a great trombonist for almost a decade before he joined Basie, and his high notes, smears, off notes, complex introversions, and general rambunctiousness offset the sweetness of Clayton and Evans and the detachment of Young. Dickenson learned something from Wells, but his fine wit was always his own, and Morton had been a polished, stately performer since his Fletcher Henderson days. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Basie's stable was that it won so often so soon; Ellington's magnificent 1940 band had taken well over a decade to find its stride.

Basie, born in Red Bank, New Jersey, is a medium-sized, solidly set-up man who affects a mustache and a quiet, smiling manner. He leads the band from and with his piano, and has been known to drop his hands from the keyboard in admiration for the band's finest feats. His band grew out of one that had been led by Bennie Moten in the Southwest in the mid-twenties. From time to time, Moten's band swapped personnel with Walter Page's Blue Devils, an equally renowned

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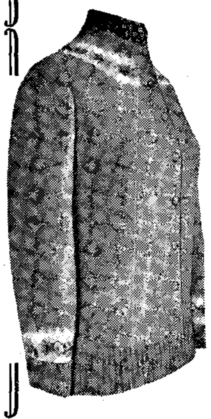

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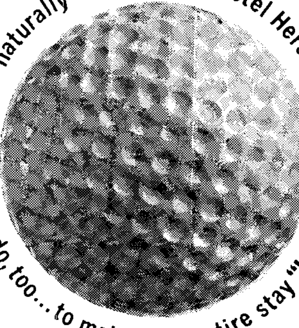

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Southwest group that included Buster Smith, Eddie Durham, Lips Page, Lester Young, and Basie himself. Basie took over after Moten's death. When the band was discovered by John Hammond in a small Kansas City night club, it had just nine pieces and was, from all reports, perfectly proportioned. Its bookers thought it advisable to add four or five men—a bit of meddling that was for a time disastrous. It was as if a trim man had suddenly taken on twenty-five pounds. By 1937, when the band did its first recording, the extra weight had been converted to muscle, and it remained that way. Toward the end of the forties, the intuition and homegrown inspiration that had sustained the group had hardened, and this, together with the departure of his best soloists and dwindling business, forced Basie to disband. From 1949 to 1952 he led a bright small group, and then he formed his present band—a smooth, heavyset machine that never falters and never surprises.

With the exception of occasional ballads and up-tempo standards, the old Basie band played just three kinds of numbers—slow, medium, and fast blues. Its slow blues were generally distinguished by a delicate, muted Buck Clayton solo, backed by dreaming organ chords or distant wa-wa brass figures; a Jimmy Rushing vocal, with Dickie Wells or Lester Young obbligatos; and a brief full-band climax. Sometimes Basie soloed, using perhaps six or eight notes, which only deepened the oblique, misterioso atmosphere. The medium-tempo numbers had rich trombone figures, casual riffs that were lobbed back and forth between the sections, and solos that seemed extensions of or inspirations for these riffs. At this speed, the band suggested that it was barely tapping its reserves. It generously dipped into them at fast tempos, achieving a drive and exuberance matched only by Ellington and Jimmy Lunceford. The soloists blew themselves red, the riffs took on an irresistible momentum, and Basie himself often fell back on his twelve-cylinder stride piano. In Leadbelly's words, the band rocked church.

The Decca set reveals all these delights. "Swinging at the Daisy Chain" has that eerie quality, and it is also notable for Basie's sidestepping stride solo, a muted, faraway Clayton, and a mourning Evans. "Panassie Stomp" and "Every Tub" are monuments of heat and power, as is "Doggin' Around," in which Evans battles his peers with classic results. "Swinging the Blues" is possibly the most attrac-

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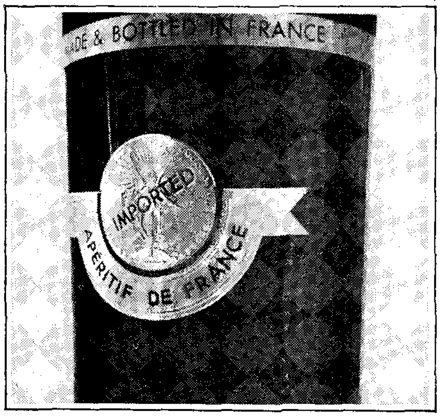

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tive riff number ever recorded, and it has an Edison solo that shoots like a branch from the main trunk. "Topsy," "Sent for You Yesterday," and "Jive at Five" are medium-tempo swims and have peerless Young and Evans solos. Evans is at the center of "Blue and Sentimental," which explains once and for all how a big jazz band should handle pretty material. (Listen to the perfect, freakish contrast between Evans' billowing periods and Young's lemony clarinet.) Basie himself is everywhere in the album—introducing numbers with plunging left-hand chords or helium right-hand notes, pushing and pushing his soloists, and coasting through those moment-for-meditation bridges in the last chorus. Nostalgia feeds on the dated; this Basie band is still brand-new.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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To see if it has enough water and rice, you peg a wooden spoon in the middle of the PAELLERA "LA BARRACA," if this is held slightly everything is all right; if it is held firmly then it is necessary to add a little more water which must be added slowli, an if the spoon does not hold at all you must take out a little water with a wooden spoon or to add some more rice. Add also some mountain snails because they give very good taste to it.—*Instructions accompanying a paella pan from Spain.*

Would a hill in Central Park do all right?

•

Several errors having crept into this column lately, we take this opportunity of publishing the following corrections:

The lady whose picture appeared recently is not the 17-year-old dancer who wedded Eastern Prince. The National Coal Board is concerned with coal, and the Milk Marketing Board with milk, and not vice versa. The extra large letter boxes at banks, for use at night, are for putting money in, and not for taking it out. Not only is it illegal to clip bits of silver off two-shilling pieces; it is impossible.

—*Time & Tide, London.*

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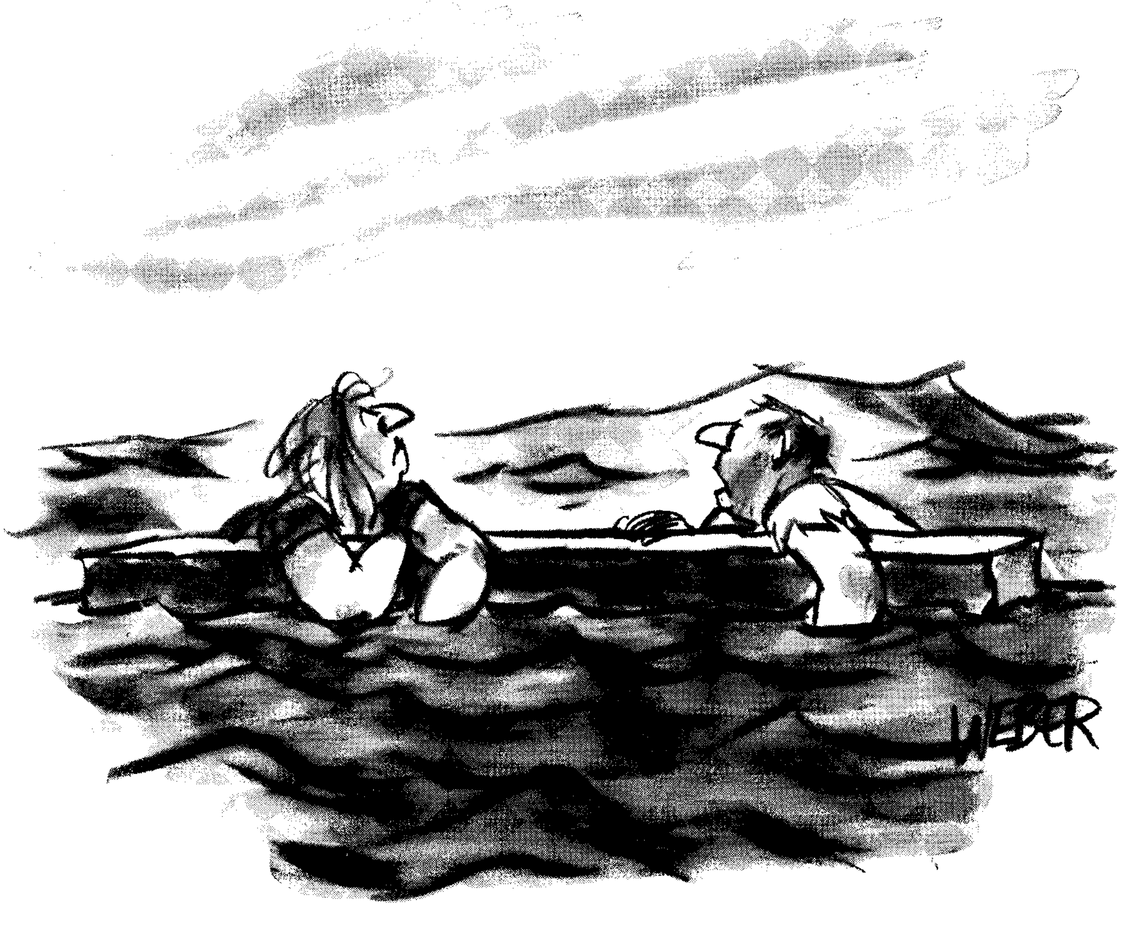
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE CAMPAIGN: GOLDWATER

I SPENT most of a mid-September week travelling with Senator Goldwater in seven states of the Old Confederacy and in two Border states. Actually, I did not so much travel "with" the Senator as "behind" him. He made his rounds in a Boeing 727, a three-engine jet, flying at very nearly the speed of sound. With him in this plane—the Yai Bi Ken, which is Navajo for "House in the Sky"—were Mrs. Goldwater, five or six campaign advisers, and fifty-odd journalists of one sort or another, most of them representing what some Goldwater enthusiasts call "the rat-fink Eastern press." ("I'm on a political trip, and the Republican Party is paying for it," Goldwater said in Tulsa the other day, adding that a lot of President Johnson's "political" trips are paid for by the taxpayers. He might have gone on to say that while Republican treasurers may be signing the checks, this involves merely a transfer of funds from an account into which newspapers, magazines, and television networks have put thirty-six hundred dollars for each of their representatives travelling with Goldwater.) I was part of the journalistic overflow from the Yai Bi Ken. We travelled about—sometimes as many as twelve of us, sometimes as few as five—in a two-engine propeller plane that cruised at a little better than one-third the speed of the candidate's plane. In theory, we were "following" Goldwater, but this was almost as hopeless as giving hot pursuit to an Alfa Romeo on a tricycle. We made only about half as many stops as he did, and it was not uncommon to arrive at a Goldwater rally just as the preacher was saying the benediction, or to leave one after only a few words of the invocation. In Missouri, we never saw Goldwater at all. We landed at the Springfield airport, learned that he had left for a meeting in town, stopped in the coffee shop for a quick lunch, and took off for Charleston, West Virginia, where, it had been announced, Goldwater was to make a major speech on the administration's anti-poverty program. All this had its rewards as well as its frustrations. It takes a powerful constitution to endure attendance at eight or ten political rallies a day, and Goldwater rallies in the Deep South are especially taxing. On the whole, I was relieved by the news that our group would be unable to make Shreveport, Louisiana, where, according to one authority in our entourage, "there are more haters per square mile than anywhere else in the country." It was, though, disappointing not to be in Knoxville, Tennessee, to hear Goldwater, standing beneath the Confederate flag, say that he still thought the Tennessee Valley Authority ought to be sold to private interests, just as it was disappointing to miss his address to senior citizens in Orlando, Florida, on the iniquities of providing hospital care for the aged under the Social Security system. In any case, the experience, though neither as rich nor as wearing as it might have been, was instructive and, in many ways, novel. I don't suppose, for example, that anyone before us has ever logged several thousand miles in the South and visited a dozen or so of its great centers of population without seeing any more Negroes than one might expect to encounter on, say, an average winter afternoon in Spitsbergen. In a Negroless Memphis or Atlanta or New Orleans, some of us had the feeling of having lost our bearings. We would peer out beyond the edges of the crowds and down side streets trying to see if we could find a single Negro and, whenever we saw one, telling one another of our rare discovery. There were novel sounds as well as sights. It has been my lot to attend political gatherings of many sorts for many years, but never until I went South with Goldwater had I heard any large number of Americans boo and hoot at the mention of the name of the President of the United States. In Alabama and Louisiana, there were thunderous, stadium-filling boos, all of them cued by a United States senator.

This senator is a man easily surprised and endlessly surprising. One of my favorite stories about him—and one of the more agreeable ones—involves



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the principal of an all-Negro high school in Phoenix back in the days when segregation was the rule in that city. He once asked Goldwater how it happened that the family department store donated a gold watch as a commencement prize to each of the all-white schools but not to the school he headed. Goldwater explained that he was opposed to segregation and didn't intend to encourage it by supplying an all-Negro school with a prize. The principal replied that, as he saw the matter, an all-white school was every bit as segregated as an all-Negro one. Goldwater thought this over for a moment or two and then declared, with a delighted grin, that the educator's reasoning was absolutely unassailable. The school got its gold watch. As an individual, he is elated by illuminations of this kind. It may even have pleased him, the other day, to have Walter Lippmann inform him that it hardly makes sense to accuse the President, as Goldwater did in Charleston, of planning an economy in which "no one is permitted to fall below the average," since, in Lippmann's icy words, "there cannot be an 'average' if no one is below it." The Republican nominee's capacity for astonishment is matched by his capacity for astonishing. He is everlastingly outwitting—if that is the word—those who think they know most about him. For two or three years now, a number of reasonably intelligent people have been studying Goldwater and Goldwaterism as intently—and, in some cases, almost as morbidly—as Cotton Mather ever studied the doings of Satan and the manifestations of witchcraft. But not even the most assiduous and imaginative of Goldwaterologists was prepared for the Senator's emergence in San Francisco as a candidate for High Sheriff as well as for President. If Goldwater was anything, he was a states'-rights man, and if there is one states' right, or responsibility, that no one has ever thought of challenging, it is the maintenance of public safety and the enforcement of criminal justice. In his acceptance speech, though, Goldwater said that law and order were in jeopardy almost everywhere and that he proposed to do something "to keep the streets safe from bullies and marauders." Goldwaterologists in the Cow Palace and across the country were stunned—and stunned again when, in a press conference the following morning, he said, "I think the responsibility for this has to start someplace, and it should start at the fed-

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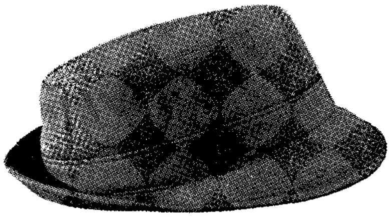

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eral level." How on earth did this strictest of Constitutional fundamentalists propose to exercise federal "responsibility" to keep order in the streets? That question was put to Goldwater in Phoenix a day later, and he was vague in response—reassuringly vague from the Goldwaterologists' point of view. He said a few words about creating an improved "moral climate" by force of Presidential example, and some about bettering the quality of the federal judiciary. Though still a bit unsettled, the Goldwaterologists assumed that this was about the size of it—that the Republican candidate would continue to take a stand against "bullies and marauders" but would not undermine his whole position as a strict Constitutionalist by proposing any specific strategy of intervention. For him, they reasoned, there was more than the Constitution at stake. The autonomy of Southern state troopers and "public-safety" units is a vital element in the defense of the Southern status quo. Moreover, the sight of Goldwater stickers on police cars and motorcycles is by no means unusual along Southern highways.

Until the first day of the Southern tour, it seemed that Goldwater would not go much beyond the rhetoric of the acceptance speech and the amplifying statements he made in the days immediately after the Convention. But on his first evening out, in a baseball park in St. Petersburg, he delivered a speech that went well beyond anything he had said in San Francisco or Phoenix. It was by far the most radical statement he has ever made. In it he not only undermined his position on the Constitution but threw the document itself away, and the Magna Carta with it. He began by reminding his audience of what he had said about crime and violence in San Francisco and by declaring that it was "a tragedy [that] the breakdown of law and order should be an issue in this campaign for the highest office in the land." But, he went on, "it must be an issue, a major issue," for "the war against crime [is] the only needed war." (So much for South Vietnam.) He cited a number of alarming statistics on crime (nationwide, he said, it has climbed "five times faster than the population" during the Kennedy-Johnson administration), and demanded to know how President Johnson can "ignore the six thousand or so major crimes committed in the last twenty-four hours." (The President was vulnerable enough; like Goldwater, he was in Florida at that very moment, address-

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learn the causes of things."
Virgil

The quest for facts which are close to "the causes of things" is a difficult and sometimes frustrating part of our research effort.

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ing some machinists in Miami Beach and saying not a word about the last twenty-four hours of crime.) Goldwater then put, in his audience's behalf, the question that had bothered the Goldwaterologists: "How, you will rightly ask, will Bill Miller and I restore domestic tranquillity to this land? Well, let me tell you how we will do it." In essence, what Bill Miller and he would do to combat lawlessness would be to change the law or ignore it. In the first place, they would appoint officials who understood, as they did, that the important thing about law enforcement and criminal justice was to get offenders off the streets and behind bars. When the law got in the way of prosecutors, the law should be either revised or overlooked. "Something must be done, and done immediately, to swing away from this obsessive concern for the rights of the criminal defendant," Goldwater said. He gave some examples of this "obsessive concern," all of which were Supreme Court rulings intended to assure the observance of the "due-process" clause and the rights set forth in the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Amendments to the Constitution. It was nonsense, Goldwater said, for the Supreme Court to hold a confession inadmissible merely because a defendant did not have his lawyer's advice at the time he made it; the only point was whether the confession was a recital of the truth. He said that he and Miller would urge upon Congress a statute voiding the Mallory ruling, which, as he summarized it, "holds that any statement made by a defendant to police officers is inadmissible if arraignment is delayed." If he had said that the Constitution is a lot of ink on paper, he would have described it about as adequately as he described the Mallory ruling in St. Petersburg. The ruling, made by the Supreme Court in 1957, deals at some length with the appropriate limits of pre-arraignment examination of a suspect and with the question of how much time between arrest and arraignment is enough and how much is too much. Most policemen are unhappy with it, and so is Goldwater. About it, and about other manifestations of the "obsessive concern" with the rights of defendants, Goldwater said he would do two things. He would, "in making appointments to the federal judiciary, [consider] the need to redress Constitutional interpretation in favor of the public." And, as insurance in the event that court-packing didn't work, he would support a Constitutional amendment to

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"give back to the states those powers absolutely needed for fair and efficient administration of criminal law." If the amendment were to embody his present view of what "powers" the states need, it would effectively repeal about half the Bill of Rights. "In your hearts, you know there must be a change," he said. "And in your hearts you know that Bill Miller and I will be that change."

The crowd at Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg was, like most of Goldwater's Southern crowds, good-sized, enthusiastic, and more responsive to his presence than to his words. It is axiomatic, of course, that political crowds are more interested in seeing than in listening, and most candidates nowadays give the live audience their material presence and direct their words to radio and television audiences and to readers of newspapers. But in this, as in so many other matters, things have always been a bit different in the South. Its masses have always relished strong, vivid political rhetoric. They will travel long distances to hear it, and—other things being equal, or even a little unequal—will reward eloquence at the polls. Goldwater nowhere attempted to satisfy the Southern appetite for language. The lines he got from his writers were as flat as his delivery of them. Even when the substance was inflammatory, the form was soporific—statistics on crime, discussions of previously unheard-of Supreme Court rulings and internal-security cases, arguments over the relative merits of defense contractors. But this rarely dampened the enthusiasm that the crowds had brought with them to the gatherings. The quality of this enthusiasm, one felt, was essentially non-political. These were not really *political* rallies—they were revels, they were pageants, they were celebrations. The aim of the revellers was not so much to advance a candidacy or a cause as to dramatize a mood, and the mood was a kind of joyful defiance, or defiant joy. By coming South, Barry Goldwater had made it possible for great numbers of unapologetic white supremacists to hold great carnivals of white supremacy. They were not troubled in the least over whether this would hurt the Republican Party in the rest of the country. They wanted to make—for their own satisfaction, if for no one else's—a display of the fact that they had found and were enjoying membership in one organization that was secure against integration, because it had made itself secure against Negro aspirations; as long as they could

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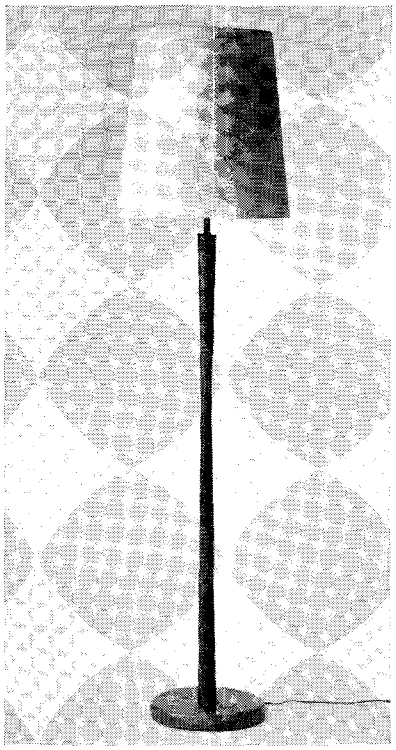

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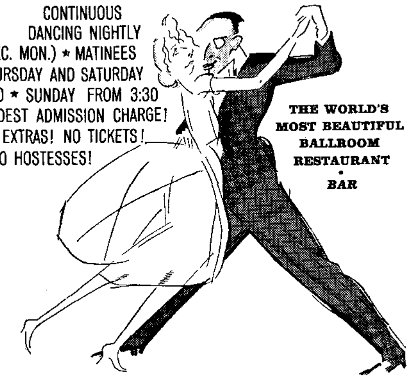

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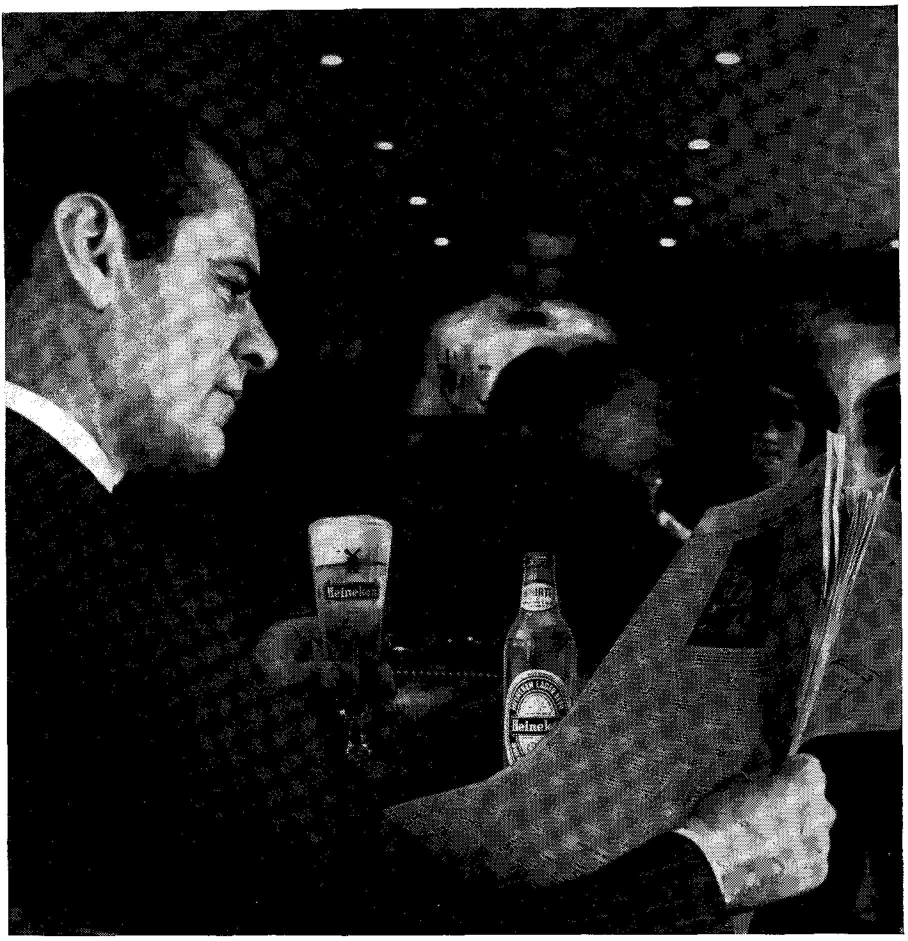
put on shows of this kind, no Negro would ever want in. By far the most memorable of the shows was staged in Cramton Bowl, in Montgomery, Alabama, on the second night of Goldwater's tour. Some unsung Alabama Republican impresario had hit upon an idea of breathtaking simplicity: to show the country the "lily-white" character of Republicanism in Dixie by planting the bowl with a great field of white lilies—living lilies, in perfect bloom and gorgeously arrayed. The night was soft; the stars and the moon were bright; the grass in the bowl was impossibly green, as if it were growing out of something far richer than dirt; the stadium lights did not destroy the colors and shadows of evening yet illuminated the turf so well that individual blades of grass could be seen. And springing from the turf were seven hundred Alabama girls in long white gowns, all of a whiteness as impossible as the greenness of the green. The girls came, we were told, from every one of Alabama's sixty-seven counties—from Tallapoosa and Bibb and Etowah and Coffee—as well as from Montgomery, Birmingham, and Mobile. Their dresses were uniform only in color and length; taken all in all, it was a triumph for, among other things, the seamstresses of Alabama. The strewing of the lilies had been done about half an hour before the proceedings were to begin. The girls stood on the turf, each waving a small American flag, while the bands played and the local officials made and announced last-minute arrangements. Then, right on schedule, an especially powerful light was focussed on a stadium gate at about the fifty-yard line, and the candidate of the Republican Party rode in as slowly as a car can be made to go, first past fifty yards or so of choice Southern womanhood and then, after a sharp left at the goal line, past more girls and up to the splendidly draped stand. It was all as solemn and as stylized as a review of troops by some master of the art like General de Gaulle. The girls did not behave like troops; they swayed a bit as Goldwater passed, and sounds came from them—not squeals or shrieks but pleasing and ladylike murmurs. Yet in a sense, of course, they *were* Goldwater's troops, as well as representatives of what the rest of his Southern legions—the thousands in the packed stands, the tens of thousands in Memphis and New Orleans and Atlanta and Shreveport and Greenville—passionately believed they were defending. When at last he



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mounted the platform, the lilies departed the gridiron and arranged themselves on the sidelines. There they listened to what was by far the limpest speech Goldwater delivered anywhere in the South. It wasn't about anything in particular. He said that big government was bad and that he and Bill Miller proposed to put an end to it, though not right away. ("Because of existing commitments, we cannot do this overnight. But we can gradually replace this undesirable and complex system with a much simpler and more sensible one . . . without making dangerous cuts in national defense or in necessary domestic programs.") The crowd loved it. It may even have been relieved that the speech was low in key and did not drive out memories of the spectacle that had preceded it.

THOUGH one saw little evidence of it at the Goldwater pageants and picnics, the South has more on its mind than race. Opinion polls show the region as a whole to be just about evenly split between the candidates. Goldwater cannot lose Alabama, where the President will not be on the ballot, and he should have no trouble winning Mississippi, where the Democratic organization has put up a slate of Johnson electors and urged everyone to vote against them. It would surprise most experts if Johnson won Louisiana, where Goldwater has more billboard space than Ford, Chrysler, and General Motors put together; it would also surprise them if the President lost Georgia, Arkansas, the Carolinas, and Texas. But in most places the division is expected to be close. There are, plainly, large numbers of Southerners—white Southerners—who will cast their votes on issues other than race. In August, Representative Ross Bass, of Tennessee, one of the two Southern Democrats to vote for the Civil Rights Bill, easily won a nomination for senator against a segregationist. In late September, Representative Harry Wingate, Jr., of Georgia, the one Democrat whom Goldwater endorsed on the Southern tour, lost his seat, in a district said to be full of racists of the most benighted sort, to a man supporting the national administration. A former Goldwater Democrat, Senator Strom Thurmond, of South Carolina, made his first appearance as a Goldwater Republican at the candidate's side in Greenville, and the man who introduced him to the airport picnickers there said that Thurmond's decision of the day before had been as notable an event in South-

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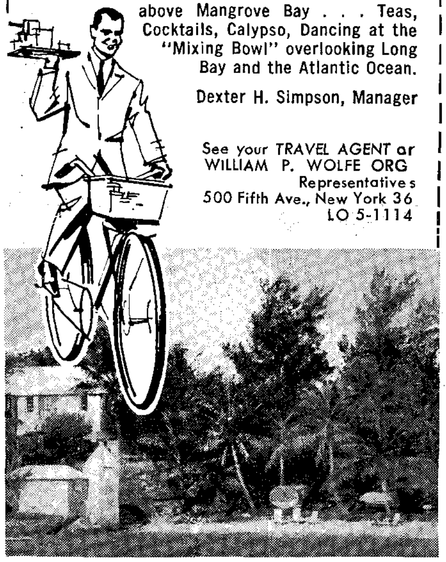

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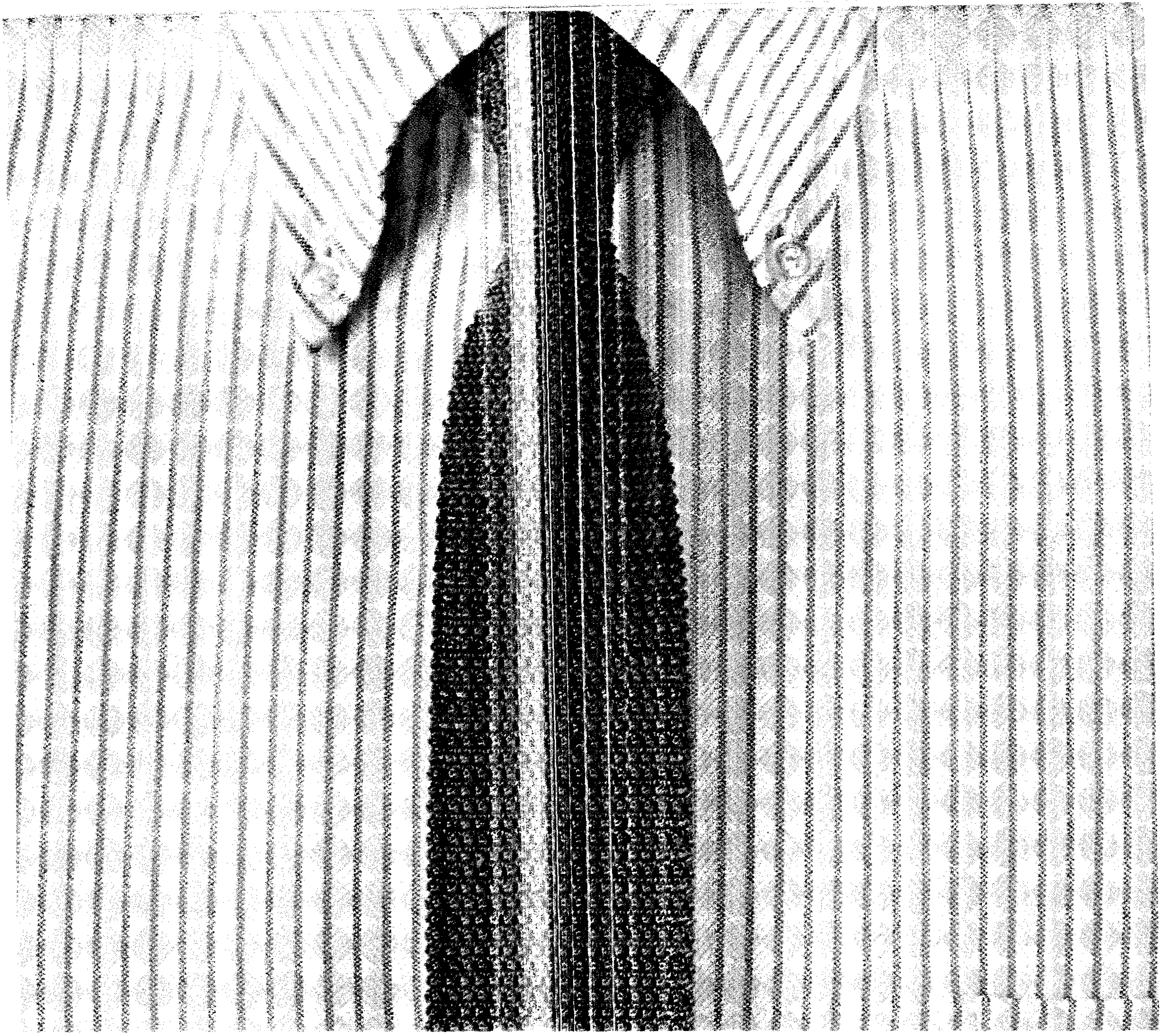

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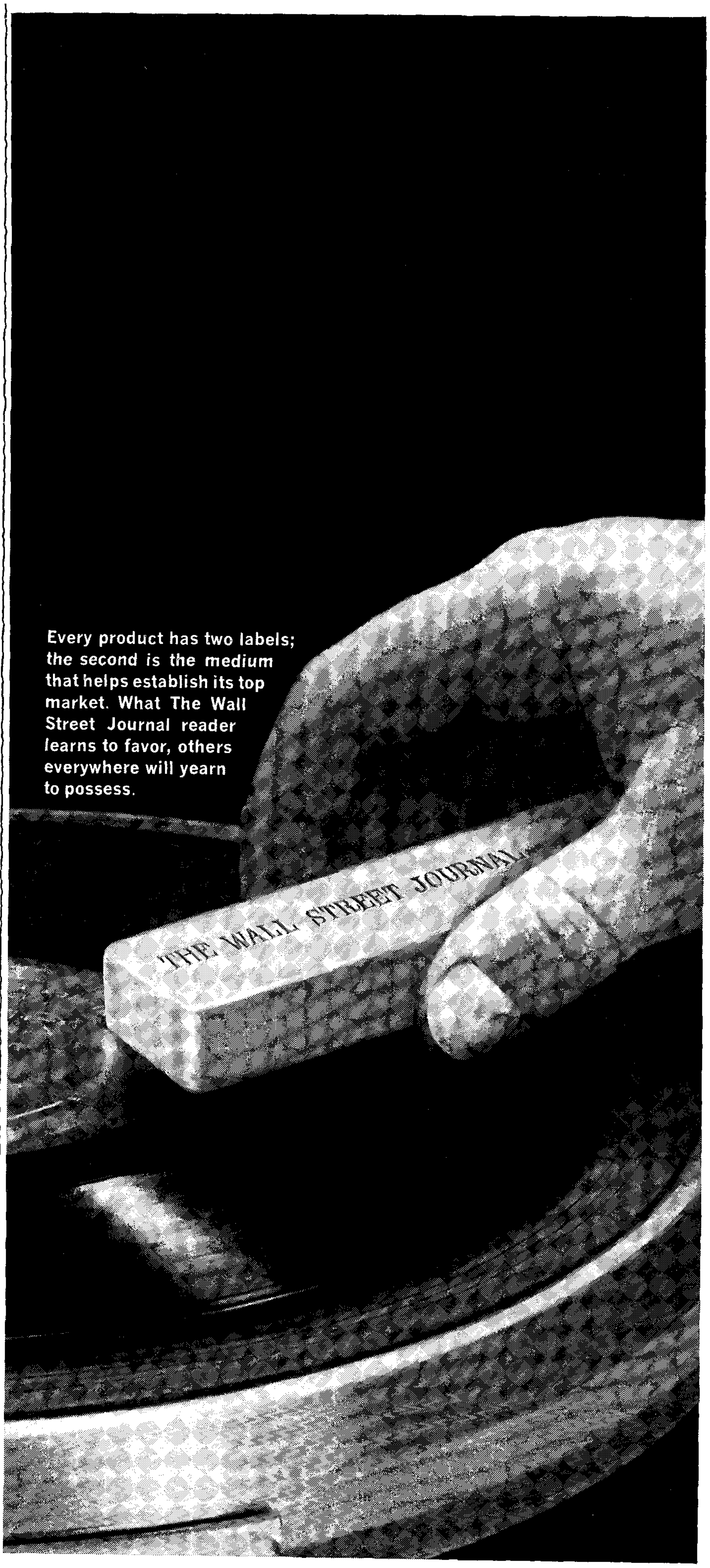
Still, the Goldwater movement, whether or not it can command a majority, remains an enormous one in the South and appears to be a racist movement and almost nothing else. On his tour, Goldwater seemed fully aware of this and not visibly distressed by it. He did not, to be sure, make any direct racist appeals. He covered the South and never, in any public gathering, mentioned "race" or "Negroes" or "whites" or "segregation" or "civil rights." But the fact that the words did not cross his lips does not mean that he ignored the realities they describe. He talked about those realities all the time, in an underground, or Aesopian, language—a kind of code that few in his audiences had any trouble deciphering. In the code, "bullies and marauders" means "Negroes." "Criminal defendants" means "Negroes." "States' rights" means "opposition to civil rights." "Women" means "white women." This much of the code is as easily understood by his Northern audiences as by his Southern ones, but there are also some words that have a more limited and specific meaning for the Southern crowds. Thus, in the Old Confederacy "Lyndon Baines Johnson" and "my opponent" mean "integrationist." "Hubert Horatio" (it somehow amuses Goldwater to drop the "Humphrey") means "super-integrationist." "Federal judiciary" means "integrationist judges." It would be going too far to say that Goldwater touched Southern sensibilities on race when he brought up Bobby Baker, the TFX controversy, fiscal policy, or "Yo-yo" McNamara, and he certainly was not arousing them when he talked of the T.V.A. in Knoxville and Medicare in Orlando. One always had the feeling, though, that the Goldwater Republicans in the South could find a racial or regional angle in almost anything. When the name of Bobby Baker—a Pickens, South Caro-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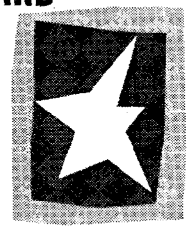

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lina, man who once enjoyed a friendly relationship with Senator Thurmond—was hooted at Goldwater meetings (as it was everywhere except in Greenville, where delicacy prevailed and he was not mentioned), it was not because the speaker was deploring Baker's activities in business and politics. It was because of his embarrassing connections with the integrationist in the White House. And Goldwater generally played it that way. He would rattle off some figures on murders, rapes, and muggings, explain that "nothing is more clear from history than that the moral decay of a people begins at the top," and follow this with a quick mention of Bobby Baker, as if Bobby Baker were some kind of hoodlum lieutenant and riot organizer, rather than a conspicuously successful entrepreneur. Among Goldwater Southerners, even thermonuclear warfare gets identified with regional pride, sentiment, and rancor. An Atlanta matron, bedecked with Goldwater-Miller buttons, was asked if she had ever been disturbed by things the candidate had said about war and weaponry. "Certainly not," she replied. "We're not cowards down here."

In the South, as elsewhere, Goldwater attacked the President for having so inadequate an appreciation of the "Communist menace" that he did not once mention it in his Atlantic City acceptance speech. And two or three times he taxed the administration with negligence toward Communist subversion in this country. Up to now, though, internal security and domestic Communism have been distinctly minor themes in the campaign, and this, too, has been a surprise to Goldwaterologists, who were certain that in due time a generous amount of McCarthyism would be stirred into the Goldwater brew. The hard core of Goldwater's support has always come from people whose alarm centers on Communists in the United States and who tend to relate, and subordinate, all other issues to this one. The only other leader that these people have had in recent times was the late Joseph R. McCarthy, and while McCarthy lived Goldwater followed and championed him. Goldwater voted against McCarthy's censure by the Senate, and shortly after McCarthy's death went to Wisconsin to tell a Republican state convention there, "Because Joe McCarthy lived, we are a safer, freer, more vigilant nation today. This fact, even though he no longer dwells among us, will never perish." McCarthy has not been mentioned in the campaign, though, and

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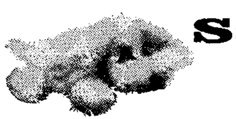

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his strategies have not been employed, except now and then by Congressman Miller, and not even Miller has accused anyone of treason. Pay dirt, it would seem, is being overlooked. The Johnson administration is filled with people whom McCarthy called traitors. Moreover, there seems little doubt that Communists—particularly those whose sympathies are more with Peking than with Moscow—have had a hand in provoking racial disorders in Northern cities and have infiltrated some civil-rights organizations. And in those Northern working-class districts where the "white backlash" is said to be a large fact of political life, there are many people of Eastern European descent who are receptive to the argument that anything evil or distressing must be Communist in origin.

There was a moment during the Southern tour that seemed made to order for a revival of McCarthyism. Early in the morning of his last day in the South, Goldwater flew from New Orleans to Longview, Texas, for an airport rally, where the candidate was to be presented by the Honorable Martin Dies, a former congressman from Texas. Dies was the architect of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, which in his day was always called the Dies Committee. He was the John the Baptist of McCarthyism. There was a time, in the late thirties and early forties, when liberals and radicals, and more than a few conservatives, blanched at the mention of his name. His committee once solemnly declared that Shirley Temple, then a recent alumna of a Hollywood kindergarten and a child actress whose performances dampened handkerchiefs all around the world, was a stooge of the Stalinists. Now an attorney in private practice, this lifelong Democrat and scourge of subversives had come out of political retirement to introduce Barry Goldwater in his maiden appearance in Texas as a Presidential candidate. And it was to be an all-star show—not only Goldwater and Dies but Strom Thurmond (once aboard, he seemed impossible to lose; he stayed with Goldwater until the campaign headed North) and "the Little Giant of Texas," Senator John Tower. The airport crowd—respectable in size, overwhelming in ardor—was ready for a resurgence of McCarthyism. But the men on the platform were not. Senator Thurmond, who introduced Dies, was so out of tune with history that he couldn't pronounce the great Texan's name—once a household word—properly. It rhymes

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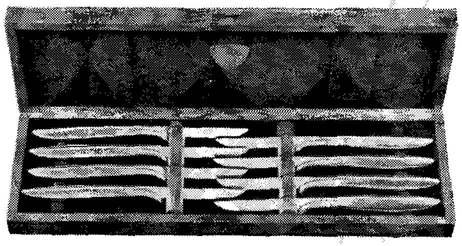

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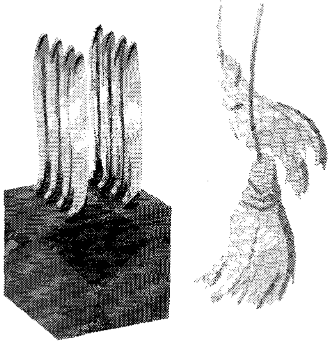

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with "cries," but as Thurmond had it, it was "Die-ease." And then Martin Dies arose and, without a mention of Communist termites, said he was honored to introduce Goldwater, who mumbled a few words about some work of a Paul Revere type that Dies had once done, long ago, and followed these with his "basic" speech: "When you woke up on a typical morning of this administration, Lyndon's day of spending was just beginning. And by the evening, when his day of spending was complete, he would have spent ten million dollars more than his predecessor spent. . . . While we talk, every four minutes frugal Lyndon puts another person on the public payroll." When the meeting was over, I asked Dies if he intended to follow Thurmond's lead and switch parties. The forerunner of McCarthy looked at me as though I had asked a question of utter madness. "I just *introduced* Goldwater," he said. "I'm *voting* the Democratic ticket."

Goldwater's failure to exploit the Communist issue may be a mere oversight—oversights have been numerous in this campaign—or it may be symptomatic of an atmospheric change of some importance. Among Goldwater zealots, what one hears when one expects to hear "Communist" or "subversive" is "Easterner" or "liberal." Until a few years ago, it would have been difficult—indeed, it would have been impossible—to provoke pungent expressions of disapprobation merely by identifying a critic or an antagonist as an "Eastern liberal." In some regions, "Eastern" had certain disagreeable associations—of slickness, snobbishness, pretense—but a man was not suspect merely because he lived north of Washington and east of Pittsburgh. In some quarters, the word "liberal" was pejorative, but the overtones were not of wickedness but of softness, gullibility, insufficient reverence. No man exposed himself to contumely simply by acknowledging that he was from the East or by describing himself as liberal by persuasion. Before he could be condemned, it was necessary to implicate him in something inherently diabolical. He had, as a rule, to be called a secret Communist or a dupe of Communists or, in McCarthy's phrase for any member of the Senate who opposed him, "a handmaiden of Communism." But in recent years, under the tutelage of Goldwater and other rightists, large numbers of Americans have gone far beyond this. In Goldwater circles, an Easterner is guilty until he proves him-

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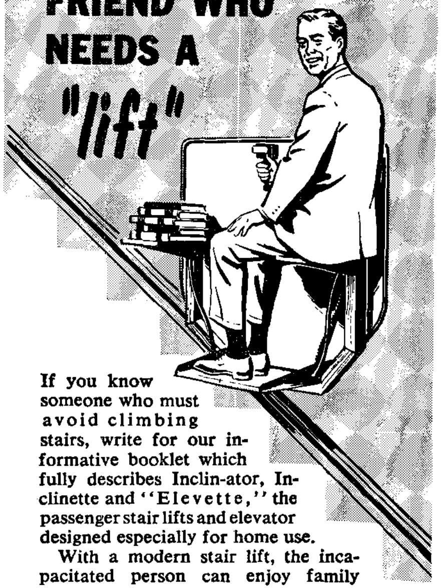

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self innocent. There is no longer any need to identify a liberal with Communism; it is quite bad enough if he is a "liberal," and doubly bad if he is an "Eastern liberal." In a sense, it is worse to be a liberal from the East than to be a Communist from anywhere. Communists at least command respect and emulation. A Goldwater political strategist named Stephen Shadegg, who is now running the campaign west of the Rockies, has described himself as a disciple—in strategy, not ideology—of Mao Tse-tung, and has said that the way to win in American politics is to apply Maoist principles on "the tactics of infiltration." "I would suggest," Goldwater himself once wrote, "that we analyze and copy the strategy of the enemy; theirs has worked and ours has not." Goldwaterites do not suggest that the "Eastern press" is Communist in sympathy. It is enough for them that it is Eastern and, in their view, predominantly "liberal." The code word for it is not "Communists" but "liars." The "Eastern Establishment" is not held to be a Communist front; it is simply the "Eastern Establishment," and no more need be said to draw catcalls. Its headquarters, of course, are in New York. I was given, for purposes of identification, a badge on which the name of this publication, minus the definite article, was lettered, large and clear and black. Life would have been far easier among Goldwater crowds in the South if it had said "LEPER." I declined to wear it after being asked, for the sixth time, how things were in Harlem.

THERE were times, travelling with Goldwater, when one wondered whether the candidate really thinks of himself as a man seeking the Presidency of the United States. No doubt, the answer is that he does. Most of the time, he seems to be a man serious in intent, with extremely serious followers who feel that they are engaged in extremely serious and important work. It is unlikely that Goldwater would go around the South agitating the most brazen of its racists if he did not think that this means was justified by some noble end. Still, the whole enterprise has the air not of a great political campaign but of a great political caper—a series of pranks and calculated errors. Unless all the rules have been suspended for this year, unless Barry Goldwater knows something that Republican leaders in New York and Pennsylvania and Michigan and Illinois and Ohio and even Georgia and Florida and Texas do not know, the entire strategy is a

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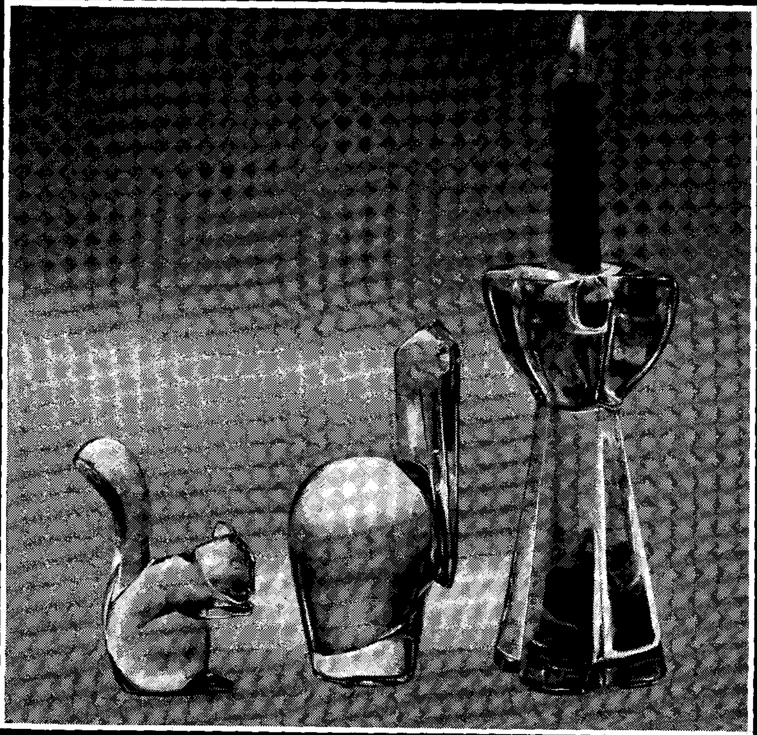

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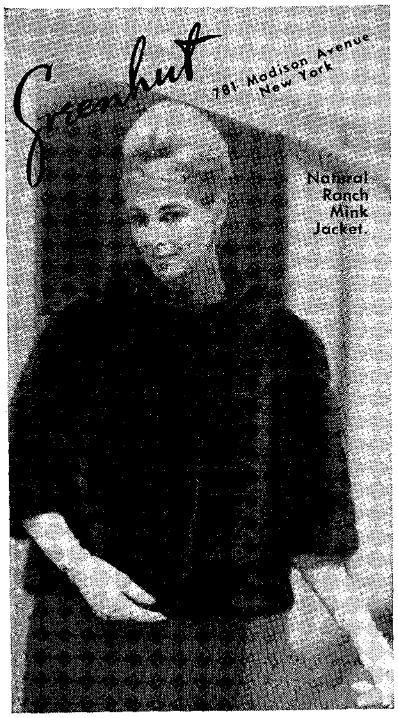

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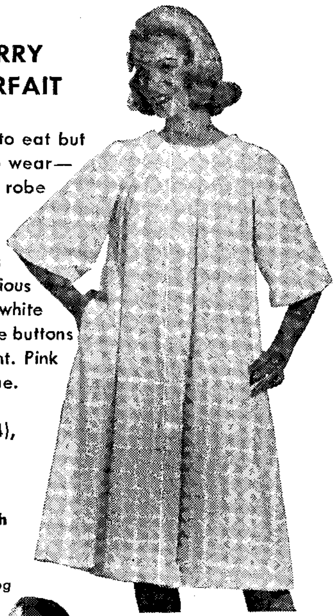
joke. Goldwater keeps saying that he *does* know something others don't know but that he can't quite tell what it is. In one town after another, beginning long before the Southern tour, he has been telling his audiences that "Bill Miller and I know there is something stirring in this country, something just below the surface." He goes on to say that "we can't put our finger on it at the moment, but I think that in a week or ten days we'll be able to describe it pretty accurately." Almost four weeks have gone by since he first said this publicly (he was saying it before in off-the-record press conferences), and the puzzle remains unsolved. Presumably, he feels that there are some special conditions that make what his advisers call "the Southern strategy"—using the South's electoral votes as the foundation of victory—peculiarly valid in 1964. Perhaps he is right, but politicians of far greater experience than his think that "the Southern strategy" was never *less* valid than in 1964. And, right or wrong, he seemed to be under some compulsion to damage his own cause even in the South. He talked against the T.V.A. in T.V.A. country and against Medicare in Medicare country. He delivered his extraordinary law-and-order speech in St. Petersburg, the most law-abiding of communities. He attacked legislative reapportionment in Atlanta, the city that has maintained the largest reapportionment lobby in Washington, and then went outside Atlanta to attack it again in a brand-new congressional district born of reapportionment. Asked to explain this unusual political behavior, his spokesmen said that the Senator was a man of courage and forthrightness; he would rather be right than popular. Some other explanation, however, would be needed for his reluctance to say anything that would upset the racists.

Goldwater ended his first Southern tour with the rally in Longview, where he cast a bit more light on questions of strategy by saying, "I do not intend to go around the country discussing complicated, twisted issues." That evening, the Yai Bi Ken—some of its passengers had taken to calling it the Enola Gay—made a Northern reëntry by way of Charleston, West Virginia, where Goldwater said, "The task of the true statesman, said Aristotle, is to see dangers from afar. Now, I do not claim to be a statesman." There, in the capital of Appalachia, he also unburdened himself of some thoughts on poverty. The President's program was, he said, "phony." Poverty was as much a state of mind as anything else. It was also a verbal and



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statistical trick, put over by economists who simply "redefined the luxuries of yesterday." He said that the administration was compelling people to think poor: "If someone who ought to feel deprived [for lack of yesterday's luxuries] doesn't respond that way, some politician in my opponent's curious camp—perhaps the leader himself—will drive up to his door to see to it that he feels the way he ought." He pointed out that people in Pakistan are much poorer than Americans. The living standards of the American "poor"—in the written text of his speeches, the word is always in quotation marks—"represent material well-being beyond the dreams of a vast majority of the people of the world outside these United States." He conceded that there was some problem in this country about unemployed youth and school dropouts, but the administration's retraining program, he said, was no fit solution; for one thing, it would "cost ten thousand dollars for each recruit." He had a money-saving plan for high-school dropouts: "It would be cheaper to give them four years of education in your own fine state university, where they would learn a lot more." He did not linger on the problems that such a solution might pose for American higher education. In an ad-libbed section on the origins of the capitalist system, he said he thought that it really started when some "smart ape" began setting aside coconuts fallen from trees and selling them to other "apes," some of whom lacked the spirit of enterprise and became resentful at having to buy what formerly was a bounty of nature. He thought the President's views on the economy "dreadful," because they provided "no penalty for failure." "In your hearts, you know this is so," he added. I have never seen as grim and uncomprehending a group of politicians as those West Virginia Republicans who sat on the platform with Goldwater in Charleston. They joined in two bursts of applause—once when he mentioned the Ten Commandments, and again when he said, "We will not convert the heathen by losing our own souls."

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

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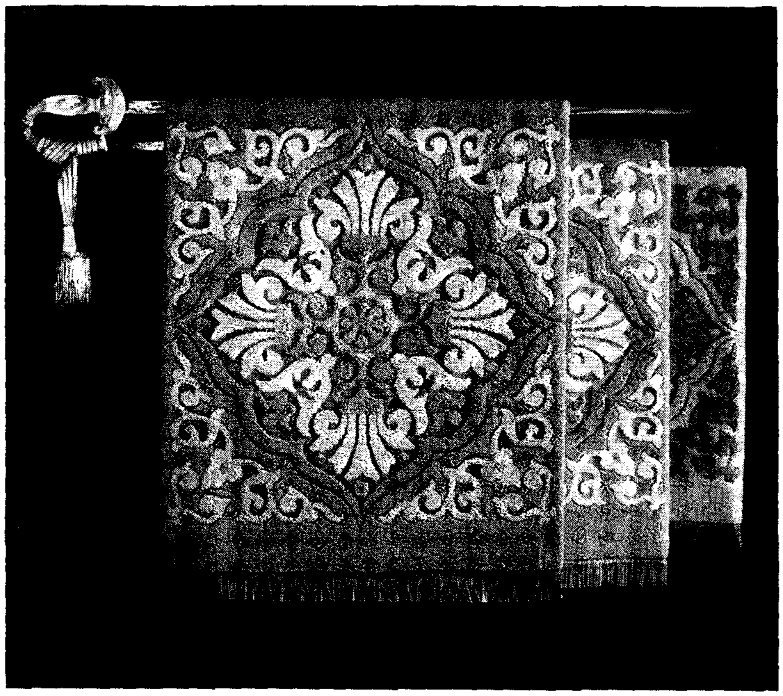

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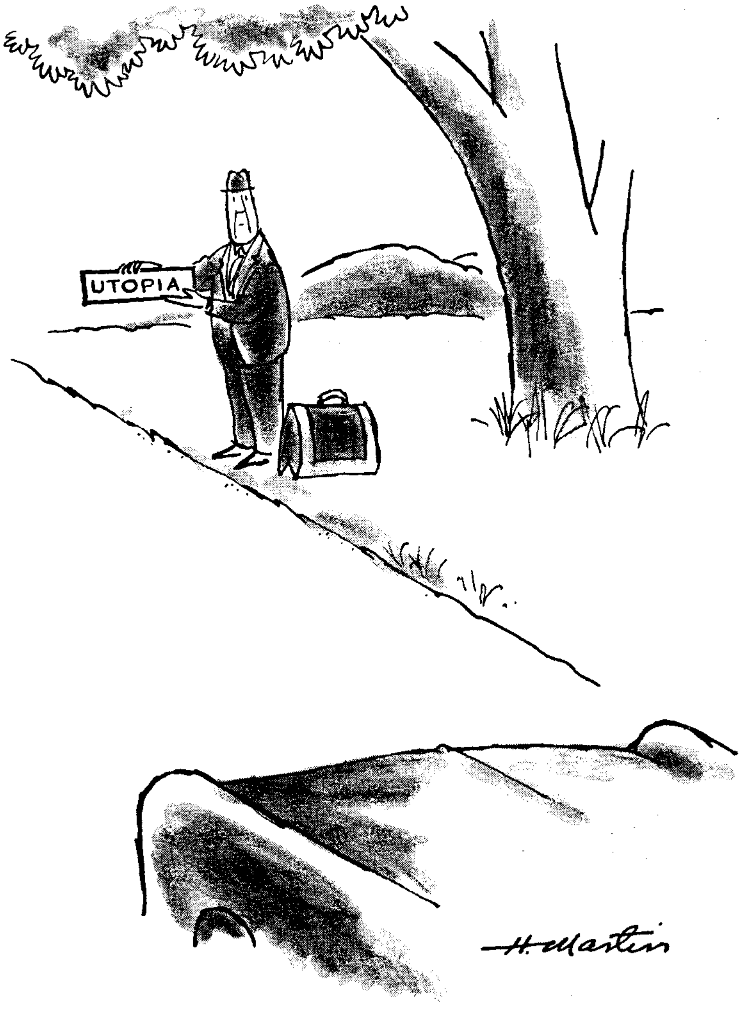
BOOKS

Surprised by Joy

THAT things are not what they seem is a vexation in life but a pleasure in fiction. Readers of novels beg to be at once the dupes and the confederates of their authors, and of this double confidence game Saul Bellow is a master. One must read his latest novel, "Herzog" (Viking), to the very last word of the very last line to discover how perfidiously simple its intricacies are. The kind of simplicity I mean is far from being natural or easy to come by; it's the mark of a writer not merely gifted but practiced and not merely at the top of his bent but so caught up in his craft—so riddled and raddled with skill—that if he were a banker the mounting pressure of his virtuosity might well drive him into uncontrollable paroxysms of embezzlement. Disguised simplicity has an air of the uncanny about it and gives us, much magnified, the sort of playful aesthetic shock we get from watching the lattices of an elaborate cat's cradle transformed at a tug into a length of ordinary string. So much to come from so little—who would ever have thought it possible? We shake our heads in delight and despair; the hand is always quicker than the eye. Dear magician, deceive us again. Make us see and not see.

The underlying simplicity of "Herzog" is especially artful because its surface is especially complex. From one page to the next, I could not be sure where my wily guide, alternately cracking jokes and groaning, intended to lead me, but the moment we emerged from the final turn of the maze I recognized the place: it was where we had gone in. For, like many a good novel before it, "Herzog" takes the famously economical shape of a circle. It is a circle not quite as perfect as "Finnegans Wake," in which end and beginning touch *dos-à-dos* to form an unbreakable ribbon of prose, but one so nearly linked that the first sentence of the book ("If I am out of my mind, it's all right with me, thought Moses Herzog") might almost as readily have been the last. That jaunty pledge of solidarity by Moses to Moses is literally telltale; it's a précis, in fifteen words, of a novel that must contain upward of a hundred and thirty thousand. It turns out, moreover, that the very next paragraph is also a précis, this time generously extended to some hundred and fifty words. Let me quote it in full, as a bizarrely accurate map of the country about to be traversed, drawn in the unscrupulous certainty that few of us would pay it sufficient attention:

> Some people thought he was cracked and for a time he himself had doubted that he was all there. But now, though he still behaved oddly, he felt confident, cheerful, clairvoyant, and strong. He had fallen under a spell and was writing letters to everyone under the sun. He was so stirred by these letters that from the end of June he moved from place to place with a valise full of papers. He had carried this valise from New York to Martha's Vineyard, but returned from the Vineyard immediately; two days later he flew to Chicago, and from Chicago he went to a village in western Massachusetts. Hidden in the country, he wrote endlessly, fanatically, to the newspapers, to people in public life, to friends and relatives and at last to the dead, his own obscure dead, and finally the famous dead.



Though a stunning number of episodes comic, erotic, and mock-tragic fill his handful of days, the actual story of poor Herzog comes close to being as simple as this—that a middle-aged Jew, formerly a professor of English at colleges of some distinction, author of an esteemed work of scholarship called "Romanticism and Christianity," ardent collector of mistresses, betrayed husband, and coarse, unquenchable narcissist, concludes from the sorry state of his life that he has fallen under a spell and subsequently believes, on scant evidence, that the spell is passing This rickety-seeming story suffices because the author has found a way to make it bear an extraordinary weight of intellectual embellishment. The trick—there is always a trick, as there is always a magician—is that Mr. Bellow has made his mind coterminous with that of his hero, who may or may not be mad Being capacious and eager to display the formidable variety of its furnishings (even Yeats's "*hysterica passio*," itself borrowed from heaven knows wha learned magus, is echoed in translation once or twice), Bellow's mind goes off like a Catherine wheel inside Herzog's showering welcome spark of erudition and sexua titillation upon all of us With calculated carelessness, the author make no distinction in his narrative between the firs and third persons; "I" and "he" carom insouciantly back and forth through the text as hi fancy chooses. The opportunities provided by this happy-go-lucky semantic option are many and Mr. Bellow takes superb advantage of them Often standing at som distance from the self-dubbed "suffering clown" and just as often embody

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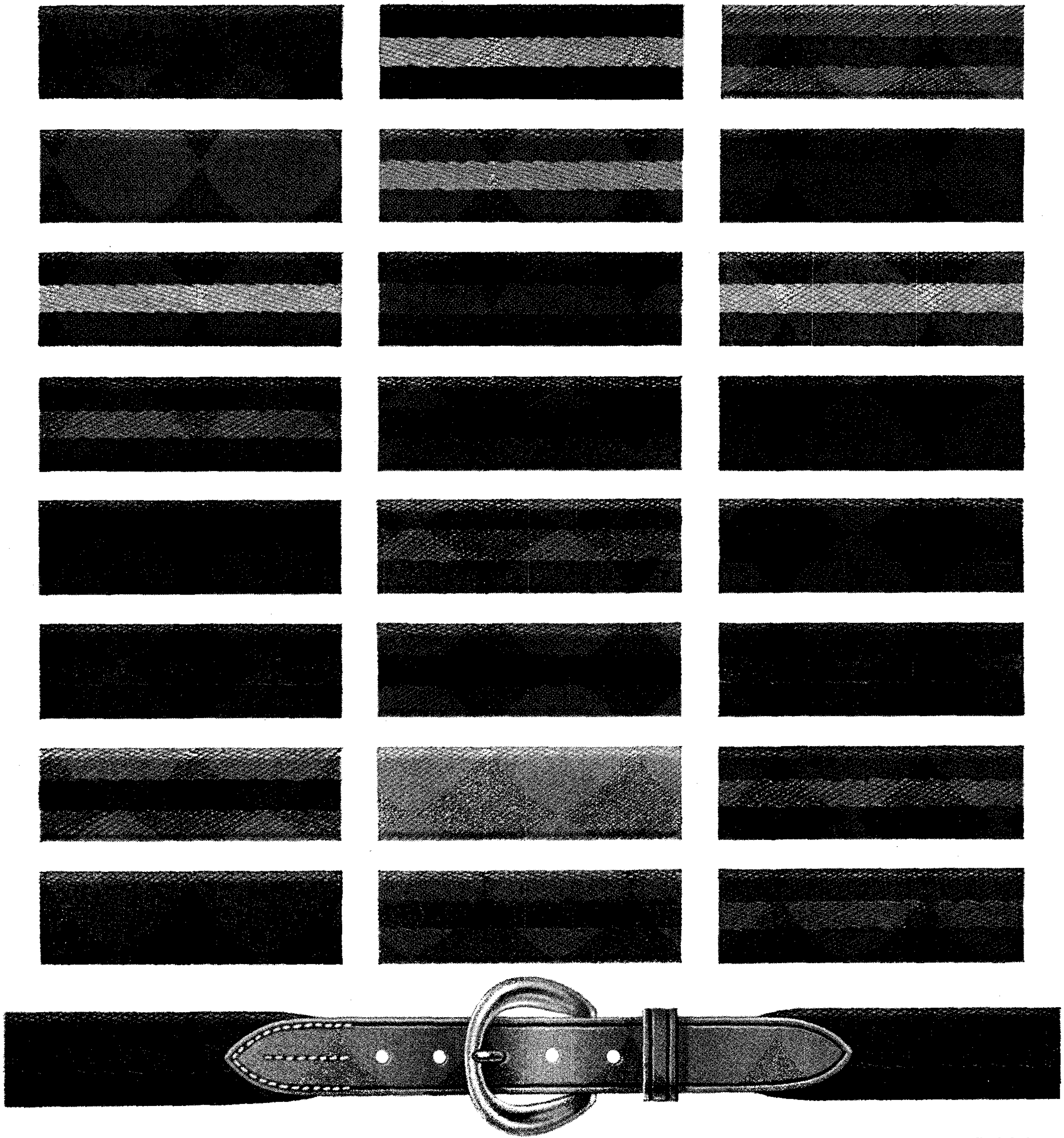

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g him, he jeers at Herzog's wounds nd doubles over with the pain of hem.

Moses Elkanah Herzog, Ph.D., is n original figure in our literature, and ow that he is safely born we will all e quick to perceive that he was sorely eeded and is henceforth not to be done ithout. (In literature, as in life, we ever know what we're missing until arrives.) His sudden exultant gusts of natic letter writing are, merely as deices for constructing a novel, new and ery funny. They explode on the page ith the compact incandescence of oems. In horror and holy glory, he ashes off a note: "There is someone side me. I am in his grip. When I eak of him I feel him in my head, ounding for order. He will ruin me." lack as things are, that disreputable oncept the Life Force constantly beays him into high spirits ("His health as really a sort of miracle; he had one his best to be sick"); he sits down nd scribbles a never-to-be-mailed letr to an ex-wife, an ex-mother-in-law, n ex-mistress, a lawyer, a doctor, Prossor Hoyle, Adlai Stevenson, Nietzhe . . . He harangues them, urges em to think twice, pleads with them pull themselves together and see ings his way, while all round him his wn life lies in spectacular ruin, as big nd grave and dark to him as a *capric-o* by Piranesi. Beaten down and yet ncrushable, he scarcely knows whether be proud or ashamed of his undiminhed apprehension of life. Wherever he oes, he carries with him in the suffoating tent of his Jewishness an instanterectable wailing wall, but no sooner oes he begin to bemoan the treachery circumstance than something seen, ard, or felt prompts him to cry out, Praise God!" The quality of a mind the end of its tether is conveyed in a nguage exuberant, precise, sometimes most Hopkinslike:

> He picked up the oboe. In his dark udy, vines clutching the bulging screen, erzog played Handel and Purcell—jigs, urrées, contredanses, his face puffed t, fingers fleet on the keys, the music opping and tumbling, absent-minded and d. Below, the washing machine ran, o steps clockwise, one step counter. he kitchen was foul enough to breed ts. Egg yolks dried on the plates, coffee rned green in the cups—toast, cereal, aggots breeding in marrow bones, fruit es, house flies, dollar bills, postage amps and trading stamps soaking on the rmica counter.

Miserable, charged with lust, longg for comfort, he takes in with lacering sharpness the harsh world about m; here, on Herzog's aching retinas,

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is the New York that we always are looking away from:

At the corner he paused to watch the work of the wrecking crew. The great metal ball swung at the walls, passed easily through brick, and entered the rooms, the lazy weight browsing on kitchens and parlors. Everything it touched wavered and burst, spilled down. There rose a white tranquil cloud of plaster dust. The afternoon was ending, and in the widening area of demolition was a fire, fed by the wreckage. Moses heard the air, softly pulled toward the flames, felt the heat. The workmen, heaping the bonfire with wood, threw strips of molding like javelins. Paint and varnish smoked like incense. The old flooring burned gratefully—the funeral of exhausted objects. Scaffolds walled with pink, white, green doors quivered as the six-wheeled trucks carried off fallen brick. The sun, now leaving for New Jersey and the west, was surrounded by a dazzling broth of atmospheric gases. Herzog observed that people were spattered with red stains, and that he himself was flecked on the arms and chest. He crossed Seventh Avenue and entered the subway.

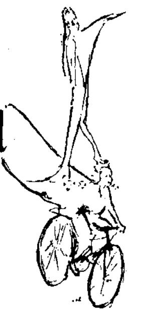
It is all pain and perception and, in the end, victory. Forget the past, Herzog commands himself. Turn on the electricity in the abandoned country house. Invite to dinner the woman who will not leave you alone—Ramona, the warmest and most skillful of your mistresses. (Nobody writes better about women than Mr. Bellow; in an astoundingly old-fashioned way and without the slightest trace of embarrassment he dotes on them for being women.) Pick flowers for the table, Herzog! Take a chance, not for the first time, on being thought to be thoughtful, lovable. Light candles at dinner, because Ramona is fond of them. Fetch a bottle of wine from the spring. Two bottles. Herzog, surprised by joy, behold! The intricacies dissolve. It is very simple. You are the hero of a well-nigh faultless novel. Rumpled and troubled but triumphant, you have a longer than human life before you. You can afford to put down your pen. In the velvet shadows behind you, no wonder the magician smiles. —BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A SONG OF SIXPENCE, by A. J. Cronin (Little, Brown). "Every evening at six o'clock a sense of expectancy filled the house, brightening the long, vague, and dreamy afternoon. As I went into the front room, my mother, moving about the kitchen preparing our supper, began to sing. It was something about a miller's daughter who lay down and died. She sang these sad Scottish songs in

"CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION!" —HOWARD TAUBMAN, TIMES



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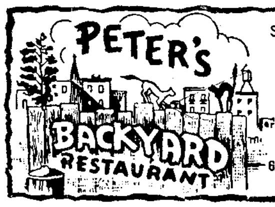

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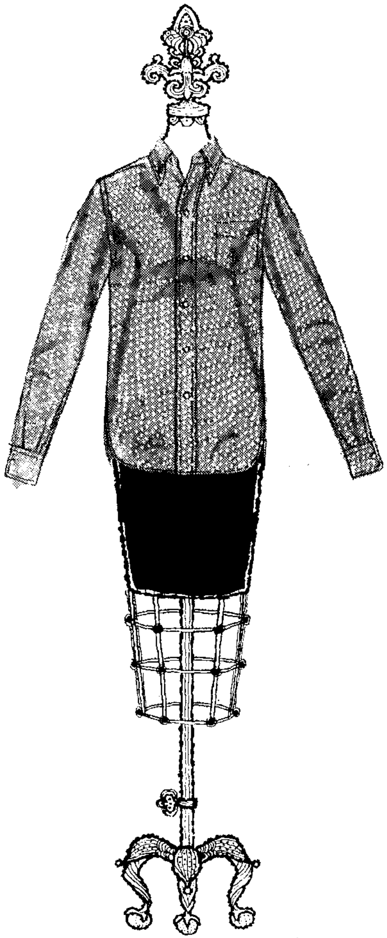
so lively a manner and with such natural cheerfulness they sounded gay. I stood on the hassock to look out of the window. Although I was to go to school next week I still had need of the hassock." The opening lines of Mr. Cronin's novel about Laurence Carroll give the quality of his work; it is a simple, gracefully written domestic story that moves here and there in Scotland as Laurence—affectionate, observant, and hopeful—is moved around by his fate, his grimly fortunate fate. When the story ends, he is sixteen years old. A Literary Guild selection.

TOMORROW'S FIRE, by Jay Williams (Atheneum). A historical novel that offers a lifelike portrait of that exceptionally difficult (to his contemporaries) and nearly incomprehensible (to us) man, Richard the Lion-Hearted, who was, all at once, king, hysteric, warrior, poet, sodomite, Crusader, knight, and liar. The novel's narrator, a French trouvère who follows Richard in the Third Crusade (against Saladin), is a plausible, charming poet; indeed, all Mr. Williams' portrayals of characters (his main interest) are successful. On the history side, Mr. Williams aims at getting to the realities of an overglamorized period, but, sensible and detailed as his book is, one concludes that the poets were more or less right in the first place: the era, its people, and its Crusade were splendidly romantic.

THE PRETTY PENNY, by J. D. Scott (Harcourt, Brace & World). An English story. Philip Foster—married, respectable, and with a solid job as civil engineer with a large British corporation—finds out what his life might have been if he had not been frightened into conformity by his poverty-stricken childhood. At least, Philip finds out what he thinks his life might have been. Malla, the beautiful and innocent Swedish doctor he meets during a stormy sojourn in Africa, leaves him with a wistful dream that will last him forever, although it might soon have become deflated if he had been able to domesticate his Scandinavian love. Mr. Scott writes well, but the feeling persists throughout the book that he is capable of better work than he permits himself to attempt here.

GENERAL

THE STUARTS IN LOVE, by Maurice Ashley (Macmillan). An entertaining, sympathetic study. While the



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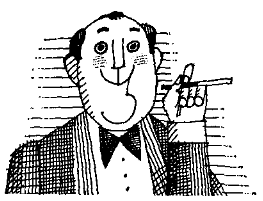

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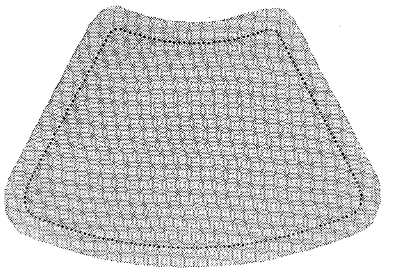

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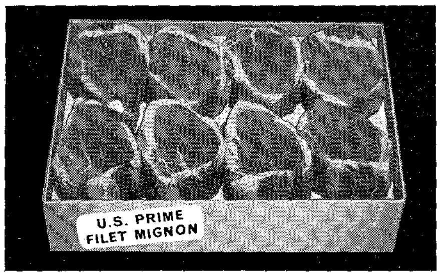

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Stuarts ruled England, their romantic and sexual activities made history—a sad change, according to this English historian, from their earlier, levelheaded Scottish record. Mr. Ashley begins his book with an exception—Mary, who lost her crown for love in Scotland. (She irritated local sentiment by, among other things, blowing up her second husband in order to marry her third.) But her son, James I, leaned heavily on his favorites (male) in governing England; then his son, Charles I, refused to take orders from Parliament but took them from his wife. Mr. Ashley departs from the usual opinion that Charles II made his own sensibly devious policy, alleging, with considerable plausibility, that he was influenced by a number of his innumerable mistresses. So we proceed through the roll: James II, driven by wives and mistresses; Dutch William (part Stuart but all business) and his wife, Mary, who loved her husband so much that she gave him her half of the crown; and Anne, whose passionate friendship with the Duchess of Marlborough had a good deal to do with war, peace, the settlement of European frontiers, and the development of the English party system. It is, as Mr. Ashley scarcely needs to point out, a curious record—a family of rulers whose members made the choice (rare among kings and never permitted elected leaders) of preferring people to power.

THE DIARY OF ALICE JAMES, edited by Leon Edel (Dodd, Mead). One could, with accuracy, describe this diary, which was kept by Henry James's sister during the years 1889-92, as the record of an invalid spinster in her forties who declines, as the days proceed, from neurotic afflictions to a fatal cancer in one English sickroom after another. But what inaccuracy in those dreary facts! Alice James's work is fascinating and—what is very strange, since she had been suicidal and is here approaching death—vital. Her opinions on matters like Home Rule (for), organized religion (against), and the British upper classes (against) are so stubbornly held and so sparkily expressed that it is almost impossible to remember that she is following Parnell's career and the eight-hour-day agitations from a sickbed. Her experience is narrow, but she makes it go far, as in her running account of the struggle for the soul of her parlormaid between her Nonconformist

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cook and her High Church nurse.

THE RECLUSE OF HERALD SQUARE, by Joseph A. Cox (Macmillan). Back in the early nineteen-thirties, the author, now a surrogate judge in New York, was counsel for the Public Administrator of New York County and, as such, played an important part in the drama of Ida E. Wood, one of the most fascinating true mystery stories of New York City. Ida Wood was the widow of Benjamin Wood, who had been a wealthy publisher and gambler; in 1932, at the age of ninety-four, she died in the Herald Square Hotel, in rooms she had not emerged from in twenty-five years. Behind her she left a staggering accumulation of junk—old clothes, trunks and valises full of rubbish, piles of moldering newspapers—in which were secreted currency, bonds, and jewelry worth more than a million dollars. It was Judge Cox's job to establish who the old lady's heirs were, but first he had to establish who Ida E. Wood was, for it soon became clear that she had fabricated her entire premarital identity and had stuck to her fiction throughout her long life. In a plain and straightforward fashion that is right for this incredible tale, Judge Cox tells how he tracked the true Ida Wood through the mazes of her fabrication, and how, after seven years, he was able to pin down her birthplace, her real name, and her real family, and to name the handful of rightful heirs to her money out of the eleven hundred and three who showed up, in person or by proxy, to claim it.

REMINISCENCES, by General of the Army Douglas MacArthur (McGraw-Hill). Informal recollections—"penned by my own hand,"

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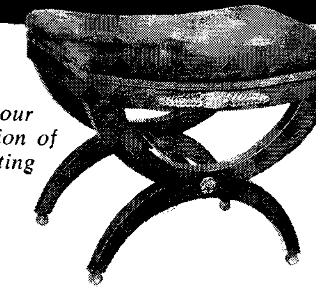

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as the author puts it—of the great events in his long, often brilliant career. Sad to say, time did not heal the General's wounds, and his memories in his old age are too bitter to help historians much. As for the average reader, almost any other book about MacArthur offers a fairer perspective than his own.

THE GOLDEN BEES, by Theo Aronson (New York Graphic Society). A noisy chronicle of the Bonaparte dynasty, beginning with its founder and reaching down to the third, fourth, and fifth generation. The Bonapartes invested the nineteenth century not so much like a swarm of bees, for they produced little, as like wasps. Their talent was for survival and for the survival of their bank balances, and their fierce vitality was equalled only by their crowning (and often crowned) vulgarity. They turned up everywhere—as emperors, kings, queens, princes, princesses, dukes, barons, counts, and consorts of English earls, and, in one case, as a Secretary of the United States Navy, and, in another, as a postmaster of Tallahassee, Florida. Mr. Aronson has painstakingly sifted through the family scandals, vendettas, liaisons, misalliances, illegitimacies, treacheries, and buffooneries to telling effect; his book—which is sheer divertissement, dealing, as it does, with only the flippancies of history—is the record of a monstrous joke at the expense of the royal principle. Many photographs, in which quite a few of the men of the family look remarkably like headwaiters.

A COFFIN FOR KING CHARLES: THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF CHARLES I, by C. V. Wedgwood (Macmillan). Miss Wedgwood here deals with the ten weeks in 1648-49 when the public trial and execution of King Charles were decided upon and carried out. As in her larger works on the English Civil War, she tells the story from the point of view of the men who were involved, and in her book the opposing opinions of the affair are fairly evenly balanced. Charles was justified, she assures us, in regarding his trial as illegal, since it was without precedent in English common law, but the rebels were right, too, in insisting that his behavior toward his subjects had been unprecedented. The subsequent failure of the Commonwealth—a noble, tiresome experiment, like prohibition—together with the long-lived cult of King Charles Martyr, has rather muddled Englishmen's aware-

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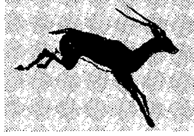

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ness that they have accepted Cromwell's, not Charles', view of who is sovereign.

THE FREE ENTERPRISERS: KENNEDY, JOHNSON, AND THE BUSINESS ESTABLISHMENT, by Hobart Rowen (Putnam). A lively examination of the perplexing relations between President Kennedy and the country's business leaders, telling how Kennedy, with words and deeds, attempted to win their approval and how he failed. (The book ends with President Johnson's puzzling success with the same men and identical policies.) Mr. Rowen, a *Newsweek* editor, is also a reporter; his book is full of enlightening recollections of interviews with interested parties, informed sources, and active participants. He is severe on businessmen, especially the big ones, and cites instances of arrogance and ignorance that are rather shocking. The heads of smaller corporations come off far better; at times it seems as if Mr. Rowen were writing to illustrate Lord Acton on power.

VERSE

THE OXFORD BOOK OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH VERSE, chosen by John Hayward (Oxford). Nineteenth-century poetry in English, in this Oxford series, was at one time oddly divided into Romantic (or Regency) and Victorian, so the early rich vein running from Blake through Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and Byron was cut off from the poetry of the rest of the hundred years. A. Quiller-Couch, the editor of the Victorian volume (first published in 1912), therefore had room for an appalling list not only of English mediocrities but of Irish, Scottish, and American ones as well. And although he extended his period beyond 1900 to include a scattering of moderns, his anthology stands as a horrid example of the naïve inclusiveness of an editor bemused, as it were, by his own era. The nineteenth century's remarkable diversity of talent now comes to light under the intelligent, ordering hand of John Hayward, who begins with George Crabbe (1754-1822) and William Blake (1757-1827) and ends with Ernest Dowson (1867-1900) and Lionel Johnson (1867-1902). The great Romantics are all there; Hopkins (whose "Poems" was first published in 1918) is in his proper place; and the strong-voiced Victorians are side by side with many charming but

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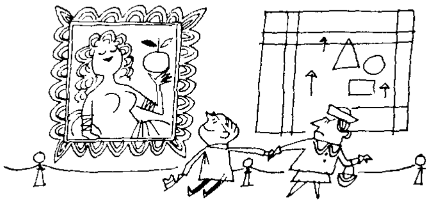

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neglected minor figures, at last given their just due. The table of contents lists date and place of first publication (periodical or book) and indicates what is excerpted and what isn't, while any suspicion of solemnity is denied by the inclusion of "The Hunting of the Snark," in full. Indispensable. Ten dollars.

•

The aims of the newly formed "Gamu-Kamu-To" are given as follows:

1. To establish "a broad vision of chewing gum."
2. To spread chewing gum etiquette.
3. To protect the right to chew gum.
4. To build a favorable "chewing gum image" among the public.

The association has drafted a number of rules for chewing gum such as: to chew quietly, not to open one's mouth widely, not to force gum out with one's teeth, and to deposit the "chewed gum" carefully.

As one of its first activities, the association has prepared 40 special Chewing Gum Boxes for the disposal of "chewed gum." Twenty of these have been donated to Tokyo Station and 20 to Ueno Zoo.

As its official song the association has adopted a parody of the "Come, Come, Everybody" song and the words of its song begins with "Gamu, Kamu, everybody, how do you do and how are you?"

During the inaugural ceremony of the association, held at Hotel New Japan and attended by politicians, baseball players, boxers, entertainers and others, a Shinto priest read a Prayer to Chewing Gum on behalf of those present. It was as follows:

"Oh, Great Spirit of the Chewing Gum, Gum, Gum of diverse kinds—we offer this prayer to thee.

"There is magnificence in chewing gum. It is our marvelous pet, an important accessory of mankind in this modern age.

"The virtues of chewing gum are many. It sweetens the breath, imparts a pleasant feeling, strengthens the stomach, and calms anger. It is the mascot of a rich and cultured life.

"Today we have entered upon an unprecedented Gum Chewing Age. Immeasurable are the benefits accruing to those, young and old, who chew gum. It invites happiness. It attracts smiles. An enjoyable and intellectual life is made possible because of chewing gum.

"Oh, Great Spirit of the Chewing Gum, Gum, Gum, Gum, know ye this and rest in peace:

"Gathered here are those who will humbly serve the all-beneficent Spirit of the Chewing Gum. Know ye that the Gamu-Kamu-To has been formed to enhance chewing gum etiquette and spread a splendid chewing gum image throughout our society.

"To thee we dedicate this association—Oh, Spirit of the Chewing Gum—Oh, Spirit of the Hundreds of Million of gum chewed each year—Oh, Spirit of the chicle from which gum is made."—*English edition of Tokyo Mainichi Daily News.*

Oh, Wrigley! Oh, Beechnut! Oh, Beemans!

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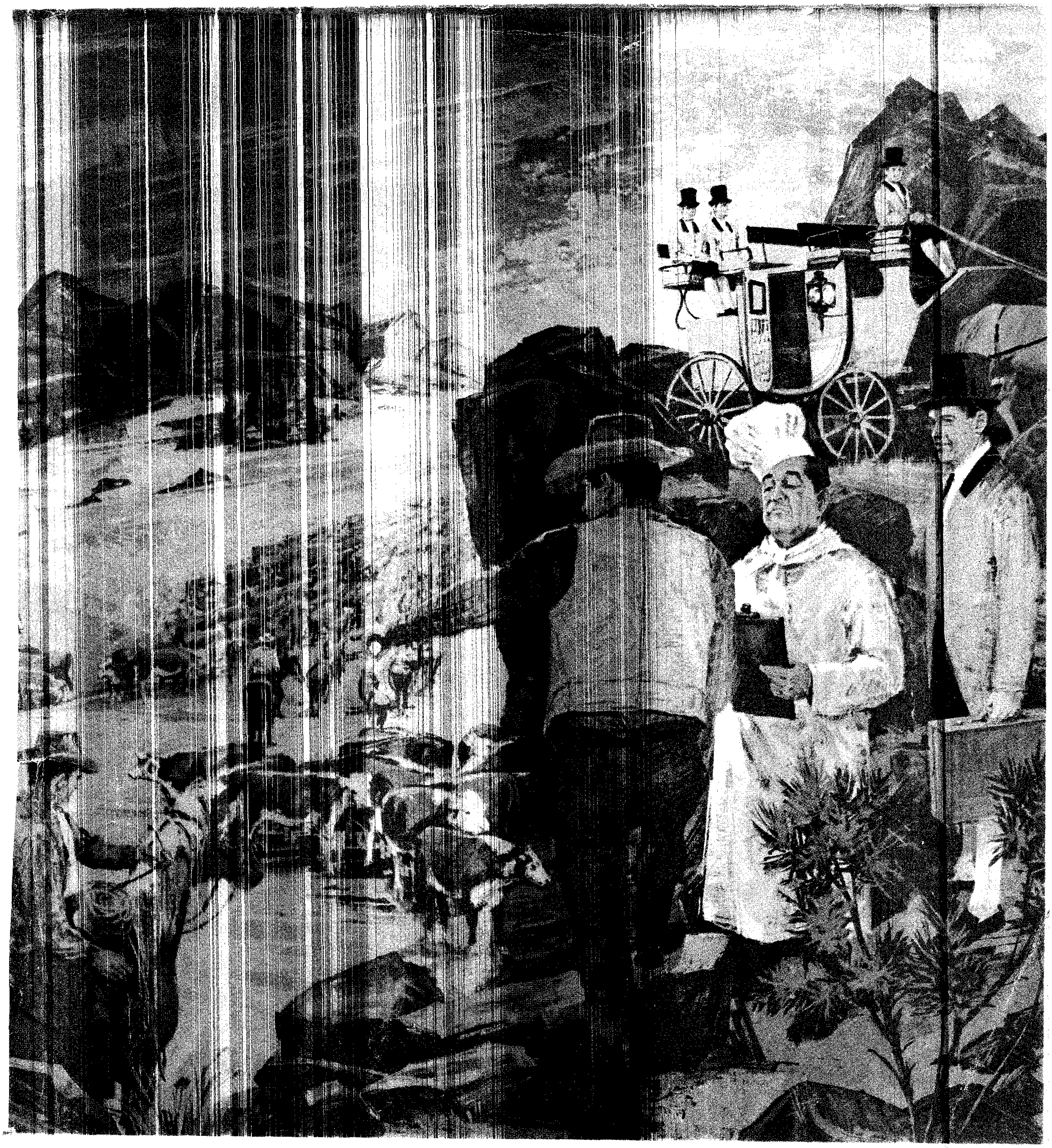

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